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February 17, 1960

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BATH TIME
by Leo Aarons

Home and Family Supplement—Pages 37-53

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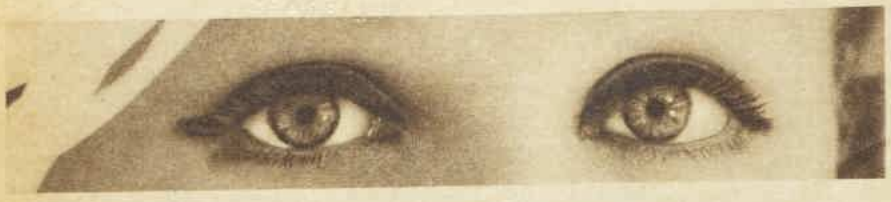

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FEBRUARY 17, 1960 — Vol. 27, No. 37

Our cover

● The little bath-tub beauty with the soap-spotted face introduces a big new Home and Family supplement, which begins in this issue with "Make Sure Yours Is A Happy Child" (page 37). Picture by New Yorker Leo Aarons, who is world famous for his child studies.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Young Australians Captain Ted Falcon-Barker and his wife, Bel, who spent five months exploring a city which disappeared under the sea off Yugoslavia 1700 years ago (pages 32, 33), are a versatile couple.

SIX years ago they headed a group of young Australians who turned two derelict houses in Fulham into the largest Australian club London has ever known.

Called the Down-Under Club, it had more than 1000 members in its first year. Now it has 7000 on its books. Captain Falcon-Barker sold his interest in the club last year.

The sunken city the couple explored is Epidauros, which was founded in 689 B.C.

It was besieged by Roman Emperor Octavius and attacked by marauding Huns. Around A.D. 250 it subsided beneath the sea as the result of a tidal wave.

★ ★ ★

THE Richard Strauss opera "Salome," which Joan Hammond will sing and in which she will do the "Dance of the Seven Veils" at the Adelaide Arts Festival (opposite page), was first performed in Dresden, Germany, in 1905.

Strauss set the music to a German translation of Oscar Wilde's play "Salome."

Today it's possible to perform the "Dance of the Seven Veils" as Strauss would have wished it, but after it was first performed in the United States and Britain, the opera was banned.

★ ★ ★

A WESTERN AUSTRALIAN, who signed her letter "Ardent Reader," has written to say how much she enjoys Jackys Diary.

She wrote:

"When I have finished my copy of The Australian Women's Weekly, and before passing it on, I remove the page which includes Jackys Diary.

"I carefully file Jackys experiences in a hard-cover file. When I pass them on to children and adults, they provide much glee to sick friends and healthy ones alike, not to mention the pleasure I get going through them.

"Jackys Diary is not only amusing and clever, it makes us realise how different things and words sound to a child."

NEXT WEEK:

● A three weeks' holiday for two to New Zealand is announced in a superb 16-page all-color New Zealand Holidays supplement in our next issue. All expenses — and £50 spending money — will be paid. The contest offers a total of 113 prizes.

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Salome will dance again

● Australians will see Joan Hammond in a new role next month. As Salome she'll do the "Dance of the Seven Veils" as well as sing the opera.

JOAN HAMMOND relaxes at home with her two giant French poodles, Janie (white) and Pippo, and a smaller poodle called Mr. Chips. Miss Hammond lives in Buckinghamshire, England, in a historic brick cottage where Sheridan is believed to have written "School for Scandal."

RICH RED VELVET, embroidered with entwined cobras, makes a formal cloak to cover Salome's seductive dancing dress.

● When Joan Hammond sings "Salome" at the Adelaide Arts Festival she will realise a life-long ambition in attempting what she believes is the most difficult role of her career.

By
BETTY BEST, of our London staff

IT will also be the culmination of almost three years of consistent, specialised training.

For when Strauss wrote his musical drama of Salome—who so fascinated King Herod that she could demand the death of John the Baptist—he gave her the almost impossible task of an eight-minute solo dance.

No ballerina ever had to withstand such a marathon.

In fact, the longest ballet solo now being performed on world stages is three-and-a-half minutes.

In 1957, when Miss Hammond was asked to go to Germany to play Salome, she went straight to her old friend Robert Helpmann to ask him for some preliminary limbering.

This wasn't the tremendous task it would be with most people, for, though heavily built, she's always kept in training—largely through golf.

"And I was not frightened of the dancing itself," said Miss Hammond. "You see, I started my first opera job as a dancer."

Having dropped this bombshell and enjoyed its effect, she explained that she joined an Italian Opera Co. in Australia in 1936 and was engaged as a dancer and member of the chorus—her first professional stage engagement.

"I kept up my dancing for years," she said. "And I've always loved and studied the dancing of others. This is one of the reasons I've always wanted this role.

"You see, it has so many difficulties for the average singer.

"To begin with it is vocally almost impossible, with a range from G flat below C to high-soaring treble.

"Strauss has given a change of tempo very nearly every bar. And there are most unusual intervals in the music.

"Then, as it's a one-act opera which runs for one-and-three-quarter hours without an interval — and Salome is on all the time — it's the most physically exhausting role.

"Also I loathe the story and the woman, which I believe is all the more reason why I should play the role.

"And last, but not least, there's the dance. You see why I regard it as a challenge."

Miss Hammond has met this challenge with her usual determination.

First she had learnt to sing Salome in German, and now in English.

"This was more difficult," she said, "because the music fitted the German words."

Then comes the "Dance of the Seven Veils"—a part of the opera which many singers have regarded as an impossible task and have left it to a ballerina to double for them.

"This I was determined not to do," said Miss Hammond. "It's an integral part of the personality of Salome. And I also have very definite ideas about the dance itself.

"It is not suitable for classical ballet choreography. Salome improvised her dance to please Herod. It was not a rehearsed performance.

"I was determined to bring off a real version of the dance. Bobby Helpmann agreed and suggested that the choreographer I should go to was Pauline Grant.

"When I told her what I had in mind she said, 'Heavens, no one can possibly do an eight-minute solo.' But she became fascinated with the task."

Miss Hammond feels the result is a unique choreography.

"It gives the true spirit I think Strauss intended," she said. "The spirit that Salome danced because she loved to."

In the opera Salome comes out on stage after a grand dinner — and Miss Hammond decided her costume must be one which would have been suitable for a dinner at the Court of Herod and yet effective for the seductive dance.

"Pauline and I designed what we needed for each movement and took sketches to Peter Rice, the designer.

"We explained that with only 50 seconds off stage to change — and in the original score Strauss did not even let Salome leave the stage—the dinner-gown and dancing costume would have to be more or less one and the same.

"I believe this is the first time the costume has been part of the dance in this opera," Miss Hammond said. "It is correct for the Eastern movements we have incorporated.

"After all, the 'Dance of the Seven Veils' was the first strip tease in history."

Miss Hammond believes this fact should be given visual importance instead of Salome just dropping the occasional scarf from her belt—as so many singers have done before.

After the dance is over, Salome has only three minutes of silence before launching into one of the most difficult vocal sections in the opera.

Miss Hammond will appear in the Elizabethan Theatre Trust productions of "Salome" in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, and "Madame Butterfly" in these three capitals and in Brisbane.

EASTERN-STYLE costume which Joan Hammond will wear for Salome's "Dance of the Seven Veils." Color pictures by Alec Murray.

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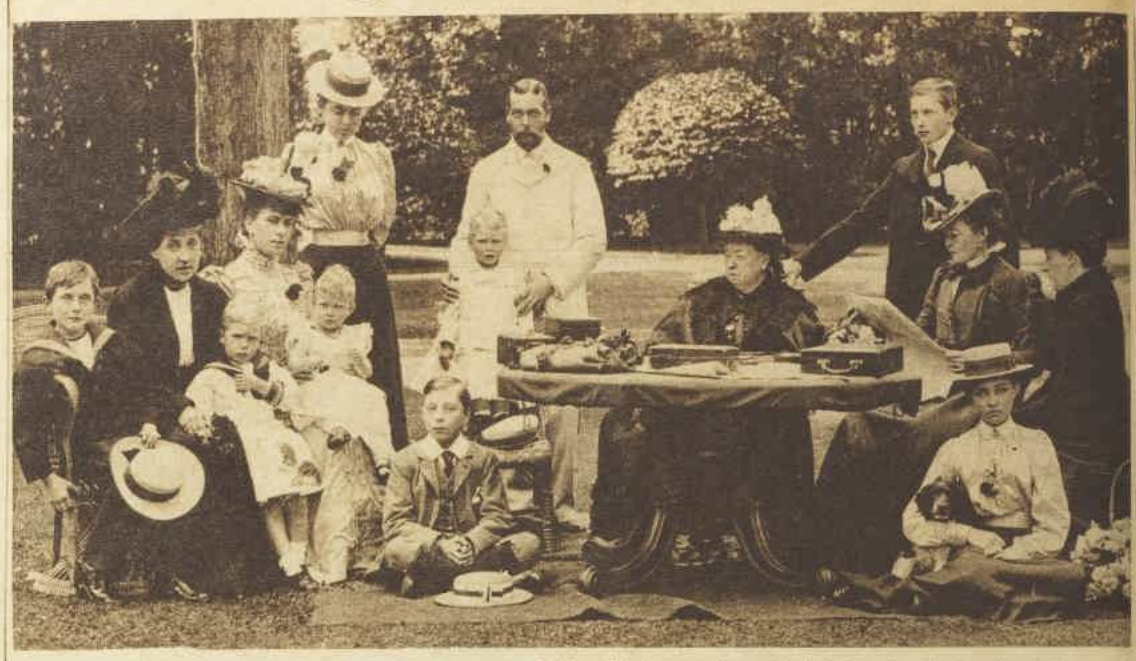

QUEEN VICTORIA. A family group around the old Queen (at table) taken in the garden of Osborne House in the late 1890s. King George V, then Duke of York, is standing holding his son Albert (George VI). Queen Mary is seated third from left nursing their daughter, the Princess Royal, with eldest son, Edward (Duke of Windsor), in sailor suit beside her. Others in the group include the Queen of Spain, and Connaught and Battenberg kinfolk.

The Queen's parents brought love and laughter to Palace nursery

● The new child about to enter the Royal nursery will be born into a happy family circle.

NOT all Royal children have been so fortunate.

Queen Victoria's nine children were not very happy.

Her husband, Prince Albert, who devoted his life to stern duty, believed that education should begin at birth.

He surrounded his children at a tender age with tutors, and dropped into the schoolroom each morning. He ordered the tutors to present a report on his children each day and went through it at table as they dined.

Often his scoldings brought them to tears, and they rose from the table hungry and unhappy.

Yet life was not all tears.

Prince Albert botanised, geologised, and moth-hunted with them, all educational pursuits. He tried to give them a love of music and literature, though somewhat gloomily.

His plans for his eldest son, Bertie, later King Edward VII, were disastrous.

Bertie was not allowed to mix with boys of his own age. His father was already training him for kingship, and other boys might be bad influences.

Thus Bertie's genius for friendship and companionship, which flowered flamboyantly in later life, was suppressed.

The lone Prince, almost a prisoner at Windsor, looked wistfully towards Eton a few miles away, where happier boys lightened the tedium of learning with games, fighting, and practical jokes.

OLD RULE RELAXED

● Within the rigid pattern of monarchy the Queen is altering many standards and attitudes.

FOR instance, rather than offend any of the new baby's myriad well-wishers, she has broken the rule that Royal gifts from unknown people must be returned.

When a 56-piece layette, made in Derby by 22 pensioners, was delivered at Buckingham Palace, the proudest women in the world were the old people of the Leylands Cottage Home. This home is one of the Cottage Home Estates, of which the Queen is patron.

The old people began the layette back in October. Towards the end of last month three of them travelled to London at the Queen's invitation to present the layette at the Palace.

"It was the most wonderful day of my life," said Miss Gertrude Collins, who made the centrepiece of the layette—a superfine wool shawl with a lace pattern and a plain border.

The shawl took her two months to finish.

She explained: "The 13-row pattern took me three and a half hours each time."

In this layette are lawn petticoats stitched with 100-grade cotton and fastened with miniature flat pearl buttons. There are silk vests and slips for warmer days and a cream wool pram-set with matching bonnet.

"It was a lot of work but we loved doing it for the Queen," said Miss Collins.

Not one of the garments had to be washed before being presented. The old people kept everything in polythene bags and wore plastic bibs while they worked so that their clothes would not soil them.

Mrs. Margaret Youlings, of Devonshire, who has been knitting woollies for the Royal children since 1952, has been making baby clothes to the Queen's orders.

BABY TALK. Mothers, nannies, and babies gathered outside Buckingham Palace, where the Queen was awaiting the birth of her third child.

But by far the most excited of all the knitters has been Princess Anne. Helped by Nannie Anderson, she has painstakingly produced bootees and started on mittens.

Although Prince Philip has been criticised for not being with the Queen in the last few weeks of her pregnancy, it was her wish that he stay on at Sandringham after her return to London. She knows that idleness doesn't suit his temperament.

Elizabeth said laughingly, agreeing with one of her close friends: "Fathers are often more trouble than they are worth."

—From Anne Matheson in London.

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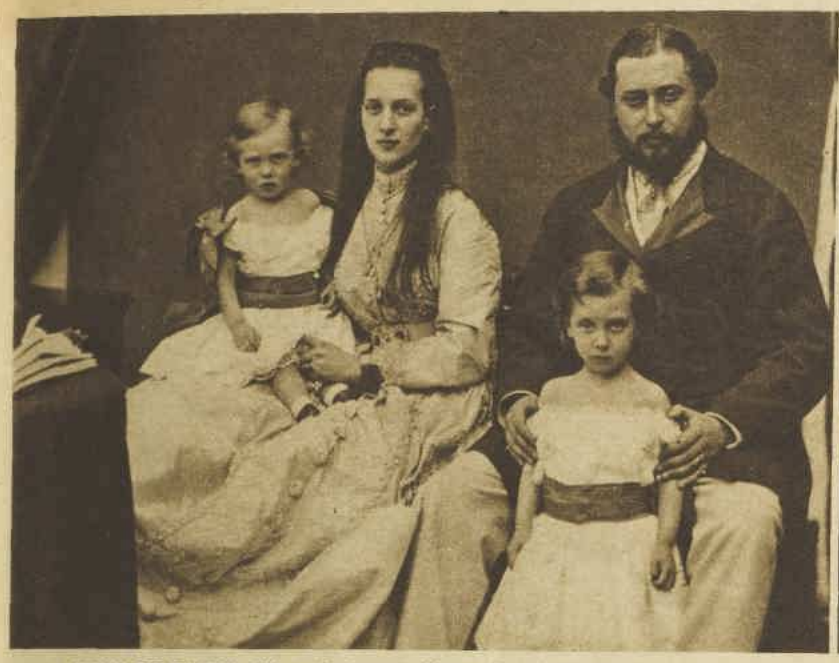
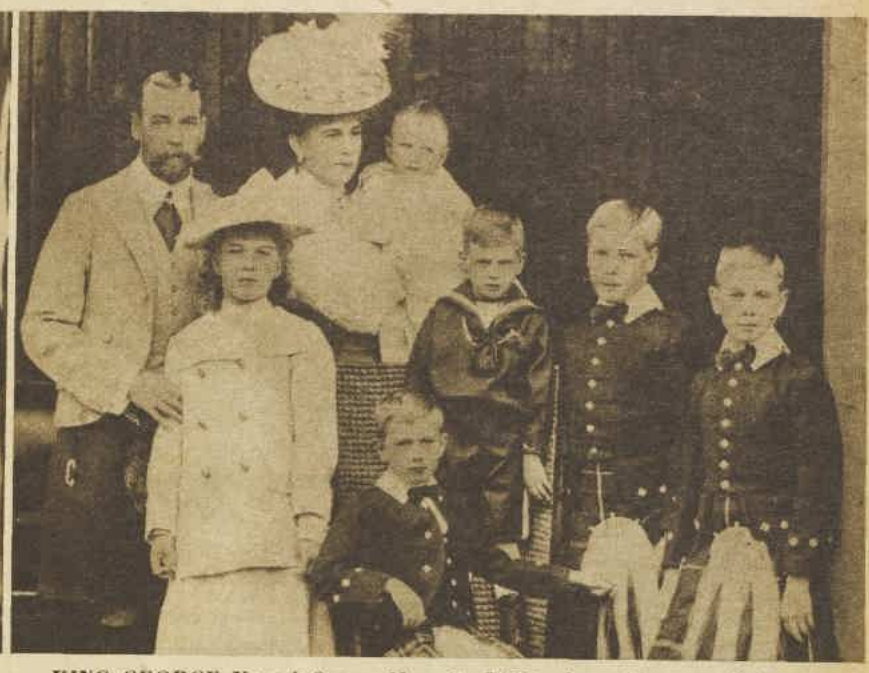
Royal childhood contrasts



KING EDWARD VII and Queen Alexandra with their sons, the Duke of Clarence (right) and George, about 1870. In the early 1890s the Duke was engaged to Princess May of Teck, but he died of flu shortly before the marriage, and Princess May married George in 1893. They reigned as King George V and Queen Mary.



KING GEORGE V and Queen Mary in 1906 when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. The children are, from left, the Princess Royal, Prince John, nursed by his mother (he died in 1919 aged 13), the Duke of Gloucester (seated), the Duke of Kent (standing), the Duke of Windsor, and (right) King George VI.

Bertie went in turn to Oxford and to Cambridge, but was not allowed to mix with other undergraduates.

He lived in his own private house with a governor, an equerry, a tutor, and other servants to see he did not get into mischief.

He was not allowed to go to lectures with other undergraduates. Professors went to lecture him.

He was not allowed to play football, cricket, or smoke, although he overcame the latter ban by crouching like a naughty schoolboy behind bushes in the garden.

Admonishing Bertie became a habit with the Prince Consort. Thus the Prince grew to manhood with a grudge against books and discipline.

Despite his bodyguard he got into an entanglement with a girl at Cambridge. The Prince Consort, deeply shocked, went himself to sort it out.

Queen Victoria maintained that the shock fostered the fever that killed her husband. Years passed before she forgave Bertie for it.

With such an unhappy upbringing, it is not surprising that Edward, Prince of Wales, decided that his children should have a better break.

His wife, the gay Alexandra of Denmark, supported him in this.

Childish romp

Edward wanted his children to treat him as an elder brother. He would romp with them boisterously, cut short official business to take them to the circus.

Alexandra was never happier than when she pinned on an apron and bathed and dressed her children herself.

They sat and talked to her while her long tresses were brushed each morning. She read to them from her Bible, which was why her son, George V, always read a passage from the Bible every day.

And whenever she could she tucked them up in bed herself and received their confidences. To them she was always "Darling Motherdear."

Edward banned Queen Victoria's suggestion that his sons —Eddie, nicknamed Herring, and George, called Sprat— should go to Wellington College.

He feared there would be too much book learning there.

Instead, he sent them to train as naval cadets on the yacht Britannia, where, wrote George, "other boys made a point of taking it out on us on the grounds that they would never be able to do it later on."

He then sent them on a couple of cruises with few

By WILLIAM JOY

lessons and so little restraint that they returned with red dragons tattooed on their arms.

Prince Eddie later went to Cambridge, where he mixed with other undergrads, smoked, and played hockey.

Edward died young. George, who had stayed in the Navy perhaps too long, became heir to the throne and subsequently King.

George brought the rule of the quarterdeck to his nursery.

Neither he nor his wife, Princess May, later Queen Mary, understood children.

Their first nurse always pinched Prince Edward (now the Duke of Windsor) when entering the drawing-room. Thus he was always howling when she handed him to his mother.

Princess May hurriedly returned him to the nurse, who quietened him, they thought miraculously.

With the best intentions King George frightened his children by chaffing questions, constant criticism, and fits of anger.

They were happiest when their parents came to Australia to open the first Federal Parliament in 1901.

Their grandparents, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, then descended on them and fostered their boisterous animal spirits.

Queen Alexandra encouraged her grandsons to pour salt and pepper into her glass and then quaffed it, to their intense delight.

Governesses and tutors wrote complaining to the Royal parents in Australia.

Fear and dread

Result was a tightening of discipline. The boys were taken from governesses and confided to Frederick Finch, till then nursery footman.

They had an excessively active, though virtuous, tutor who did not hesitate to report them to their father.

The children dreaded this, particularly Prince George, already afflicted with a stammer.

Prince George, later King George VI, could not reply or explain, but stood tongue-tied and frightened before his angry father, unable to defend himself.

Prince George had another burden. Like his father, he was knock-kneed. A specialist devised a system of splints in which the unhappy prince had to sit several hours a day to correct the fault.

Even the hearty tutor protested that splints and work could not go together.

King George VI came to the throne. Like his grandfather Edward, this kindly king was determined his children should have a happier upbringing than his own.

He and his gracious wife, the present Queen Mother, brought up their daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret, with affection and tolerance.

Since Queen Victoria had her first child back in 1840, the Royal nursery has had its times of tears and stress.

Now it is set fair, as the new child will find.

KING GEORGE VI and Queen Elizabeth with their daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret. The picture was taken in 1937, when the little Princesses were being brought up with a tolerance and expressed affection that was quite new in the Royal family.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II and Prince Philip with Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The sunny mood of the picture, taken in 1951, reflects the relaxed and happy atmosphere of the children's upbringing. They are neither coddled nor isolated.

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THE ELEGANT LOOK in hairstyles. This creation is by Monsieur Rene Luzic, who is coming here for our festival.

A festival of color—beauty

● The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Marigny, will bring something new to Australia next May—a presentation of Paris hairstyles.

IT will be the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival: a glamor festival of color and beauty.

Today hair grooming is a vital part of the general fashion scene.

To show Australian women the new, integrated, and elegant "look" — matched color from head to toe — we are importing experts from Paris. They will demonstrate the very latest in coiffure and clothes.

From his salons in London and Paris, Monsieur Rene Luzic (one of Europe's most famous hairdressers) will fly to Australia early in May.

Two of M. Luzic's leading models will accompany him.

At a gala dinner and fashion parade in each capital city he will demonstrate the latest hairstyles and techniques in hair grooming.

The parades presented with M. Luzic's demonstrations will show a collection of superb high-fashion clothes.

Paris holiday prize

● As part of the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival we are conducting a nationwide quest for three Australian girls. The winner will be our Color Queen; the two runners-up, Color Princesses.

THE quest-winners will be showered with exciting prizes.

MOST BREATH-TAKING: The Color Queen's all-expenses-paid two weeks' holiday in Paris, world centre of fashion and beauty.

And for the Color Princesses — 10 days in exotic Hongkong.

As another prize, the three winners will travel around Australia with M. Luzic to appear at the gala dinner and parade in each capital city.

For a month the girls will be bathed in a "royal" spotlight.

They'll be feted, fussed over, and given the red-carpet treatment wherever they go.

M. Luzic will dream up special styles and colors for their hair. (This, of course, will also depend on the girls' natural coloring.)

In all their public appearances, the Color Queen and the Color Princesses will wear dresses and accessories and make-up to match their hair coloring.

Before the Fashion Festival begins the quest-winners will be taken to Melbourne for a course in beauty, grooming, and deportment.

Here is a complete list of the quest-winners' prizes:

For the Color Queen

- Two weeks' holiday in Paris, all expenses paid.
- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.
- £220 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £12/12/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

For the two Color Princesses

- Ten days' holiday in Hongkong, travelling by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight, all expenses paid.
- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.
- £150 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £7/7/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

MONSIEUR LUZIC, one of Europe's most famous hairdressers, with salons in London and Paris, at work on a hairstyle. He will fly here in May.

How to enter

● Quest entrants must be single Australian citizens, and available to travel from April 1 to June 30 inclusive.

The coupon on this page should be completed (please use block letters) and sent to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Coupons must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the entrant.

No responsibility can be taken for the photographs. They become the property of Consolidated Press Ltd. and will be destroyed when the quest ends.

The quest will close on March 14.

The Color Queen and the Color Princesses will be chosen by a panel of beauty and fashion experts. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., Marigny (A'asia) Pty. Ltd., and of allied companies or their families are not eligible to enter the quest.

OUR MODEL QUEST

● I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

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On the last lap to Rome

● Dozens of young Australian water wizards are now entering the last lap of their race for selection in the Rome Olympic Games next August. The team will be announced following the National Championships ending in Sydney on February 27. Eight likely starters for the women's team are pictured on these pages — but they're fighting every inch of the waterway against many other class swimmers, all with excellent prospects.

TWO CHAMPIONS, both of N.S.W. Fifteen-year-old distance swimming sensation Ilsa Konrads (above, left) is expected to rewrite the record books in Rome. She is pictured with 21-year-old Lorraine Crapp, a gold medallist at Melbourne Games.

HELEN BARTIER (left), another of Sydney's fast brigade of women freestylers, has also kept in the final lap of Games contenders. Helen, pretty, blond, and aged 16, is following the "crack-of-dawn" training schedule of all the leading swimmers.

QUEENSLANDER Rosemary Lassig (right) has high hopes of winning an Olympic gold medal in the breaststroke division. And 18-year-old Rosemary has good reason to feel confident. She recently broke the record for 110 yds.

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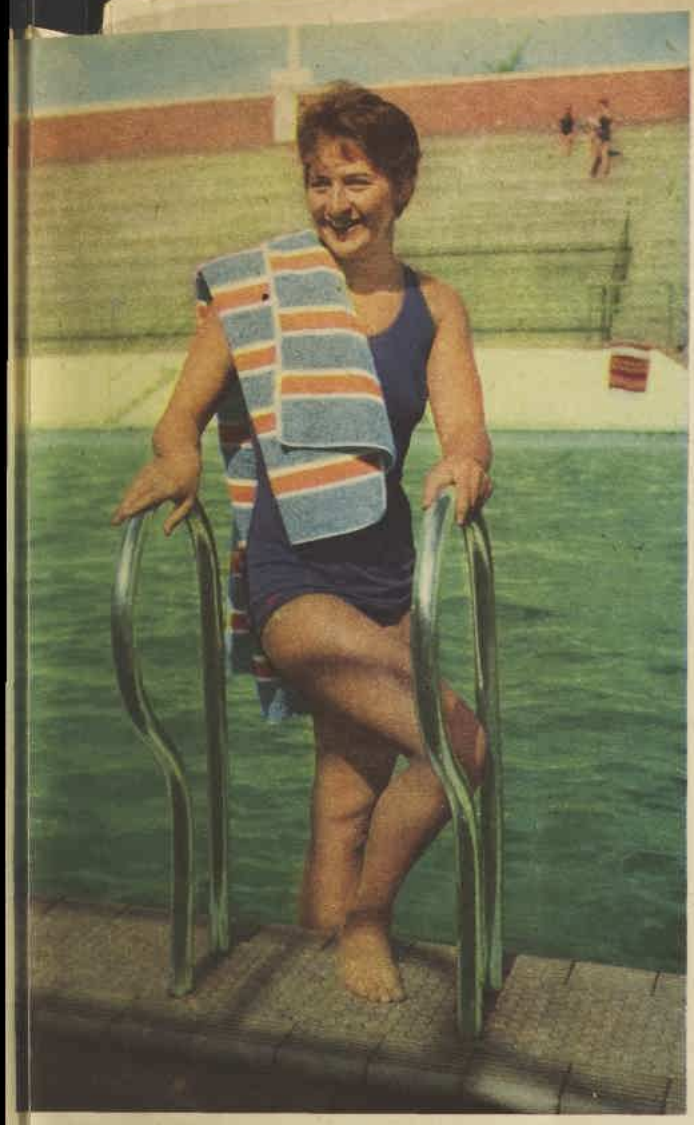

DAWN FRASER (left) pictured in Adelaide, where she now lives. Dawn, formerly of Sydney, is an established champion who won two gold medals and one silver at the 1956 Olympics. And at 22 she's still tops.

●

JAN ANDREW (right), blond, blue-eyed, and 15, is the Australian butterfly champion. She left school at the end of last year to concentrate on gaining Olympic selection. Jan's pin-up boy is good-looking swimmer Jon Henricks.

●

SANDRA MORGAN (below), also of New South Wales, is one of the world's fastest swimmers over 440 yards. Aged just 17, Sandra is an experienced Olympian. She won a gold medal in the relay at the 1956 Games.

ALVA COLQUHOUN, Victorian Junior and Senior Freestyle Champion and Victorian Individual Medley Champion, does most of her training in Adelaide. Alva, who is 17, competed in the Cardiff Empire Games, when she was a member of the team which broke a world record for the 4 x 100 metre relay.

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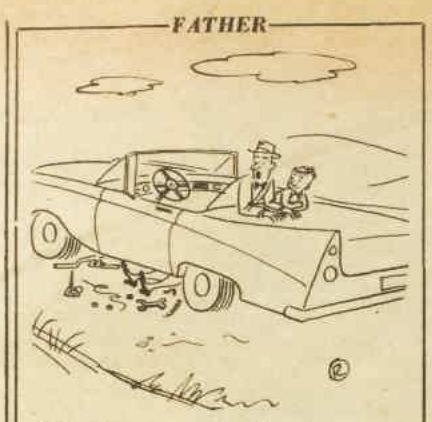
FATHER



"My boy, your mother is a very capable woman."

MOTHER

"But, Mum . . . I really NEED a water pistol!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

I DON'T know when I have heard a love story that appealed to me more than one just reported from Italy.

This girl was so addicted to TV that she kept rejecting invitations from her boy-friend.

One night when he asked her out, she said, "Make it tomorrow. Tonight I don't want to miss Giuseppe Somebody (whoever is the Italian equivalent of Perry Mason).

The boy-friend, thoroughly fed up, went away and got a box of matches and some kerosene, returned and set fire to the house.

The blaze destroyed the TV set along with the house, but it rekindled the girl's affections.

Anybody who would burn a house down for love, she explained, was worth having.

This is the sort of thing that restores one's faith in romance.

Possibly it could happen only in Latin countries, but there is a flavor about it that makes it worth enshrining among historic love stories.

Of course, the marriage may not prove entirely successful. She may revert to TV, he to arson.

But then, lots of celebrated lovers ended up unhappily, too.

★ ★ ★

IN the mail this week, a pamphlet from the Tea Bureau, advising, among other things, that tea is good for braising mushrooms.

There should be an idea here for streamlining breakfast. It has even greater possibilities than my previously recommended cold, hard-boiled egg.

★ ★ ★

SOME home-unit buildings in Sydney carry a proviso that tenants must be approved.

This question caused an argument at a party I went to the other night.

When I said that if I owned a piece of property I would wish to feel free to sell it to the highest bidder, and would not be concerned about the character of the buyer, I was greeted with some shocked looks.

"But don't you see," said one gentleman, "rules like this would protect you, too. How would you like your next-door neighbor to sell his unit to a gangster?"

My countering remark — that unless the gangster started using machine-guns in the hall I wouldn't care — was regarded as frivolous.

But seriously, the things that cause troubles between neighbors are seldom machine-guns. In suburbs they arise over overhanging plants, excessive curiosity, trivial arguments.

In home-unit buildings they are more likely to be sparked by who pinched the clothesline on the wrong day. And a tendency to pinch space on a clothesline is a character defect unlikely to be revealed by preliminary check.

THE hot summer has drawn the usual cries about men's clothes, though there is no doubt that they improve a little every year.

The waistcoat has been relegated to its proper season, winter, and there is even a chance that Sydney policemen will be out of that unhygienic old blue serge by next summer

I can never understand why the coat-shirt, worn outside the pants, doesn't take on as office and street wear.

By that I am not recommending that every office and bank should flower in palm trees and maps of Hawaii. But there are plenty of materials, used now for tuck-in shirts, which would be seemly enough to please conservative tastes.

These coat-shirts have two notable advantages. One is that they don't get as crumpled as tuck-ins. The other is that they leave wearers free to conceal any engineering device, belt or braces, to keep up trousers.

For the truth is that most men don't have waists. They only have a measurement where the waist ought to be.

I have an uneasy feeling that I may have written something like this, some other heat-wave year. But nagging has its uses.

★ ★ ★

TWO New Zealand airmen were recently stranded on an Antarctic glacier.

Reports that they were safe added that while awaiting rescue they had "plenty of food and books."

Antarctic service requires stamina and courage. A man could hardly prove it better than by being capable of curling up on a glacier with a good book.

★ ★ ★

The British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, met with varying receptions in his recent tour of Africa. At one place, it was stated in reports, he received "a restrained welcome."

They didn't throw eggs or tomatoes,
And nobody hurled a bomb,
All told, 'twas a situation
To be carried off with aplomb.

They said, "Oh, it's you," to the caller,
And somebody managed a smile,
It's the sort of a greeting that statesmen
Get used to after a while.

"Hostile? Oh, no," said advisers,
"Not at all, sir," (looking quite pained),
"There are words to apply to such welcomes,
"But the nicest at hand is 'restrained.'"

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AUSTRALIAN HOMES

GUM-TREE setting for the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Battarbee just across the Todd River from Alice Springs.

ARTIST Rex Battarbee sketching in his open-air studio.

THE home of Australian artist Rex Battarbee and his wife near Alice Springs is set among scenery made famous by his pupil aboriginal painter Albert Namatjira, and is an art centre for Inland visitors. Rex Battarbee, a Victorian, founded the aboriginal art movement, which took shape in 1936, when he taught Namatjira, then his camel-boy, to handle watercolors. When Rex Battarbee married Bernice Loone, formerly a teacher at the Yuendumu Mission in 1950, Namatjira was among the wedding guests. In 1953 the Battarbees had a son, Robin Gilbert, and in 1955 a daughter, Gayle Florinda. Architect John Cheeseman carried out Mr. Battarbee's ideas for the house. Since Namatjira's death last year the Battarbees have turned the sunroom into a small gallery housing nine Namatjira watercolors covering the entire 23 years of his work.

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"We like it"

That's what people everywhere are saying about Bushells — the new Instant that IS coffee . .

"I love the flavor"

"This IS coffee"

"The screw-top jar is so useful"

"The flavor-seal keeps it fresh"

Bushells

INSTANT COFFEE

the instant that IS Coffee

"PHEW! WOT A PARTY," says "Nino (O'Grady) Culotta" as he blows froth from a glass of beer at his housewarming party.

HOUSEWARMING

● Fair dinkum, mate, it was a housewarming party to end all housewarming parties. Even the kookaburras in the Sydney suburb of Oatley are still laughing at the antics of host "Nino Culotta" and the guests-of-honor — the real-life characters of his best-selling book "They're a Weird Mob."

BEARDED John ("Nino") O'Grady, author of "They're a Weird Mob," and a former chemist - bricklayer, was celebrating completion of his newly built home in heavily timbered land on the George's River, about 12 miles from the city.

He and "the mob" were in the garage—which forms the front "room" of the new residence — when staff photographer Keith Barlow and I arrived about 4.30 p.m. on a recent hot Saturday.

"Wot'll yer have, mate?" asked Nino. "A fourpenny 'dark' or a beer?"

The "bar"—an old treadle sewing-machine—was stacked with glasses, and John Secombe, a neighbor (also celebrating his birthday), was hard at it, filling 'em up from a nine-gallon keg.

"How is your complaint?" I asked boilermaker John, who'd been on "compo" with a back injury.

"She's not coming until later," he answered, deadpan, referring to the scheduled arrival of his wife.

"All the wives and girlfriends are in the deep freeze until we've had a good go, with a bucks' party first."

Then "the mob," en masse, explained: "The women have been told they can come after seven. By then we should be sociable enough to talk to 'em."

Meetin' time

Then John O'Grady intervened. "Meet 'Joe' and 'Jimmy'," he said, proudly presenting quiet, smiling, sandy-haired Martin Kenna, of Belmore, and his dark-eyed brother, Lennie.

Lennie's marriage to "Betty" (in real life Nancy) was one of the most hilarious chapters in "They're a Weird Mob" — the book based on John O'Grady's experiences while working as a builders' laborer for the Kenna brothers, after he "gave pharmacy away" some years ago.

"He got the award wage of £16/0/10, and it was the only time in our married life I've known how much John earned a week," said his wife, Molly.

Her courtship and marriag to her husband was describe in the book as the romanc between New Australian Nin Culotta and Kay, the girl h met in a cafe at Manly, ea ing spaghetti with a spoon

Dark-haired and of French Irish extraction, Molly likeable, witty, and as uncon ventional as her husband.

And she can turn her han to anything — from playin ladies when she chooses, t running a butcher's shop.

For instance, when th O'Gradys were in Samoa co lecting material for "No Kay for Johnnie"—a book John currently writing—Molly too over the management of th local butcher shop when th owner fell ill.

She cut up all the carcas herself, and even got th sausage - machine to wor though it had been out action for years.

At the house-warming sh produced food in "waves."

For the early arrivals ther was "blotting-paper" in th form of tasty savory pie heavily garnished biscuits, an cheese - pineapple - and - min knick-knacks on toothpicks.

Later, on another "wave

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THE "WEIRD MOB" are served the first "wave" of food, consisting of pies, sandwiches, and savories, by hostess Molly O'Grady. The "gentlemen" were invited at 4 p.m. for a bucks' party.

WITH THE "WEIRD MOB"

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

came oysters—20 dozen of the fattest, creamiest, home-growns from the oyster farm of neighbor Bob Drake, who has a big lease on the George's River.

"You grip 'em between your teeth and tickle 'em to death with your tongue," said ex-professional wrestler big Harry West, briefing me on the art of oyster-eating.

With a bunch of guests I toured the "property," clambering down 130 stone steps winding through lush undergrowth to the water's edge.

Built on a wedge-shaped site, with a 22ft. street frontage, and an almost vertical 350ft. drop through rock and bushland to a 70ft. river frontage, the house sits like an oddly constructed ark left on a crag by receding flood waters.

It consists of a garage, two bedrooms, bathroom, and a large living-room-dining-room-kitchen. Each room has two independent entrances.

There is a laundry which, with its own sundeck and rotary clothesline on the roof above the living-room, looks just like the bridge of a ship.

Proud as punch

As proud as punch of their new home, the O'Gradys recall, "Everyone said a place would look crook on such a site.

"But Clem Hargreaves, a friend of ours from Bexley North, said he'd have a go at building it.

"His brothers Ross and Trevor did the carpentering the Kennas were the brickies, and a string of odd bods lent a hand."

"Joe" (Martin) Kenna told us it was three weeks before anyone could see the top of his hat when he and his brother Lennie laid the foundations.

As "Joe" then explained: "We had to dig through stones and rubble to reach rock bottom, 17 feet below where the level of the living-room floor was to be built."

At this stage of the construction the O'Gradys "choofed off" to Italy, where John collected background for his new book, "Cop This Lot."

"When we got back late last year, Clem and the boys had the house finished, but they were still arguing over the problems that had cropped up. Gosh, they're a lot of XYZs!" commented John O'Grady, not without affection.

"O'Grady insisted on doing all the painting himself, so we bought him a dozen rubbers to wipe out his mistakes," said Harry West. And then he, in almost the same breath, introduced his wife as "Madame Rhubarb."

"She'll be orright when I teach her to talk," he added, as Mrs. West blushed to the roots of her hair.

In a quiet corner sat young, former Danish junior farmer Peter Matison. He was nursing Harry "Barnacle" Beattie's fox-terrier "Obie" (short for O'Brien), and was singing to him softly in Swedish.

Peter, who is working for the Kenna brothers as a builders' laborer, said he sang to the dog in Swedish, because to have used Danish, his native tongue, would have made him too homesick.

The O'Gradys' tabby kitten, called "Grandma Dog," liked the singing too, and curled up at Peter's feet.

At this stage, a new arrival — "Dr. Maxwell Johnson" — was greeted with a shout of: "Get the Doc a beer to cure his hydrophobia, he's had a heavy day."

A TV "Doc."

"Aw, no — it's NOT PATIENTS he's been dealing with," explained "the mob." "He's been selling TV sets.

"We call him 'Dr' because he's the only salesman in the game who can pull a TV set to pieces on a loungeroom floor, show the buyer it's got 30 valves, and then replace only 17 valves, without anyone but 'The Doc' knowing."

Huge helpings of Chinese chow came next, and the party relaxed into small, contented groups, sitting yarning in chairs—and on the floor.

And then, to illustrate a point of conversation with Sam Ure Smith and Ross Craig, his publishers, John O'Grady did his "star turn," quoting from "Hamlet."

Bare-footed, in white shorts and open-necked shirt, he paced the room with furrowed brow, thundering out the poetry . . . in a voice unfamiliarly deep and cultured.

Suddenly self-conscious, he switched from Shakespeare to Kipling, to give the boys a laugh with "I Learned About Wimmen."

"Murphy doesn't need to listen to that. He already knows all the answers," howled "the mob" as they pointed out grinning Laurie Murphy.

Laurie, a former Sydney taxi-driver, talked to me about John O'Grady, emphasising his integrity, toughness, and humor.

"He's fine . . . funny . . . fantastic," he said in summary.

"Fantastic! Did yer cop that?" said John O'Grady, as he caught the last word.

"I dunno wot's happenin' to th' Weird Mob," he said, a trifle sadly. "Next they'll be usin' words like (censored) fabulous!" he mimicked.

"The last wave of supper is on. Come and get it," said Molly O'Grady.

"We might as well have a cuppa tea," said the stragglers. "The beer's finished—at least until we have a hair of the dog tomorrer."

"Wot d'ya mean tomorrer?" said the O'Gradys. "It is 4.30 a.m. Sunday now!"

"WOULDN'T IT! . . ." says neighbor Mrs. Bob Drake (left) to hostess Molly O'Grady when they surveyed the pile of dirty dishes which piled up after each "wave" of food served at the "Weird Mob" housewarming.

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RHAZES AND ARABIC MEDICINE—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

The Western World is deeply indebted to the Arabic World for the preservation of medical knowledge during Europe's strife-torn Middle Ages. Rhazes, born in Persia in 865 A.D., was a leader in Arabic medicine. He was the first to describe measles and smallpox, to observe the reaction of the eye's pupil to light, and to publish a text on children's diseases. His teachings were highly regarded for centuries.

Knowledge traveled slowly in ancient times. It took many years for Arabic science to reach Europe by way of North Africa and Spain. Today, the newest findings of medical researches are speeded to the world's physicians in mere minutes. Many lives have been saved by this rapid intercommunication of scientific knowledge.

Research scientists at Parke-Davis laboratories throughout the world have repeatedly contributed to the advances of medical science; and they are among the first to learn of new scientific advances reported by others. Parke-Davis translates research discoveries into practical methods of manufacture and makes the latest medical developments available in easily prescribed forms for the convenience of patients, physicians, and pharmacists in almost every community in the world.

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LEFT: The Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil greet the High Commissioner for Malaya, Dato' Gunn Lay Teik and his wife, Datin Gunn Lay Teik, at the reception in Canberra after the Swearing-in Ceremony. Mrs. I. A. Green, sister of the Prime Minister, is on the right.

RECEPTION in Canberra for the new Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil was attended by, from left, Mrs. Harold Holt, Madame Renaud Sivan, and Mrs. A. Y. Helmi.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE picnic race round is beginning again, and first two on my list are the Crookwell and District meeting at "Funny Hill," Binda, the property of Mr. Jim Carr, and the Tumut Turf Club's Centenary Gold Cup meeting at Tumut—both on February 11.

Crookwell's president, Mr. W. J. Bushell, and Mrs. Bushell, of Fullerton Station, Laggan, are among several "locals" who'll be entertaining visitors. Their guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Lucy and daughter Sue, from Killara, and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Forster, of Cootamundra.

At the pretty Tumut course we can expect to see a parade of high fashion—the Club is offering a trophy for the best-dressed woman, and a trophy for the best hat.

• • •

NEW autumn fashions, furs, and jewels will be displayed by several professional models and one non-professional in the Pymble Community Hall on March 2 in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. The non-professional is youthful Mrs. A. S. Venn, of Roseville, who tells me she has to model one gown "for the mature woman." Mrs. Venn is a member of the Kuring-gai women's auxiliary which is organising the night.

• • •

INTERESTED to hear of the engagement of Lois Norman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Norman, of Hay, to Jeremy Chilcott King, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hasell King, of "Jabiru," Aramac, Qld., and Southport, Qld.

THEY were married . . . Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tutell, to Geoffrey, only son of Mrs. M. Price, of Caulfield, Victoria, and the late Mr. Price, at St. Mary's, North Sydney . . . Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Chaffey, of Leichhardt, to Ronald, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hooper, of Henley, at St. Bede's, Drummoyne.

HOME again at "Glengara," Orange, are Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Russ, who had a three weeks' holiday on a houseboat in the Hawkesbury River with their four children, Gordon, Suzanne, Robert, and Jan. The children, all accomplished riders, will be competing in the Sydney Royal Show again this year.

Anne

TAMWORTH WEDDING at St. Andrew's for Patricia Ratiff and Peter Gordon. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Ratiff, of "Craigneish," Upper Manilla, and Peter is the youngest son of Mrs. Gilbert Gordon, of "Carramundra," Boggabri, and the late Mr. Gordon. After the honeymoon the young couple will live at "Bahreenah," Tamworth.

YOUNG ARTIST Sue Snashall with her father, Mr. A. Snashall, of Turramurra, beside one of the murals which Sue painted in the new Child Care Centre at the Royal North Shore Hospital. The centre was officially opened by Lady Woodward.

LEFT: Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. John Heath sign the register at All Saints', Woollahra, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Sally Macpherson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Macpherson, of Woollahra. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Heath, of "Hartfell," Gunnedah.

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The night of the good

His profession was kidnapping and the teenagers walked right into a nightmare when they found he was watching Davy. First instalment of our two-part serial.

By Marjorie Carleton

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE long sideburns and scruffy purple suit gave him an air of despairing jauntiness. He did not look like one who would be interested in the public library, and, as a matter of fact, he was not. He was, however, deeply interested in the man who had just vanished though its doors. He had seen only his back, but he thought he recognised the walk.

He glanced up and down the street, but none of the gang was in sight. They wouldn't be, not on a fine afternoon like this and with no real business on hand until next week. He hesitated, then sauntered up the steps.

Though it was a branch library, it was an important one. The building was too large, too uncrowded for Bert.

People were moving, were putting books on tables, were turning pages, but not a sound reached him. It was like the silent movies in his native land — though Bert did not phrase it this way in his mind. He only felt it, dimly.

The very thought of that land returned some of his childhood terrors to him. Here he was, standing out like a sore thumb, like the dumb guy they all called him. He looked desperately around for a less exposed position, and saw the telephone booth, its utilitarian sign almost concealed by a heavy teak screen. At the same moment he also saw the elderly, uniformed attendant who stood up as though he had been reading Bert's mind; and who began sauntering protectively back and forth in front of that screen.

Oh-oh, Bert thought, he's been watching me all the time. The real bomb scare was over ages ago, but crackpots were still planting fakes in telephone booths, and the libraries were still nervous. He had heard that in some of them the attendant insisted on taking your coins and dialling your calls himself. Bert was acutely conscious that all he possessed at the moment were a couple of phony subway tokens and four genuine quarters.

He swerved in a wide arc and walked into the nearest reading-room. Let him follow me now, he thought bitterly, just let him follow me. Cripes sakes, I'm just trying to do my duty as a citizen. Okay, so maybe the mob don't work by their rules, but we 'got some rules. And that's more'n you can say for the dope I'm trailing. All right.

He paused quietly behind a tall stand from which hung the metropolitan dailies. He pushed the papers idly back and forth and peered out from behind this printed ambush. The man he had been looking for was there, just two tables ahead of him. His back was still turned, he couldn't have seen Bert come in.

If it was really Fingel, his hair had become blond; at least what hair was visible, for he had not removed his hat. Two or three other men had their hats on, too, but they were crumby old men — not like Fingel, who had a la-di-da voice and who had almost graduated from college. He was always saying long words, or things you didn't know what he was talking about. The other guys didn't know, either, Bert comforted himself.

The hat was still a puzzler, but at least the blond hair didn't mean a thing: Bert's own mop of black curls sported an artificial yellow streak. He relaxed. He felt as safe behind these hanging newspapers as he had once felt behind the palmetto shrubs and alley corners of his childhood.

For a time, the papers themselves offered some distraction. The Harris kidnapping was back on the front pages again. Another reward. But the F.B.I. was at last admitting they had given up all hope for the little boy. They were just settling down to get the kidnapper, the killer. Killer? Then they knew? How could they be so sure? The kid's body hadn't been found. Or had it? The F.B.I. could be pretty cosy . . .

He glanced from the paper towards the man he was watching. A queer feeling of power welled up in him and as quickly subsided under a rush of nausea, like sea-sickness. He swallowed. It was just that he hadn't eaten since breakfast. He wasn't going to panic.

Some time the guy would have to stand up. He'd have to stand up, move, so that you could see the side of his face at least; maybe his whole face. And after a time it happened, as it had to happen. The man stood, turned full-face in Bert's direction, walked briskly from the room.

It wasn't Fingel at all.

Fingel was dark, near forty, with a jutting nose that stood out like a signpost. And on each side of that nose were lines carved clear to the mouth, so deep they were like scars. This blond guy had a short nose, almost snub, and a roundish face as smooth as a boy's. He couldn't be more'n thirty at the most.

Bert's first disappointment was followed by a relief so shocking that he began to tremble all over. When he was composed enough, he ventured from his hiding place. The man who had looked like Fingel had been gone minutes since. But because Bert had wasted so much time — and fear — he felt a proprietary interest in the stranger. He circled around and paused by the table where lay the volume his quarry had been studying so intently. It was still open, but the pictures meant little to Bert. Pictures of houses, they were, swank houses, posh houses. He glanced at the top of the page and laboriously spelt out the title: "Today's Architectural Journal."

He strutted from the room, maliciously swerved towards the telephone booth. The attendant stood up again. Bert approached, held out his palm, displaying a quarter. One of the slugs was nipped between forefinger and thumb. "Something for you, old sock." As the attendant's hand came forward, Bert slapped the phony subway token into it.

"Have a coffee, my friend. It might give you a lift, even if a bomb don't."

Once outside, he did not hurry away, but lingered on the top steps, idly watching the man who was not Fingel vanish into the crowds in the distance. He drew a long breath, tasting the sharp, early autumn air. Good thing he hadn't spotted one of the boys, after all. They'd have been calling him dumb again, for pulling a false alarm.

His eyes followed their routine survey of the passers-by below. He lit a cigarette, shrugged his shoulders up, and began following a pair of high heels that teetered ominously beneath a pair of massive calves. The combination was generally infallible. Their owner would have to rest soon, pretending to eye a shop window. Then Bert could move in.

Whether his hopes were well founded or not is of no consequence. For a moment he had unwittingly clung to the edge of a tapestry still in the making. The scissors had hovered. But with the disappearance of the man he had followed, those scissors had swooped again, snipped Bert from the cloth. Though he

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children

could not know it, Bert had had, and lost, his one opportunity for the importance he coveted. But in those brief seconds he had at least altered the pattern somewhat.

. . . . .

The man who was Fingel only when it suited him ran down the subway steps, exultant but puzzled. Bert hadn't recognised him: the first test and a successful one. On the other hand, during those moments when Bert had thought he recognised him, why hadn't he come up and spoken — then made the usual apologies when he found himself facing a stranger? Instead, he had snooped and sneaked around. It was distinctly not friendly. It was, in fact, downright insulting from the humblest member of the mob: Bert, who had always been grateful if Fingel even acknowledged his presence.

On the lower platform, he paused with the growing uneasiness that Bert had set in motion. Sure, he had guessed that the boys would be sore, he had expected them to be. But he had also expected to bring them a sizeable cut of the dough, and he was no longer in a position to come through. The way Bert had acted, perhaps it would be better if he phoned Big Mock first, instead of just dropping in on him.

There was a phone booth by one of the pillars. He stepped in and closed the door. The roar of the subway trains was muted now, but he waited a moment to let his ears adjust to that background rumble. And while he waited, removed his hat with a sigh of relief. It was something that these days he did as seldom as possible, in public. He was still humiliated by the large, new bald spot on his crown.

It wasn't as though he had time to get

To page 18

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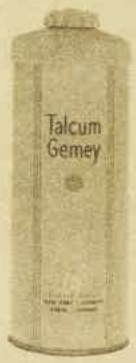

Attractive container, twist-type top 6/-

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Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 17

used to it gradually; it had happened practically overnight . . . Finally he put in the coin and dialled.

Mock himself answered; not surprising, since he was badly crippled with arthritis these days, and the phone had to be placed beside his wheelchair. His pain and inactivity made him uglier than ever. Fingel accordingly spoke with a brighter and gayer voice than he usually employed.

"Hi, Mock. Fingel speaking. Did you think I was never going to show up again?"

"I hoped you wouldn't," Mock said. His tone wasn't ugly at the moment. It was thoughtful, almost pensive. Fingel was not reassured by that tone.

"Mock, I can explain. I'll be right down."

"You won't come near me, now or ever."

"Hey, what do you mean? You can't do that! And besides, everything's different now." Fingel essayed a rather shaky chuckle. "Just wait'll you see me!"

"That would be a long wait," Mock said smoothly. "Some of the boys aren't as fussy as I am. They won't waste bullets—or even knives." He paused. "They're planning on kicking you to death."

The brutal words started a cold rash of perspiration down Fingel's spine. But he persevered.

"Like that, huh?" He added sullenly. "So none of the boys ever did a job alone before."

"Not that kind of job. Not the way you did it. Better vamoose to Mexico for keeps—on the next plane. You can afford the plane, I know." Mock's voice was still silky. "And I'm not worrying about your skin. I just don't want any of my boys to get into trouble because of you."

Fingel swallowed. "I got a sure thing on now, Mock. Worth your listening to."

"Sure thing—or same thing?" Mock asked pointedly. When Fingel didn't answer his voice hardened. "Know what, Fingel? You're crazy! Only a crazy guy tries it again when he's on the jump. If I didn't think you belonged in a nut-house I wouldn't be talking to you now."

"So I'm nuts, huh?"

"If you're not you'd better start reading up on the subject—while you still have the time."

"Oh, come off it, Mock! I tell you, this is a sure thing and nothing's going wrong this time. Maybe you won't like it at first, but you never liked any of my ideas. But most of them worked out, didn't they?"

"In your line it only takes one idea that doesn't work out. And you've had it, Fingel. Only sure thing is, if you don't get out of the country you're headed for the warm cushion. That is—if you're lucky. Because I'm warning you — I won't be able to hold the boys if they once get their hands on you." Mock's voice thickened, though it was still controlled. "Don't you know what you've done to the rest of us? I never want to see you or hear from you again. If I do I'll turn you in myself."

"And take a stretch yourself?"

Big Mock laughed outright. "Forgetting my wheelchair, aren't you? A cell would be downright roomy. Only it wouldn't be a cell. I wouldn't mind one of those new prison infirmaries." The phone clicked, went dead.

Fingel stepped out of the booth. In spite of the draughtiness of the platform, he was running his handkerchief around a soaking collar. Cripes, what was making Big Mock so pious? What Fingel had done had been done dozens of times before. It would always be done when a guy faces certain hurdles . . . Too bad he couldn't have talked money right off the bat. But there wasn't any money, not any more. Mock had smelled that with Fingel's first words—and had gone sour. Still, he had been pretty definite about the way the boys were taking it.

Fingel didn't feel frightened, exactly. Just startled, cold, winded; as though he had been swimming all out to reach a certain harbor, and had found menacing surf instead. But there were always other landing spots . . . He completed wiping his face and neck, and considered. He would be taking a plane, all right, but not to Mexico. South America. It demanded some help. Or did it? Let's say it would be smart to have help if possible.

This is what you get when you tie yourself up with an organised mob, instead of working alone or with one or two buddies. It had been different in the early days, when he had worked alone or had trained a bright prospect or two, like Simon. Simmy! He suddenly straightened up, alert. Simmy. Why hadn't he thought of him before?

FROM THE BIBLE

• ***"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever."***
Isaiah 32: 17.

Isaiah, the prophet, is warning the people that they must shake themselves out of their lethargy, for troublesome times lie ahead. But he reminds them that when the spirit of God is poured on them there follows peace and assurance for ever.

FINGEL had found a post-office job for Simmy during the Korean years, and had taught him the art of filching allotment cheques and forging signatures. Then Simmy's brother had been sent to Korea and been killed there. It broke Simmy's nerve. And what with that, and his marrying a churchy Italian square, Simmy had timidly faded from the picture. He hadn't seen Simmy since then, but he'd heard he had a son. And Fingel, one confused day three months ago, had sent the youngster a present. He remembered it now: a huge rocking-horse. It had set him back fifty bucks, a sum he wished were back in his wallet right this minute.

He consulted the directory, but Simmy wasn't listed. If he couldn't afford a telephone he was probably as square as his wife by now. But he would be grateful to Fingel, glad to help him in one or two ways that wouldn't involve him too much. It was Fingel who had found Simmy that single house, set in the middle of a car dump: a good, sound house that rented for practically nothing because of its surroundings.

Though he hadn't mentioned the fact to Sim, Fingel had originally planned it as a hide-out for himself; hide-out even from the mob. A second visit at twilight had changed his mind. The place gave him the heebie-jeebies at that hour.

Though Fingel had planned to camp there the first night after he paid the rental, he had left for town shortly after dark set in. And the next day he had offered the place to Simmy, modestly pointing out that he had paid the first month's rent for them. So he had done that for Simmy and his new bride; that, and the rocking-horse for the kid.

He swung on to the next subway train in an excess of confidence. Still, he knew he would be glad when the cars came out of the tunnel darkness and moved into the surface daylight.

There was a taxi ride at the end of the subway trip. And then, because he preferred to be on the safe side, he paid off the driver and resigned himself to a long and circuitous walk. Though it was only late afternoon, the sky was already reflecting the lead-grey of the ocean, and a dampness was in the air.

There was a dampness on his mind, too, but he shook it off. Long ago, he had taught himself not to let depression settle, not to question what was over and done with.

Fingel's cheeks were warm now, and the faint mist settling on them was a pleasure. He was conscious of the perfect rhythm of his muscles, the unhurried ease of his breathing, the fluid lubrication of every smallest joint in his entire body.

The doc ribbed me and said I'd never known what real pain was, that I'd only felt a little discomfort for a day or two. But there were the needles, weren't there? And the stiffness, so that I couldn't eat solids for a couple of weeks? You can't have your face remodelled and not know it — plenty. If that wasn't pain, what was it?

As he walked he reflected that his last plan had been executed well enough. He had simply been tripped up later on by his besetting passion, gambling. It wouldn't happen again.

The shred of depression had long ago vanished. He had enjoyed the walk so much that he was mildly surprised to find himself turning into the road that led through the dump towards Simon's house. The sun had disappeared below the horizon, in an untidy mass of grey cloud. Against that cloud, the building was already taking on the blackness of a silhouette.

Fingel hesitated at the foot of the porch steps. There was a limitless silence all around the house. But there were also signs of human habitation: curtains, an open window upstairs, the ancient car drawn up beside the steps. He glanced at his watch. Almost half-past six. People with a small child would be feeding him about now. He had learned that much rather recently. Or would a baby-sitter be feeding the kid? No. You can't afford a telephone, you can't afford baby-sitters. Still, Simmy might not be home from work yet—whatever work the poor dope was doing. And there were imperative reasons why Fingel must talk to him before he met Sim's wife.

He put a foot on the first porch step. It screamed.

He moved back hastily. He'd forgotten that the whole place sounded off like a succession of backfires . . . Maybe it was just as well he had been stopped, though. Sim and Theresa

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There's this girl....

An amusing, romantic short story by

JEAN M. BOULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

Susan called out, "Come in," as Bill knocked on her door engrossed in his script.

BILL said eagerly: "There's this girl, see, and there's this boy who works in the same office block. She wants to meet him, but doesn't want to seem too forward, see. So what does she do?"

"Oh, fine," Susan murmured absently. "Very original."

Bill turned a reproachful face to her. "I haven't finished yet," he said. "You weren't listening."

"Well, anyway," Susan said, rising to her feet and smoothing her skirt down over her neat little hips, "I must be going. I've got things to do if I'm to keep my reputation of being the smartest secretary in Pitt Street. Keep at it, Bill. Let's see the story when it's finished, and I'll give you an honest opinion."

"Well, I don't want to keep you if you're busy," Bill murmured politely, but already he was casting longing side-long glances at his typewriter.

"'Night then," Susan called from the door. She hesitated a moment, wistfully hoping that he would offer to see her home, but knowing that the idea would never occur to him because, after all, she only lived down one flight of stairs.

Anyway, he was already sliding a sheet of paper into his typewriter, and as she went out the door he gave her a friendly, dismissing sort of wave and began banging away noisily. She pulled the door shut with a little bang.

"There's this girl, see," she said to herself as she thumped moodily down the one flight of stairs, "and she's in love with this dim-witted idiot of a would-be writer. Don't ask me why. And does he love her? Love her, hah."

She laughed harshly. "Why, he doesn't even see her, except as someone who'll sit like a dummy and listen to his plots and act as technical adviser on certain subjects about which he knows nothing."

She felt in her pocket for her key and opened the door of her tiny, two-roomed flat.

It's a pity you ever came to this block of flats to live, she thought, as she washed out her undies and stockings in a basin of soapy suds. Then Bill Parsons would never have bumped into you on the stairs and knocked all your parcels flying and carried them into the flat for you and then stood there looking so pathetic and bachelorish that you had to ask him to stay to dinner.

She sighed, remembering that night, and involuntarily her eyes softened. Oh, darn you, you big ape, she thought, and went to bed.

A few days later she saw Bill with the redhead.

She had never been to the Morocco for lunch before, but it was payday and she had decided to splurge for once instead of having her usual economical sandwiches and milk at a counter-lunch stand.

The redhead was stunning. Glorious hair beautifully waved and creamy, flawless skin. She wore a greeny-blue colored suit that did no harm to her figure, and the crossed legs she presented to the public gaze were nothing to be ashamed of.

Susan hastily slipped into a vacant chair and picked up the menu, watching Bill covertly from behind it. He was gazing with a rapt, adoring expression at the redhead, and once he reached over and patted her hand gently, almost in a fatherly manner, but with an expression on his face that was far from fatherly.

Susan bit her lip. Then the waiter came to her side for her order, and by the time he had moved away again Bill and his companion were already heading for the door, Bill's hand tenderly under her elbow, his head bent considerately to hers.

Susan ate her way steadily through her lunch, thriftily determined to enjoy it because it had cost so much, but her

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They return from the fields, my prince . . .

. . . I hear their voices echoing across the paddy-fields, where the tender green is shafted with the rays of the setting sun. The homing birds flutter across the sky, and soon the warm velvet of night will envelope us in content.

And back home, you will remember
the fabled sights and sounds of your day
in India—the mighty palaces and forts,
the blaze of silks and jewels, the flicker of
a striped back in elephant grass.
India awaits you. Come soon!
Why not stop-over awhile and see
India on your way to London with

AIR-INDIA International

All helpful booking information on regular Sydney Super Constellation departures from your Travel Agent or any Air-India Office.

SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH . . .

JELLIES

a little hint for you to try!

PINEAPPLE JELLY SUNDAE

1 packet pineapple jelly crystals, 15 oz. can pineapple pieces, 1 pint vanilla ice cream.
Drain syrup from pieces, heat it, add hot water to dissolve crystals as directed. Add pineapple, leave until thickening slightly. Cut vanilla ice cream into small pieces, quickly stir through the mixture. Chill for a little while.

TO SET A JELLY QUICKLY!

Dissolve the jelly crystals in some hot water and make up to the required quantity with iced water. This method cools the mixture and enables you to chill it quickly.

inserted by **DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED** in the interests of **JELLY MANUFACTURERS** J11

She could tackle anything, but her biggest job was to let him believe in himself . . . an amusing story

THE

By MARY THAYER MULLER

CONNIE closed her eyes, and the leather-bound volume of "Twelfth Night" slipped from her fingers and slid down between her and George on the big towel.

The beach is no place to read Shakespeare. Why did she always forget, from year to year, that what you want — if you want to read at all — is a good detective story?

Every time, packing for their vacation, she collected all the things she thought she wanted to read and hadn't time for. "War and Peace," for goodness' sake, had been brought along twice!

When you arrived at the Cape, the month stretched ahead, rich in long, idle days to be invested wisely and rewardingly. And then the sun and the salt air got in their work, and you did nothing. Deliciously nothing.

She stretched her long brown legs and folded her hands on her stomach. The sun through her eyelids was a rich redness, shot through with pink and gold.

With an effort, she brought her attention back to Mr. Shakespeare: "Make me a willow cabin at your gate,/And call upon my soul within the house."

I wonder, she thought, how you build a willow cabin. You'd have to have some strong supports for the corners. Two-by-fours? No. There wouldn't have been any. You'd have to cut saplings. Did Viola have an axe or a saw? She turned over on her stomach and picked up the book.

"Did they have saws in Shakespeare's time?" she murmured.

"Hm?" George was lying face down. He turned his head a little and opened one eye. "How's that?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking out loud."

"I heard you. It was very revealing. Now you think about saws and hammers in your sleep. Things have come to a pretty pass."

"I love 'a pretty pass.' It sounds like 'the primrose path,' doesn't it?"

George yawned and sat up. "Only three more days of blissful solitude."

Connie said nothing. She was ashamed of the fact that she didn't look forward to his mother's visit and that he knew it. It wasn't that she didn't like her mother-in-law. Mrs. Braithwaite was a sweet little woman, affectionate and lively. Too lively? Was that it?

One didn't expect so much energy from someone in her mid-fifties. Where was all that lovely lassitude Southern women are supposed to have? Even at the seashore, George's mother liked to be up and doing — bridge, movies, parties, drives to look at the scenery.

The idea of a whole day spent lolling on the beach appalled her. So did Connie's sort of activities—puttering, wading in the mud after clams, with her blue jeans rolled to the thighs. And Connie got the impression that Mrs. Braithwaite considered hammers and saws strictly things for men — preferably hired men — to use. Not ladies.

That was another thing. In Mrs. Braithwaite's world, all men were strong and wise and not to be questioned. When his mother was with them, George developed an outright infallibility complex!

And, in addition to that, there hadn't been very much blissful solitude this summer. They'd had Henrietta Ralston on their necks.

At the thought of Henrietta, the warmth and brightness dimmed, and a hard little lump knotted itself in Connie's chest.

Henrietta was a young divorcee, with a four-year-old child, who had the cottage next to theirs. It had been the boathouse belonging to their cottage and had recently been converted to living quarters. It was too close for any neighbor to be, let alone a clinging vine like Henrietta.

A short flight of wooden steps was all that separated the boathouse from their screened porch. They couldn't sit there without seeing Henrietta on her doorstep, looking lonely. So they'd have to say, "Come on over." And she'd come, usually with a tale of woe.

"The hot-water heater won't light," she'd say in her small, soft voice, raising her great brown eyes to George's. "I called the plumber, but he didn't come. I had to heat the water for the dishes and for Chucky's bath on the oil stove. I declare, my arm's just about paralysed, lifting that old bucket."

Then George would be the big he-man who knows all about everything. "I'll take a look at it."

Pretty soon he'd be back, shaking his head. "Something's wrong. I'll just run down to the village and give the plumber another ring."

Few of the cottages had telephones. You used the pay booth at the garage. And Mr. Higgins, the plumber, lived safely out of reach and came when he was good and ready.

So while George wasted an hour of the beautiful evening on Mr. Higgins, Connie would slip over and get the hot-water heater going.

In the three years of her marriage, she had learned to accept the fact that George was not a mechanic. He was a good lawyer. At twenty-nine, he had a promising job in a reputable firm and was on his way up.

He was big and strong and handsome and full of the charm that's sometimes labelled Southern — the charm that makes even homely men attractive.

He was fun to be with, and exciting, and if you were his wife you felt proud and a little smug. But he was no good with a hammer or wrench.

Lots of men probably aren't, Connie told herself, speculating on her friends' husbands. Aptitudes and sex are not necessarily a part of each other.

Just because she found it comparatively easy to put up a towel-bar or a curtain-rod or mend a broken chair, it didn't follow that George must. He hammered his fingers and got into a terrific stew — and the thing came apart at the first touch.

Connie took to carpentry as some women take to petit point. When she and George had moved to Westport, she'd bought some tools and a diagram and built a small house for their dachshund, Wheedl. It was a little lopsided; but her next job, the window boxes, had turned out quite well.

The only trouble was George. No man likes to see his wife wielding tools while he stands idly by. To a Southerner, the idea is particularly unacceptable.

Connie had found a way around that. Where mere brute force was necessary, she called on George. "Darling, will you just give this nail a few good whams? I must have hit a joist or something."

The final turns of the screw-driver and carrying the lumber and the toolbox were up to George.

He laughed rather ruefully at this arrangement. "Who was it who said, 'From each according to his ability'? That's us, eh?"

But all this was strictly between themselves. The hot-water heater had been going when George had come back, and Henrietta had been made to believe it had been due to George's ministrations, belatedly effective.

He'd had the grace to look shamefaced about that. After Henrietta had gone home, he'd said, "You don't have to build me up. I know I'm ham-handed. I wasn't brought up right. You know we always had old Crittenden."

Crittenden was the old manservant who had been with the Braithwaite family longer than George could remember. He had built George a tree house when George was very small, and later a birds'-egg cabinet and a turtle pen. Connie often thought if it hadn't been for old Crittenden, George might have learned to use his hands.

"But Henrietta doesn't have to know that," she'd said. "Aha, you're ashamed of your worthless husband."

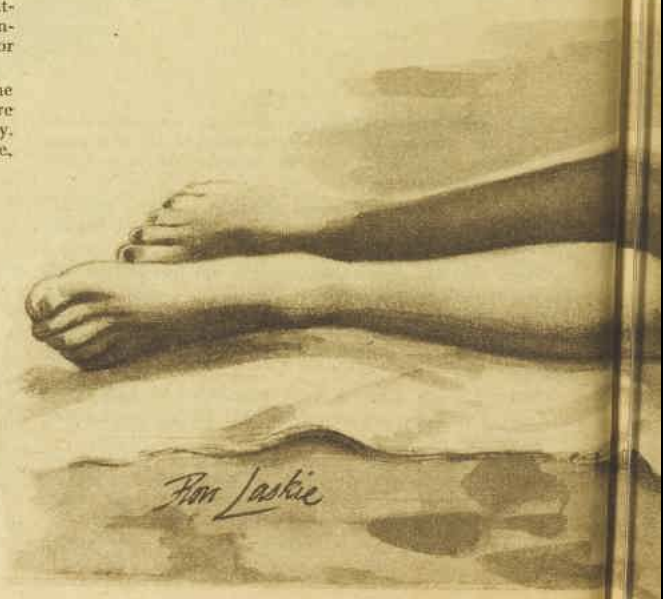
"No, I'm not. It's just that she makes me feel ashamed that I can do things. She's such a—a flimsy. She makes me feel like a big brute."

George had laughed and put his hands on her slim brown arms. "Let's feel your muscle. My, my! Hard as nails."

"It's all very well to laugh, but, you know, I suspect you like flimsies."

"Me? No, ma'am. I like big brutes. Just the same, I'm sorry for that child."

"Chucky?"



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HELPLESS HELPMATE

"Henrietta. She's had a tough break."

"Oh. She's a child, is she? She's twenty-seven. Two years older than I."

"That right? I wonder what kind of fellow her husband was."

"Oh, he probably beat her. I'll bet I would have, too."

"You don't like Henrietta, do you?"

"I don't dislike her. It's only that she's so awfully helpless Do Southern women always—" She'd caught herself.

He had given her a quick, grave look.

"I'm sorry," she'd said. "I only—"

George had patted her shoulder. "You big Yankee bully. Don't you dare raise your hand against Southern womanhood."

She'd had to laugh. And then he'd kissed her — and suddenly, for the time being, at least, the aptitudes had seemed equally divided.

But — no. There hadn't been very much blissful solitude.

Mrs. Braithwaite, as might have been anticipated, took to Henrietta at once. "That poor little thing! Left alone with that darling little baby. Such a sweet, lovely girl, too. Does she like to play bridge, Connie?"

Henrietta did like to play, but her game was awful. So after the first evening at the boathouse Mrs. Braithwaite suggested canasta. That was wonderful, because it left George and Connie free. They could dig clams and putt-putt around in the boat in the little bay.

Henrietta and Chucky appeared on the Braithwaite porch even earlier in the mornings now and spent the day. George's mother was teaching Henrietta to knit Argyle socks. Connie played with Chucky and Wheedl in the sand. The guests were always asked to lunch.

Recipes were a great bond between Mrs. Braithwaite and Henrietta.

"Nobody in the North knows how to make a proper biscuit," Henrietta said.

"Connie, darling, don't you ever fix spoon bread?" Mrs. Braithwaite asked. "George just loves spoon bread."

"That gooey stuff? Do you, George?"

"Sure do. Get Mamma to make us some."

"I can make it," Henrietta volunteered proudly. "I'll just run home—"

"Why don't you make it here?" George said. "Then Connie can watch."

So they made spoon bread. And hominy grits. And sweet-potato puff with marshmallows. And corn fritters. Connie's

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George smiled at his pretty wife, Connie, as she lay beside him on the beach.

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FIRST VISIT TO HIS FAMILY CHEMIST

A wonderful feeling of security prevails when you and your Family Chemist together select the right products for your baby. Soothing creams, some greasy, some not! Skin powders that resist or absorb moisture! Mild soaps, free from irritants! Each product developed for a special baby care purpose — BUT — which one, which one? Your Family Chemist knows. You buy with confidence, because he only recommends brands that meet the highest standards. As your baby grows, so his diet changes. The correct cereals, fruit juices, vitamin concentrate recommended by your Family Chemist, from his large range of reliable brands, will assure that your baby's diet is well balanced — adequate for healthy growth. This extra protection your Chemist's knowledge gives you, costs not a penny more.

ask your Family Chemist . . . he knows

ADDED BENEFITS THROUGH YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST: COMMONWEALTH FREE MEDICINE, HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL BENEFITS, TAX DEDUCTIBLE MEDICINES, PENSIONERS' AND REPATRIATION MEDICAL SCHEME, SUNDAY AND HOLIDAY SERVICE.

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A couple of couples

A short story complete on this page

By HARRIET SHIEK

SITTING in the living-room that summer evening, Hugh Johnston said to his wife, "Do you remember that new chap at the office—Philip Whittaker? You met him and his wife at the Christmas party."

Kay, a small blond girl, looked up from her magazine. "What about him?"

"I had lunch with him today."

"He seemed nice," Kay said. "I liked his wife, too. Why don't we ask them over to play bridge on Saturday?"

"Good idea."

"Let's see," Kay said, "with the Ardens we've got three couples."

"Oh, let's skip the Ardens for once."

"We can't, Hugh. They'd feel left out."

Hugh sighed. "Are we going through this again? Listen," he said, "with the Ardens living next door, we see them seven days a week. Bill and I travel up to town together every morning; you and Diana run back and forth a dozen times a day.

"Isn't that really enough? Must we spend every Saturday night with them, too? Wherever we go, they go. On top of that, we never have guests without them and they never entertain without us.

"We've met all their friends and they've met ours; when our friends invite us back, the Ardens are included; and when their friends ask them, we're included. It's ridiculous."

Kay's eyes widened and she said soberly, "I've never thought of it like that."

"Neither have I till now," Hugh admitted. "You know what? People must link our names in the same way as they do when a couple get engaged. How did we get so thick with them?"

"It—just happened. But we like them, Hugh."

"Who said we didn't? You don't see so much of people you don't like. But to be tied to them . . . And it isn't just our social life; it's everything. They know what bills we owe, what we eat for dinner every night."

"I know. Sometimes I feel as though we've lost something by sharing so much of our lives with them."

"Then let's do something about it."

"But what can we do without hurting them?"

Hugh leaned back in his chair and scowled at the ceiling. "There must be some way to cope with this without losing the Ardens' friendship." He pondered. Finally he said, "I think I've got it! Let's think up all the things you do when you're single and you want to stop going out with someone.

"Now as far as I remember, some chaps just avoid the girl—"

"That's beastly."

"Or the girl gives the man's ring back. H'm, we've still got their hedge-clippers from last summer."

"Now you're being ridiculous."

"The whole thing is pretty ridiculous when you stop to think about it. To get this involved . . ." He sat up straight again. "You know what I did to break things off with Margery Lyle when I met you?"

"No."

"I was honest. I just told her that I wanted to be free."

"Were you friends afterwards?"

"Well—no. She never spoke to me again." Hugh lit a cigarette and thought some more. "I still think frankness is the answer. Come on. Let's go and talk it over with them."

"But what'll we say?"

"Just tell them we want to start going out with someone else on Saturday nights."

"Hugh, be serious. You can't say a thing like that. You'll hurt them, spoil everything. Anyway, Di has got one of her headaches and was going to bed early."

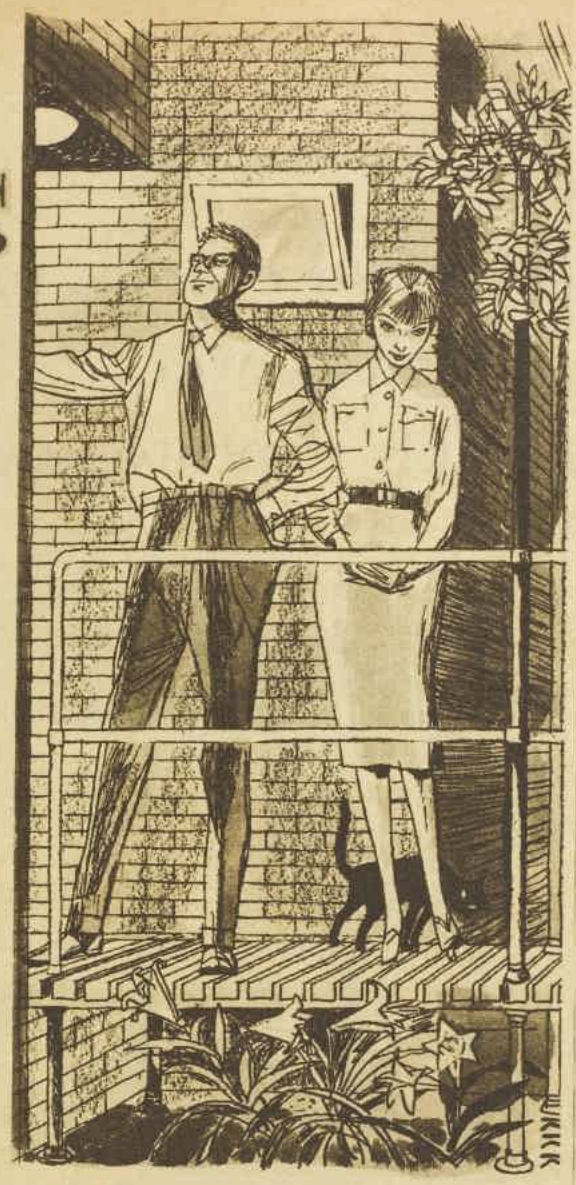
"We'll tell Bill, then. Come on. I'll do the talking."

At the Ardens' back door Hugh rapped their usual three short raps. The kitchen was dark. Several minutes passed before Bill switched on the light and opened the door.

"Hallo," Hugh said as they entered.

"Oh, hallo," Bill answered. He was a big man and easy-going. Looking at him, Hugh found himself remembering all the good times the four of them had shared. They couldn't have nicer people for friends and neighbors.

Hugh felt himself weakening. Hurt them? Insult them? Perhaps lose their friendship? That would be uncomfortable. And Kay and Diana would have to bear the brunt of it, being at home all day.



Kay waited while Hugh knocked on the Ardens' back door with their usual signal.

Sheepishly Hugh looked at Kay, then said to Bill, "We just came over for a chat."

Kay understood he had backed out. She smiled, relieved, then asked Bill, "Has Di gone to bed?"

"Uh—no, Kay. No, she hasn't. We—"

Kay stepped towards the door leading to the living-room. She pushed it open, then stopped abruptly. "Oh," she said in a small voice.

Hugh glanced beyond Kay. A couple sat on the couch. People he'd never seen before.

Diana came into the kitchen, explaining nervously, "Friends dropped in—you must meet them . . ."

Dropped in? Diana was wearing a dressy black thing Hugh had seen her wear when the four of them had gone up to town. And in the dining-room the remains of a dinner for four were on the table.

Hugh edged Kay towards the back door, saying, "Sorry to barge in like this . . ."

They protested, insisted he and Kay stay: "No, really, thanks," Kay said. "Not tonight."

Diana asked anxiously, "I'll see you in the morning, Kay?"

"Yes, of course."

And Bill called after them, "See you at eight-thirty, Hugh!"

"Fine!" Hugh called back.

Of the four of them it was hard to tell who was the most embarrassed.

Walking across the garden, Kay said, "Well! I wonder how many times, when Di said she had a headache and was going to bed early—"

"Probably plenty of times," Hugh didn't know whether to laugh or be angry. "And to think we were afraid to break things up."

"Hugh, do you think things will ever be the same between the Ardens and us again?"

"Who wants things the same? We're free now."

"But what'll it be like when we see them tomorrow?"

"Well, I have a hunch that's entirely up to us. Don't forget—" as he opened his own door Hugh glanced back at the Ardens' house with its drawn curtains—"don't forget"—and he couldn't help laughing—"they're the ones who did the cheating."

(Copyright)

Goya

fabulous perfume in fabulous talc

. . . the softest, silkiest talc in the world with costly perfumes that last and last . . . deodorant too, to keep you fresh as well as fragrant. 6/3

And for him . . . Cedar-Wood, flesh tinted, fragrant, yet all-male, he-man and oh, so attractive to women! 7/6

GOYA · 3 RUE SCRIBE · PARIS

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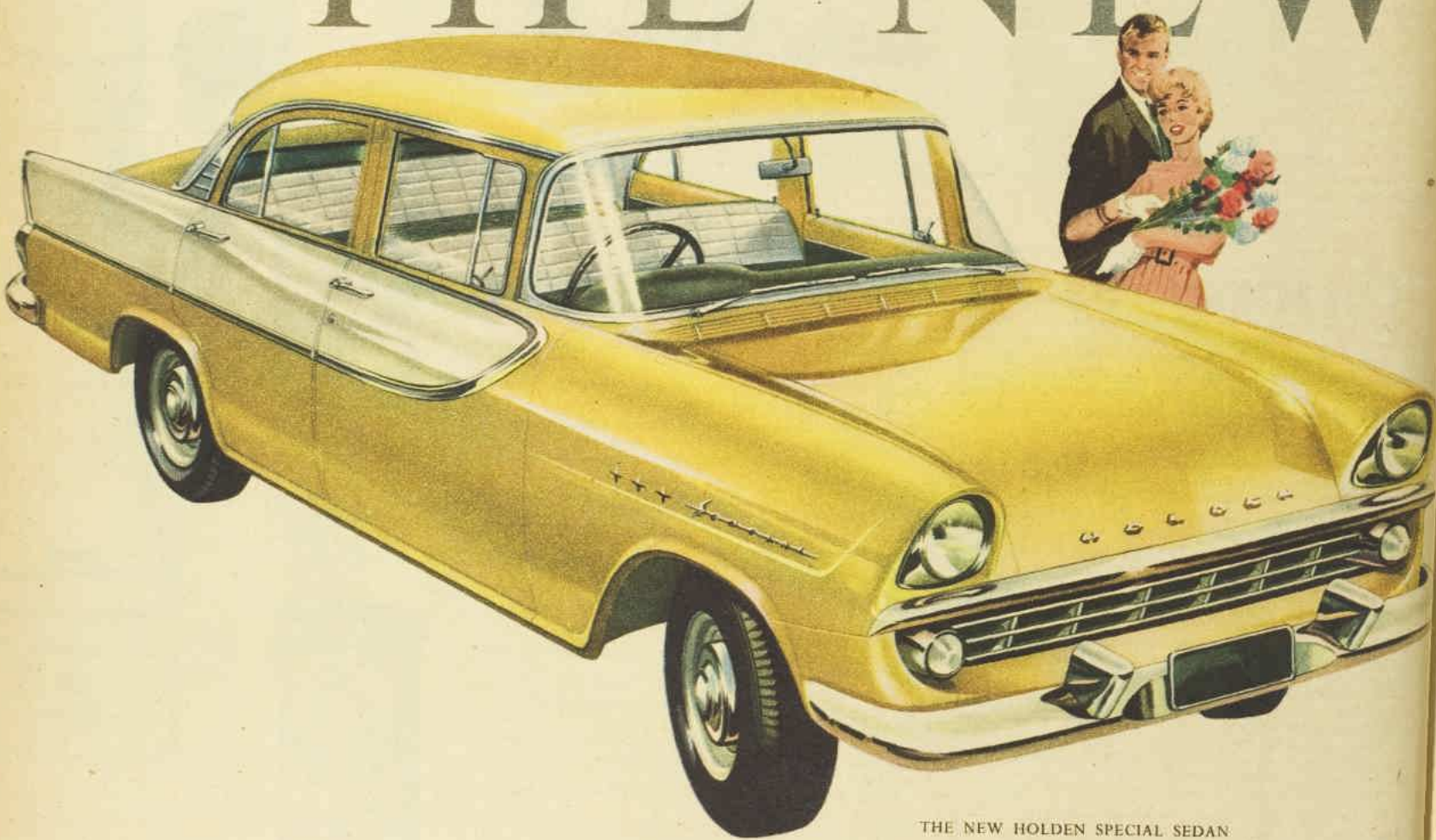
More graceful than ever . . . more beautiful . . . more exciting than ever . . . the new Holden will quickly capture your heart

Imagine the thrill of having a new Holden sparkling in your drive-way—whether your choice be Sedan or Station Sedan. You'll love the all-new styling . . . the dramatic new front end . . . the lower lines . . . the inviting freshness of the luxurious new Holden interiors.

And Holden gives you new driving pleasure, too. You see more with 20% greater forward vision. You have more power with new 75 gross brake horsepower responding to the touch of your toe. Clutch and brake pedal pressures are lighter. And there's 16 more square inches of effective braking area.

See the new Holden for yourself—warm to the striking new beauty—then drive Holden and enjoy all its flow of six-cylinder power on the road. Prove to yourself that Holden is now more than ever Australia's finest value . . . the car for you and your family.

THE NEW



THE NEW HOLDEN SPECIAL SEDAN

Also available the new Holden Standard Sedan.

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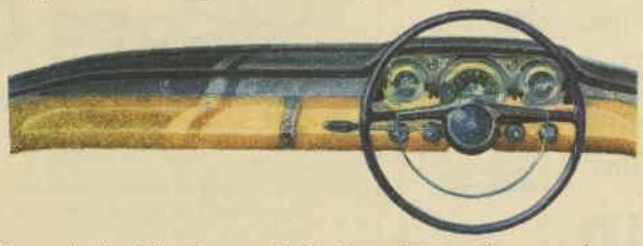
THE NEW HOLDEN SPECIAL STATION SEDAN

Also available the new Holden Standard Station Sedan.

HOLDEN

Inside the new Holden you'll find a gracious new air of refined luxury—with rich new upholstery and trims in fashion-right colours and patterns created especially for the lovely new Holden.

The wide sweep of the new Holden instrument panel adds its own distinctive note of beauty to the new Holden interiors. The new, deeply dished steering wheel adds to your safety.



Here—in the driver's seat—is the best place to discover what a joy it is to drive the new Holden. So see your Holden Dealer soon. With new beauty, new power, new vision and new comfort you get more for your money in every way when you buy Holden.*

*REGD.

AUSTRALIA'S OWN CAR

Holden Sedans from **£885** *plus tax — Holden Station Sedans from* **£960** *plus tax.*

GMAC Hire Purchase available. Holden Air Chief radio approved by GMH.

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Safe First Aid hangs by this thread

Only BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages with "zip-open thread" are WRAPPED and SEALED to seal out germs and dirt!

BAND-AID TRADE MARK ADHESIVE BANDAGES

IN BOTH WATERPROOF AND E-L-A-S-T-I-C STRIPS

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DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES

Ivanhoe NORWEGIAN CRAB PASTE

Available at all good stores

Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD. P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic.

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Scorching report from a mother

DESIGNERS of children's playgrounds should remember we have long, hot summers, and make provision for adequate shade—especially over the slippery-dips. Often I have taken my little girl to the park, only to find the slippery-slide burning hot.

£1/1/- to D. Pearce, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

A name game

WHEN reading stories to little children, try substituting the kiddies' names for those in the book. You'll be astonished at the added interest in the story. If reading to an only child, use the names of his playmates for the story-book characters.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Birds of sympathy

IT was interesting to read in "Letter Box" about birds visiting the sick and lonely. Years ago, when I returned home from hospital, thrushes sang in the peach tree outside my bedroom window. When I was able to walk again they stopped singing. Recently, when I was ill, they started to sing outside the window. My husband suggested I move to a bedroom near the kitchen, so he'd be able to help me. The thrushes came and sang outside that bedroom! How did they know I had moved? Now I'm well again they sing no more. I'm sure they are messengers from God telling us He cares.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. F. Keath, Broadford, Vic.

Job for "oldsters"

BABY-SITTING is not "a job for youth" at all. I'd like to point this out to Virginia Cain, who said parents should get young sitters. Retired nurses and women who have had families make the best baby-sitters. Young people don't take so much interest in the baby-sitting section. Also, it's sometimes very good if children go to bed an hour earlier, as they can't get too much sleep.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Calpis, Bondi, N.S.W.

No blarney here

COMING home from a brief shopping spree, I met a beautifully dressed neighbor on the bus. We have a six-weeks-old baby, the youngest of our seven children—and we are very happy to have a large family. Guess how annoyed I felt when this "mother-of-one" said: "I've come to the conclusion that with such a large family, you can't possibly give them the care and attention I give my child." I wish I could have thought of a really cutting reply!

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Sedgwick, Sutton, Dublin, Eire.

Petticoat protest

SURELY the time has arrived when women should be allowed to give up wearing skirts and petticoats when they go to business. They only hamper movement and must be dreadfully hot, uncomfortable, and expensive. Men don't wear them, so why should women? For the sake of health and comfort, skirts and petticoats should be abolished throughout the world.

£1/1/- to Reginald N. Carrington, St. Kilda, Vic.

EGGS—tremely funny yolks . . .

AUSTRALIAN fowls can produce eggs containing up to four yolks, according to some of the 50-odd letters we received in reply to J. Plowman, of Wentworthville, N.S.W., who wrote telling us about a seven-month-old white leghorn which laid a triple-yolked egg.

News of the four-yolkers surprised Mr. Malcolm McDonald, Senior Research Officer at the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture Poultry Experimental Station.

Commenting that even three-yolk eggs were unusual, he said he'd never previously heard of a "quad" yolk.

Mr. McDonald added that a standard text-book on eggs gave the year 1856 as the first recorded mention of triple-yolked eggs. It was noted at this time that five or six triple-yolked eggs were found annually at the Paris Market, which then handled 114 million eggs a year.

BELIEVE it or not, an egg, among some I bought from a friend, had four complete yolks, each about the size of a shilling.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Martin, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

LAST week I broke an egg containing four yolks. It didn't seem extra large. The yolks were a little less than ordinary size.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. J. Robertson, Dundas, N.S.W.

I KNOW of a hen that laid an egg just three-quarters of an inch long. When opened it was perfectly formed.

£1/1/- to A. Fischer, Ringwood, Vic.

FROM our black and white cross pullets we've had numerous double-yolked eggs; eggs without yolks, eggs without shells, and a very large egg with three yolks.

£1/1/- to Miss Joy Bolitho, Reynella, S.A.

YES, we've had a hen that laid an egg with three yolks. Recently, I had a hen that laid normal-sized eggs with NO yolks. We shut her up on her own and she laid four yolkless eggs in four days, so we killed her. A fifth egg, all ready to be laid, was still without a yolk.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. S. McIntosh, Wauchope, N.S.W.

A YOUNG white leghorn in my fowlyard laid an egg about three times normal size. When broken, it contained two yolks, plus another fully formed egg, floating in the white.

£1/1/- to "Chooky" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

MEMORY LANE

I WAS leaving for work, and my wife was asking me to do some things in town.

"I'd like you to get nine cutlets, please, and a pencil sharpener, and would you post these letters," she said. "One of them is my entry for the Yummo Peanut Butter slogan competition. It closes tomorrow, so for goodness sake don't forget."

I said I would do my best. Posting letters is one of the jobs that fall to men, like taking the garbage out; but they haven't much aptitude for it.

I forgot about the letters on the way to the office. When I arrived there I had a dozen things to attend to—looking up the lottery results, answering a letter from a man who said the earth was flat, and so on.

I did not remember the letters till it was nearly lunchtime. I placed them on my hat so I would post them when I went out. But after putting them in my pocket as I left for lunch, I forgot them again.

A letter of my wife's once kicked around in my coat for a week. It was addressed to a baby-sitter, and the result was we had no sitter on Saturday and couldn't go to see *The Seven Year Itch*. So these things can catch up with you.

Walking past a stationer's window I did think of the pencil sharpener, and bought one. It's usually these less important items wanted by children that I remember first, like a doll's hot-water bottle or some rainbow balls.

The pencil sharpener reminded me of the cutlets, but I decided not to get them till later on because it was hot and I don't have a fridge in my office. (That'll be the day.)

After five o'clock my wife rang and said: "Have you got the cutlets?" I rushed out in panic. My family is cutlet-crazy, and the cutlets were needed for dinner. But how many? I had forgotten which of us were two-cutlet people and which were one-cutlet. I made a leap in the dark and asked for ten.

The butcher said there were no cutlets left, and I got chops.

I was rattled now. Back at the office I held the letters in my hand so I would remember to post them on the way home.

Outside the office I met a friend and he asked me to have a drink. I put the letters in my pocket and forgot them again.

I slipped out after dinner that night and posted them up the street. My wife did not win a prize in the Yummo Peanut Butter slogan contest, but at least her entry got there in time. Or did it? I wonder.

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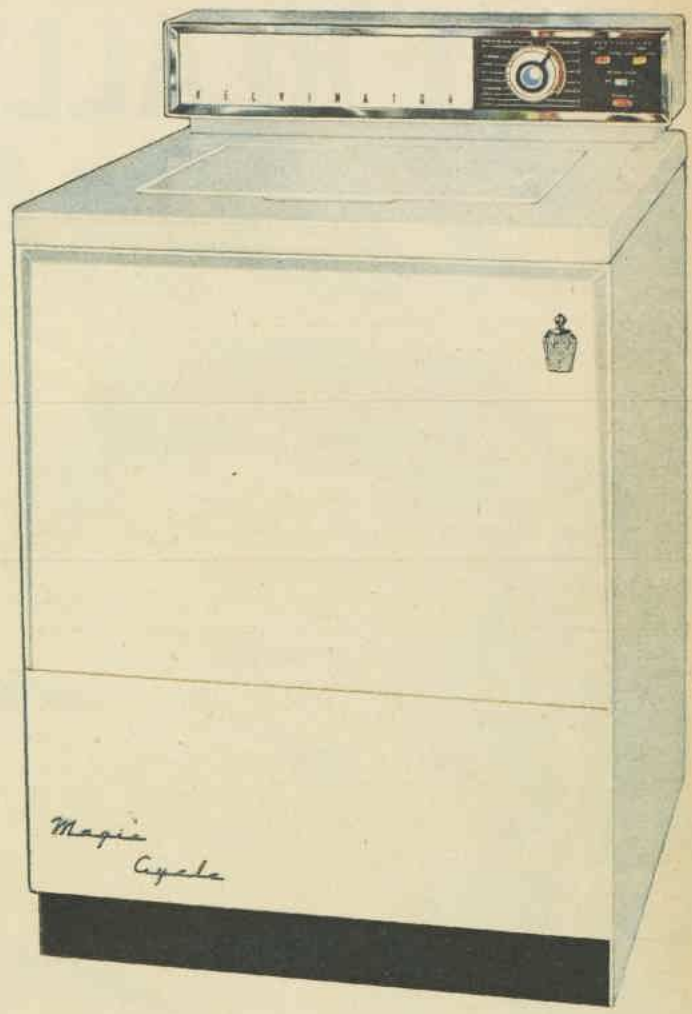
Now... dial and disappear



on washdays

Model W89 with "Magic Cycle" 3-way pump, no hot water system required, 218 gns. Model W69, 199 gns.

This and only this is **Totally Automatic Washing**

Most women don't realise it, but there's a big difference between "semi-automatic", "automatic" and totally automatic washing. Washdays cease to exist with this new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer . . . you just dial and disappear!

This fabulous machine "mothers" **you!** You don't have to play nurse-maid waiting for cycles to end, twisting and pulling dials every few minutes. You're as free as a bird . . . spending the time every mother likes to spend with her family.

Take a washday vacation

Unlike most vacations, this one lasts for years and years. The Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer washes 3 ways, rinses 5 times and spin dries — all with one simple dial setting. You can be miles away or out in the garden, while your clothes are washed with loving care, rinsed as clean as new, and left damp-dry — ready to go out on the line.

You do a complete family wash in just **one minute** of your time. It could hardly be easier.

Lint-free wash every time

There's never a trace of lint or fuzz on your clothes when they're washed in a Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer. This exclusive **Filter Fountain** actually filters all the wash water **every three minutes** . . . removes every trace of lint from the water. Your clothes are soft, fresh . . . **lint-free** after every wash.

See the free demonstration

Why not find out more about this exciting new way to live? Ask your local retailer for a free demonstration of the world's most glamorous, most advanced washer — the Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer.

KL478R

Kelvinator TOTALLY AUTOMATIC WASHER

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Feel that TACT GLOW from top to toe

FEEL REALLY CLEAN

Tact soap

keeps perspiration Odour-Free*

GENTLE TACT LATHER leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated. . . and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant G11 which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour . . . keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.

R075

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 18

might have moved, there might be a whole household of total strangers. If that were the case, no sense having them see him. He might just take a look in the kitchen window.

If anyone spotted him, he could just be trying to sell something. Selling what?

He delved into his wallet, sorted over some cards. And found one that announced him as representing a well-known fire-insurance agency.

He moved quietly around the walk that led to the kitchen. It was an unused path these days, so his feet were soundless on the dried grass that matted the flagstones.

The south-west kitchen window was uncurtained and lighted. He peered around a broken shutter. Simmy was stirring something on the stove. A little boy sat in a highly varnished armchair and sang loudly, whacking a metal toy against the tray. He must be nearer three than two, just about the age that—Fingel's speculations shut themselves off neatly.

He was glad to turn his full scorn on Theresa: still in her early twenties and already fat. Beautiful eyes and hair, of course, like most of these Italian dames; but spreading into shapelessness below the shoulders.

The kitchen floor was strewn with toys. Fingel's eyes searched them, but the rocking-horse wasn't visible. They would keep it in a special place as a special treat, of course, not mixing it up with these cheap toys. His eyes returned to Theresa and the scorn deepened. She was smoking. Or had been. The cigarette was still alive in a saucer, sending out an occasional thin spiral of blue.

Fingel disliked women who smoked. He had a nagging memory of someone who had pushed him from her lap because he was rumpling her dress and she had to go out. And when he had persisted in clinging, she had blown a long puff of smoke right into his eyes . . . Couldn't have been his mother, because she died when he was born. The matron at the home had told him so. Several times and emphatically.

He moved to the door and rapped sharply on the panels.

The old-fashioned bell had vanished long ago. After a moment the door opened. Sim was standing in the chill, dark entryway.

"Who's there?"

"Hi, Sim." Fingel spoke very quietly. "It's me, Fingel."

Sim yanked the kitchen door shut behind him and moved towards his visitor. "Oh . . . well, let's talk outdoors. Kid won't eat his supper if anything takes his mind off it." He stepped outside and shut the outer door. Then he said "Oh" again. Sim was the damnedest guy — everything frightened him but nothing surprised him.

"What you want?"

His lack of comment on Fingel's vastly altered appearance was a comment in itself. He was saying that Fingel had actually become a stranger. Someone he had never seen before, would never see again. Well, he would learn differently.

"Just a little help on the side. Nothing that'll upset Theresa or keep you away from home more than a few days."

"I'm not helping you on anything. Even if I wanted to, Theresa wouldn't let me."

"I've done a lot for you, Sim."

"Like what?"

"Like getting you this house."

"Yeah. Agent said you took it for yourself."

"Well, I put you on to it, didn't I? And threw in the first month's rental because you were down and out?"

"Down and out because I was up against a Fed rap. And took it, too. Theresa had eight months alone in this place. You did that for us, too!"

"Down and out because you chickened. Oh, I can understand that," Fingel added hastily, "your brother being killed and all that. But you could have beat the rap if Theresa hadn't made you sing." Fingel's voice loathed Theresa.

"You leave her outta this. She waited for me, straightened me out. And got me a good job."

> **All the people in the world who are dull in their conversation and hateful to look at in their faces are those who have no hobbies.**
> *—Yuan Chunglang*

"Oh, sure, it must be a humdinger. That's how you can afford this palace and a telephone. And the latest model in cars."

"Least the car is registered in my own name. More'n you can say," he dared.

There was a little pause, then Fingel changed tactics. "Sorry you're feeling this way, pal. I was hoping to meet Theresa, have some fun with the kid—"

"No!" Sim recoiled, his eyes bulged.

"Look, you've read a lot of junk about me in the papers, but it's all wrong."

"Big Mock, too? Hear he's layin' for you, him and his boys."

"Big Mock is a sick man but he's still a pal," Fingel declared solemnly. "Just been talking to him this afternoon and he wants me to get out of the country until the Feds find out they're chasing the wrong guy. But I'll need dough for that. Not dough from you, old boy. Just a little help on an easy job."

FINGEL knew now that he wouldn't be able to tell Sim what that job actually was: another kidnapping. Crazy to try it while he was still on the lam from the Harris affair? No, smart. Even the Feds wouldn't suspect him of this one. They were thinking of him as still loaded with dough, bribing some big operator to hide him out until he could be smuggled from the country . . . No, he couldn't tell Sim what the job was, but he wouldn't have to. He could still use him —and let him find out the score later. And this time, he thought sardonically, Theresa would think twice before she started squawking about Sim's making a clean breast of things . . .

"Only a couple of days. Three at the most——" he persuaded.

"No."

Fingel's round blue eyes stared expressionlessly. "I see. You think I haven't done anything for you, you're scared of me, you believe all the papers say . . . Sim, who took those post-office exams for you? I did. Who found you this house? I did. Who sent the rocking-horse to your kid? I did."

Sim's long neck ducked forward.

"You sent the rocking-horse? You?"

"Sure I sent it. Who else would? Expect me to put in a calling card and return address? And it's not in the kitchen."

Sim straightened and his voice was uncertain. "You didn't send it—you just heard we had it," he accused. But he looked miserable. The rocking-horse must have made an even bigger hit than Fingel hoped.

"Heard? How would I hear?" He laughed. "Big news in the papers, maybe?" A forefinger tapped Sim's chest. "It's spotted yellow, with red rockers. Sent it ten-twelve weeks ago. Set me back a cool fifty bucks. Nice to get such warm thanks!"

The familiar apologetic look was already creeping into Sim's face. "We didn't know who it come from, so we put it away in the closet, thinkin' it was a mistake and waitin' to get a squawk from someone . . . But he's three tomorrow, so we was plannin' on his havin' it first thing in the morning."

"So give it to him tomorrow," Fingel said, still coldly reproachful.

"Fingel, you honest didn't—?"

"I did not!" The words were flat. "It's a pack of lies, start to finish. You ought to know coppers by now. They'll frame up any guy, if it gets 'em off a hook. And that goes double for the F.B.I. . . . Look, I can see that you have to talk to your wife — explain about me. Just lay it on thick. Remind her about my finding you this house — and tell her I sent the rocking-horse. Put her in a good humor."

"She's most always in a good humor," Sim said loyally, "but she's having a baby. And she's real sick. Gotta keep her quiet, happy-like." And now he was looking at Fingel as he had once looked at him, trustful, plaintive. "Maybe I better not tell her who you really are," he suggested.

Fingel had thought of that, too. Now he considered it again and dismissed the suggestion. Sim and Theresa were too close; she'd get it out of him again, just as she had that other time. "Uh-uh." He shook his head. "I don't want a stiletto in my back if she ever found out." Inwardly, it was even more than that. He had noted Theresa's eyes and chin, with their mixture of hot innocence and obstinacy. Just as he had once held Simmy together, so he knew that Theresa was holding her husband together now. Fingel would have to work through her. If she was dangerous, she was also essential. She would simply have to believe that Fingel, like Sim, was a weak character now reformed; and unlike her husband, still persecuted.

"Well, you stay here," Sim cautioned. But he sounded happier. If Fingel was willing to trust Theresa, it meant that the new job was legal, even if it might be tricky.

"Tell her about the rocking-horse," Fingel repeated, and Sim departed.

For the first time in an hour Fingel lit a cigarette. It tasted good, and he surveyed the landscape benignly. The kitchen window shot up and Theresa's face appeared.

Where were the dreaming Madonna eyes? A hellish mask jutted its chin at him, shouting unintelligible Italian curses. Behind her Sim danced futilely.

To page 34

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Worth Reporting

MRS. BEARD . . . big game in luxury.

SPORTING a silver-lilac hairstyle, matching eye-shadow, and a suntan, Mrs. Gladys Beard dropped in the other day to talk about buffalo and crocodile shooting.

Mrs. Beard was holidaying in Sydney from Nourlangie, about 120 miles east of Darwin; there, she is hostess to intrepid characters on safari.

Safari manager Allan Stewart has been organising these jaunts for the past year. A holiday costs £20 a day (all found).

"I love it. It's a relaxing life," Mrs. Beard told us.

Relaxing is the word—especially from an Englishwoman who, when she arrived here 10 years ago, was scared of the surf.

Mrs. Beard organises everything so the holidaying big-game hunters are comfortable.

One day she was discussing the crocodile catch with the aboriginal housemaid, and asked, "How big were they, Mary?"

Mary measured the size with her hands. "About a foot," she said.

"Help," we said. "We thought you had to throw the little ones back."

Then Mrs. Beard explained. The aborigines measure their catch by WIDTH, not length.

Pretty frustrating for some fishermen we know.

ALLAN STEWART . . . and the game.

They dream of Johnny

WANDERING into a usually placid record shop, we found ourselves surrounded by a palpitating mass of young girls.

We battled to the counter, and made polite noises at the salesgirl. She turned round and said firmly, "I can't possibly serve you."

WHAT?

"No. Johnny's here."

Who?

We suddenly noticed a waist-high tot beside us, muttering: "I won't get excited. I won't get excited." Then, in a banshee wail: "J-O-H-N-NI-EEEEEEE."

Out from behind the stacks crept the cause of it all—Mr. Johnny Restivo, teenage hero, dressed in black and orange.

Shielded by seven store supervisors, J. Restivo scuttled up the stairs.

The tot, aged about 14, put her autograph book away sadly.

"Oh, well," she said, "I've got a bit of Johnny Devlin's coat, anyway."

★ ★ ★

WHAT'S in a name? Mr. Juan (pronounced Wahn) Trippe is President of Pan American World Airways. But of course he travels a lot—so he's certainly been for more than wahn trip.

Film for all motorists

THE film "Sequel to Saturday" is about road safety. It takes its name from the too-often tragic sequel to week-end relaxation: loss of life on the road.

We were invited to a preview screening by the N.S.W. National Roads and Motorists' Association. And we came away from the theatre very thoughtful indeed.

If you drive a car, you've heard all this before, and you will hear it again.

But remember that slogan: "The life you save may be your own."

And, when you're driving:

- Keep the car windows clean. Drive with your hands in the 10 to 10 o'clock position on the wheel.
- Avoid distraction. Give your full attention to driving the car (NOT to that friend over the road you haven't seen for ages).
- Pulling out from the kerb, make sure the road is clear, and give the correct hand signal.
- Keep a fair distance between your car and other vehicles.
- Be careful when overtaking. If you can't see on a curve, hold back. You may arrive late, but you **will** arrive.

N.R.M.A. man Keith McCrohan shows how not to drive.

The film covered more than the points we've quoted, and it's a film motorists should see. Everyone needs a reminder that tragedy doesn't only happen to "other people."

YOUR BOOKSHELF

"Love on a Branch Line."

John Hadfield (Hutchinson).

This is a delectable souffle of a novel by the editor of "The Saturday Book" about a likeable character called Jasper Pye. He is a Civil Servant who is sent to investigate a small unit of the Ministry tucked away in the country since wartime evacuation. Jasper finds it occupying the ancestral seat of an eccentric earl, who himself lives in a railway train on the "Branch Line," where he plays ragtime on a tinny gramophone and is attended by a vague, garden-minded wife and three gorgeously unconventional daughters. Jasper soon finds himself involved in local cricket, the village fete, and with various members of the family.

"Earth, My Friend"

Group-Captain Peter Townsend (Hodder & Stoughton).

Anyone hoping to read something about Townsend's romance with Princess Margaret will be disappointed. He does not mention it, except for a shadowy reference to a feeling of frustration in 1956 which led him to go on his lone journey round the world—from Brussels to Brussels. He describes the journey logbook style, in immense detail, enlivened by reports of encounters with famous personalities and remote natives. There are many interesting photographs. Peter Townsend reveals himself at the time of the journey as an unhappy man trying to find a meaning to life.

"The Constant Nymph"

Margaret Kennedy (Heinemann)

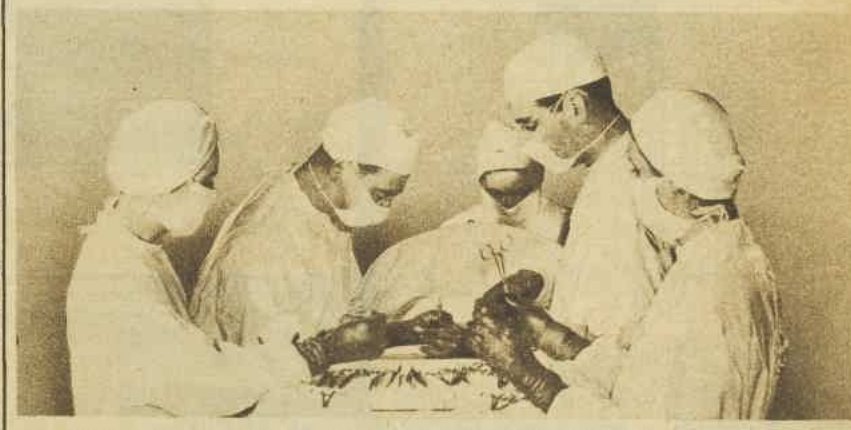
A reprint of a best-seller of 1924 which has endured for its rare and distinguished charm. It is a joy to meet again the unconventional Sanger family, especially 14-year-old Tessa, the "nymph" of the title. Her love affair with Lewis, the brilliant young composer, gives poignancy and tenderness to this story, which is a masterful study in human relationships.

"Mummy! Pussy scatched me!"

Pussy's paws have sharp little claws, and can leave a nasty scratch. Children need more than love alone to keep them healthy. They should be protected against harmful germs which can lie in the most unexpected places. A cut . . . scratch . . . an abrasion — quick, the Dettol! Wise mothers always use Dettol. Prompt attention with Dettol helps to guard against the risk of septic infection.

Model takes plunge. Judith Godley, well-known Artist's model, says: "After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. I find it most refreshing and invigorating." And you will, too! Try it for all-over freshness.

Personally speaking . . . As it is harmless to everything but germs, Dettol can be used with perfect safety—that's why it's so wonderful for personal hygiene. Dettol is kind . . . gentle . . . and an excellent deodorant.



Every moment — every day . . . throughout the world, skilled surgeons are waging a ceaseless battle against septic infection. And there, well to the fore amongst their modern aids, you'll find Dettol — the safe, effective antiseptic. Doctors and nurses use Dettol constantly — in their own homes, too.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him). Use Dettol on the cut which may lead to blood poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.
Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

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Nothing looks as good... nothing cooks as good as a

NEW

SIMPSON

ELECTRIC RANGE

a.

Four magnificent models — each one years ahead in styling, each one a joy to own, to use. And so dependable. Whichever one you choose (from budget-priced Panama to glamorous Calypso), you are assured of the rewarding service and reliability that has made Simpson a household word since 1853.

- ***Exciting new colour and practical beauty***

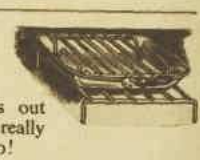
- ***Smart New Controls operate at a touch***

The smooth turning dials gleam in gold, copper and black on a splashback panel at just the right height. It's tilted for protection against steam and heat.

- ***Fast New Hotplates full range of heats***

Every range of heat, High-Medium-Low, and special simmer hot plate. New drip-trays lift out and can be washed as easily as plates.

- ***New Roll-out Griller stainless steel reflector***



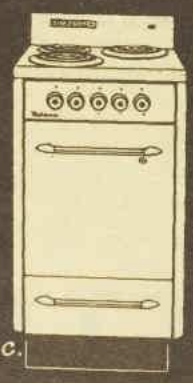
Wide and roomy griller slides out silently on nylon runners. A really practical plate-warming space too!

- ***Big New Oven. Perfect heat and time control***

Super-accurate control, sets very simply on famous Smith's Timer. Room for complete family meals. Lift out element for easy cleaning.

Here's gay new glamour for your kitchen...

b.



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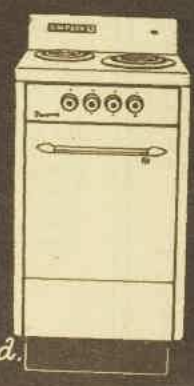

d.

a. **CALYPSO:** Triumphant modern design with fully automatic time and heat control, generous roll out griller, roomy oven. Height over hob 36", depth front to back 21", width 24". Ivory or White stainproof porcelain enamel. **£123.0.0.***

b. **HAVANA:** Thermostatically controlled oven, glass door and non-tip shelves. 3 radiant lift out hotplates (one with simmerstat control). Height over hob 36½", depth front to back 21½", width 24". White, Ivory, Two-tone Pink and White. **£102.17.6.***

c. **BAHAMA:** 3 chrome-trimmed radiant hotplates, one with simmerstat control, big storage drawer, thermostatically-controlled oven. New design with controls on splashback panel. Height over hob 37½", depth front to back 25", width 20". **£78.0.0.***

d. **PANAMA:** Thermostatically-controlled oven; round corners for easy cleaning. Beautifully compact range; 2 radiant hotplates (one with simmerstat). New easy controls. Height over hob 37", depth back to front 20", width 20". White or Ivory Porcelain. **£65***

** Prices slightly higher in some areas.*

SIMPSON ELECTRIC RANGES — BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS SIMPSON FULLY-AUTOMATIC WASHERS

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DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● The short-skirted sundress illustrated here is chosen for a young reader's cruise wardrobe.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"AS you help so many people with their fashion problems, I am now seeking advice for myself. My problem is a pattern in size 34in. bust for a sunfrock. I want the frock to take on a cruise—something pretty, but fairly simple to make."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen for your sundress. The dress has pretty skirt fullness and a contrast in color at the fitted waistline. The drafting and sewing should not present any dressmaking difficulties to an average home sewer.

The paper pattern includes a step-by-step instruction chart. Under the picture are further details and how to order the pattern.

"WOULD jade silk chiffon be suitable for a semi-formal dinner outfit? The long-torso silhouette suits me very well. Would you please suggest a design featuring this line."

Chiffon would be extremely attractive for a semi-formal dinner dress. My style suggestion is a slim torso-line dress with all-round skirt fullness released from hip-level. To balance the silhouette, finish the bodice-top with a deep cape collar.

"I RATHER like the new idea of bat-wing sleeves and soft bodice fullness. Would a bodice in this style be suitable to combine with a slim skirt? The frock is being made in a fine black crepe."

Yes, the bloused-top-slim skirt formula looks very new. A further suggestion: Have the top fullness accentuated by a snug, set-in, self-material waistband.

"I AM wearing a princess-line late-afternoon frock to a buffet dinner and wondered what type of corset would be best to keep the line of the frock smooth. I would also like to know if it would be correct to wear gloves with the frock."

A one-piece corselette is the best garment to create a smooth, unbroken line. As you are wearing an afternoon dress, it suggests the buffet dinner is informal. This being the case, the wearing of gloves is optional.

"IN PLANNNG the clothes for my wedding I would like your advice on my going-away ensemble. I want the frock to be useful later. I am 24, tall, and fairly slim."

I suggest a dress and matching jacket. There is not a smarter double - purpose fashion than the dress-jacket twosome, nor one that can be worn for so many occasions. I like the idea of polka-dotted silk for the material. Brown with a white spot would look chic. For the design I suggest a fitted sleeveless sheath worn with a boxy hip-length jacket.

DS391.—One-piece sundress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I AM making an afternoon frock with a permanent-pleated skirt and would like something unusual for the bodice."

Have the bodice perfectly plain, and repeat the pleats in short sleeves. This will give a shoulder-widening capelet look which is very smart and new in fashion.

"WOULD you please tell me the most popular design for a separate skirt to wear every day."

Pleats are currently fashionable — all-round pleats, or grouped. When a skirt is slim (numbers are), it has a back pleat or slit, low at centre-back.

"NEXT month I am to be officially presented as a deb and am not sure if it would be correct for my frock to be short or full-length."

Full-length. In a ballroom I don't think there is anything more graceful than a dress with a floor-length skirt.

"MY problem is this: Would it be correct for a white-lace wedding gown to be mounted on a pastel shade?"

Yes, white lace made over the faintest blush-pink or soft baby-blue would look charming.

"MY boy-friend and I are to attend a large formal wedding, taking place at 4 p.m. Please advise us both the correct clothes to wear."

You will be correctly dressed in an afternoon frock and hat, and, of course, gloves. As the wedding is large and formal, your dress could be fairly formal, too. Chiffon would be a good choice, or perhaps taffeta. Strictly speaking, the correct male attire for a formal afternoon wedding is a morning suit. However, dressing has become less formal in recent years, and it is now accepted as being correct for a wedding guest to wear a dark lounge suit, even when the men in the bridal party wear morning suits.

"AS I have very thin thighs and legs I would like a style for a beach playsuit to disguise this fault."

A playsuit with bloomer legs will disguise too-thin thighs. Long slender legs look effective on the beach, so keep the bloomer legs short and puffy.

Give yourself lovely natural-looking curls

the easy, Richard Hudnut way

Even beginners find it wonderfully simple to use

RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW QUICK
HOME PERMANENT

Today, the accent's on hair . . . soft 'n' wavy so that you can quickly brush it into dozens of exciting styles. And here's where Richard Hudnut comes to the rescue with the easiest and most natural-looking of all permanents.

RICHARD HUDNUT WAVES IN ½ THE TIME. It's true! The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so quickly, so surely that you can wrap *more* hair on to each curler. Only 20 curlers give you an ultra-smart, all-over style that will last and last.

YOU NEEDN'T EVEN SHAMPOO FIRST! You can give yourself a perfect Richard Hudnut home permanent *even without washing your hair first!* You can shampoo afterwards, instead of rinsing, so that your new coiffure is fragrant and *extra* nice to be near.

RICHARD HUDNUT MAKES HAIR EASY TO SET. You'll marvel how manageable a Richard Hudnut home perm makes your hair. The natural-looking curls help it to "stay put" . . . and, because the Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is *lanolised*, your hair will have a soft, healthy springiness you'll love.

ONE OF THESE RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMS IS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR HAIR . . .

For easy-to-wave hair — *RED BOX*.
For hard-to-wave hair—*GREEN BOX*.
Both will give one 40-curl perm or two 20-curl perms, one now . . . one later.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES **13/-**

AND FOR SMART END-CURL STYLES
RICHARD HUDNUT
Quickette

Gives two end waves or two between-perm pickups. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion recaps for use a second time . . . which can't be done with old-fashioned lotions!
9/- box

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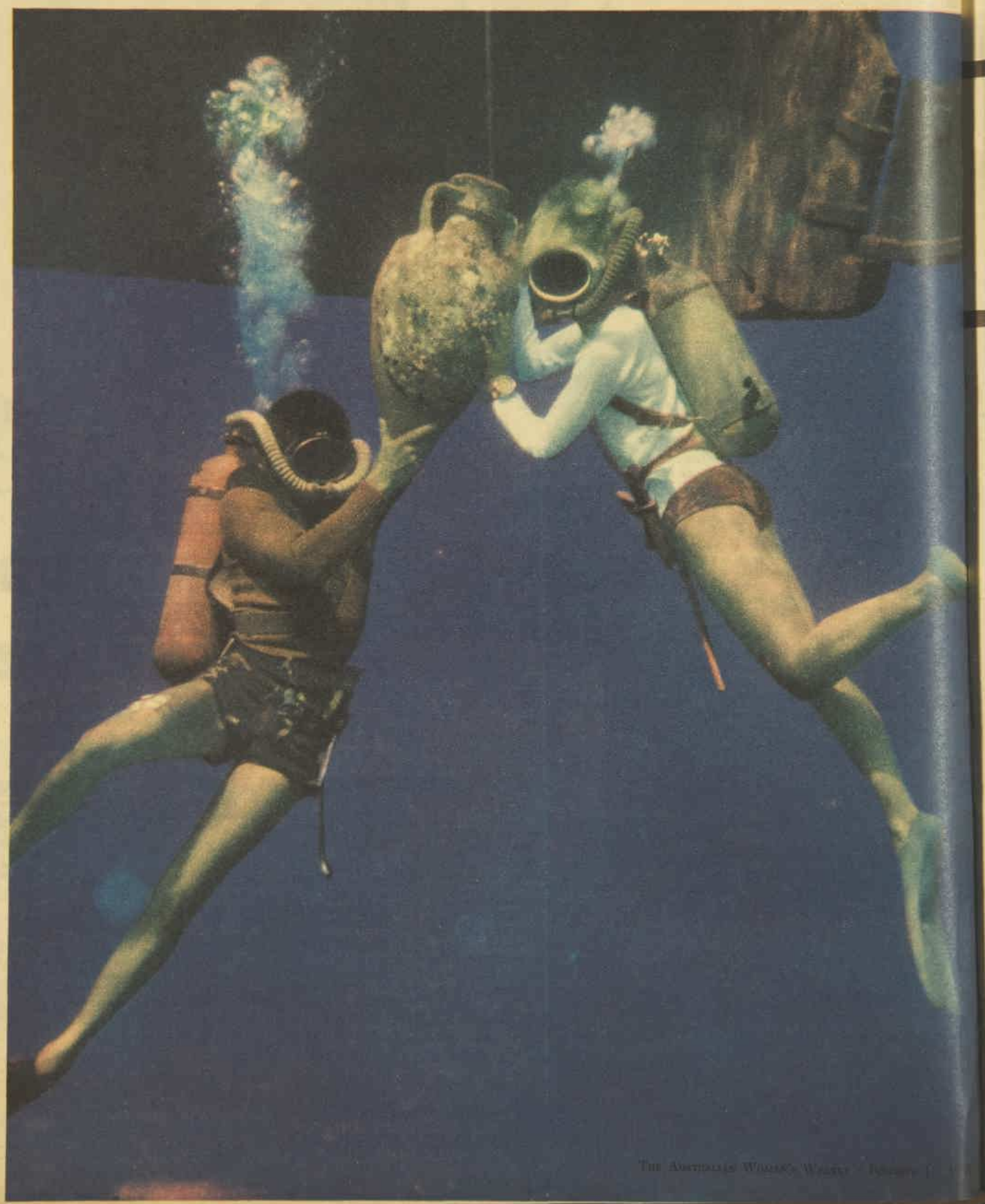
1,700 years . . .



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PREPARING for a dive into the "lost city" under Cavtat Harbor.

A FISH MEAL is attractively served by Bel Barker, the "chief cook."

DINING ON DECK are Virginia, Richard, Frank, Bel, and Hans.

BEL BARKER with amphora and relics dug from under the sea.

BEL, ready for a dive, chats with other members of the expedition.

FROM RUINS submerged for 1700 years, Bel digs an amphora.

...under the SEA

CUTTING FISH. Bel in one of her many roles aboard Pagan II.

ANOTHER WORLD. Bel enjoys a shopping expedition in Ibizia.

TWO young Australian adventurers—Captain Ted Falcon-Barker and his pretty wife, Bel—have just spent five months visiting a city which disappeared under the sea off the Yugoslav coast 1700 years ago.

Ted, an ex-commando officer from Tasmania, and Bel, an ex-model from Kelmscott, near Perth, recently reached London after their successful expedition to find the sunken city of Epidauros.

In their 61ft. ex-Admiralty motor fishing vessel, Pagan II, the Barkers battled their way through storms, were fired on by the Yugoslav Navy, and were nearly arrested by the French when they were mistaken as gun-runners off the coast of Algeria.

But they think the success of their 4000-mile adventure made all this well worth while.

For they found the city and have receipts for more than 200 separate items raised by 17 different divers during 1685 separate dives.

"Five of these items were labelled priceless by the director of Dubrovnic Museum," said Ted Barker after the expedition arrived back in Spain.

"Apart from this success, we've mapped out a reasonable portion of the sunken city and in our underwater exploration have dug six and eight feet beneath the silt of 1700 years."

Bel, an expert navigator, engineer, and diver, who was second-in-command of the expedition—as well as being chief cook and bottle-washer—explained how they came to make the trip.

"Ted's always had a thing about sailing," she said. "In 1956 he bought a boat and sailed it via the Panama Canal to New Zealand.

"When he bought Pagan II a couple of years ago I was determined not to be left out of any further adventures.

"Ted is secretary of the Underwater Explorers' Club, and in 1958 we helped Ley Kenyon make an underwater TV film for the B.B.C. During that film we met a Dutch book collector and archaeologist, Hans Van Praag, who told us that while swimming off the coast of Yugoslavia a few years ago he saw the remains of walls of a city.

"He discovered these were the remains of Epidauros, which it was thought had subsided in an earthquake around 250 A.D.

"Hans asked Ted if he were interested in helping with an expedition to try to find the rest of the city, which meant diving with aqualungs to 15 fathoms in places, and that's how it all started."

With them on the expedition (see picture, top right) were Sydney scriptwriter Virginia Freeman, author of "Humanity Fair," Richard Beynon, author of "The Shifting Heart," Frank Spencer, a Czechoslovakian playwright, and Hans Van Praag.

Within a few hours of sailing, the expedition nearly foundered. Pagan ran into a storm which lasted for 48 hours.

And the Barkers had to face several storms and gales before they eventually dropped anchor in Cavtat Harbor.

During a long break from diving for the city the Barkers took Pagan to another bay just near Cavtat to search for a sunken galleon they'd been told about. They anchored off shore one night, and several shots rang out across their bow.

"It turned out to be the Yugoslav Navy, who didn't realise we had permission to be there," said Ted. "Luckily they were quite friendly when I showed them the permit from their Government—though they did make us move away from shore a bit."

What will the Barkers do now? "Well, I've a book to finish off," said Ted.

"Then we'll rest for a while before starting plans for a big expedition the Yugoslav Government is planning for this year or 1961. Whatever happens, we intend to be right in it."

◀ ***AN AMPHORA is lifted by Ted and Bel Barker from the sunken city.***

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Fashion FROCKS

• *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

• NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on Page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"KIM."—Neat as a daisy, and very flattering, this simple sheath has hip pockets and a smart button trim. Material is a Sundek cotton in lilac, pale pink, turquoise, red, black, navy, Bismarck grey, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/6/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 66/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 72/6.

Postage 4/3 extra.

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

but she thrust him away. Panting, her face monstrously swollen, she was trying to push the rocking-horse through the open window. One of the legs caught. Her hand smashed down on it, snapping off the hoof. But it was still not enough, for the pony's head reared proudly beyond the upper sash. She vanished, reappeared almost at once with a small hatchet. Sim had stopped protesting now. His arms were holding the crying child, his own eyes were vacant with fright.

Theresa's arm swung once, twice. The hatchet severed the wooden neck, the head toppled to the ground.

"So I would kill you, too, monster!" she screamed in her first intelligible words. "Die, die!" Vast white forearms swept the kindling from the sill. The window slammed shut. A hand came out — Sim's — and yanked down the holland shade.

Fingel stood looking at the remains of the rocking-horse . . . He felt an icy rage but no real surprise—almost as though he had expected this to happen. Or as though it had happened before.

He turned and began to walk briskly down the path towards the front of the house and the highway. Good thing they didn't have a telephone. The way Theresa was feeling she was quite capable of yelling for the coppers. He halted. Maybe she was even capable of sending Sim for them. Sim wouldn't go, of course. Still, he had taken his rap and was in the clear now. And he was completely under Theresa's thumb . . . It might be just as well to wait for a few minutes. Fingel waited, comforted by the gun beneath his armpit.

And in a few minutes, sure enough, Sim came tearing out the front door.

"Where you off to, Sim?"

Simmy jumped, turned. But he came directly towards Fingel and his face was not guilty. Strangely, it looked relieved. "Sorry, she wouldn't believe me—you," he gabbled. "I tried, Fin, but you know how women are." He drew a long breath. "Gee, I'm glad you're still here. She's took a real bad turn, real bad. Gotta get a doctor, but I dassn't leave her alone. Her and the kid." His face worked with anguish as he grabbed Fingel's lapel.

"Look, you telephone. Where's your car?"

SHAKING his head commiseratingly, Fingel said, "Sold it last week. Took the subway and a taxi out here."

Sim thrust his car keys into Fingel's hand. "Take mine. It's a wreck but it goes. Call Doc Thompson, P. H. Thompson. If he ain't there ask his wife to send the hospital ambulance —pronto.

"You won't have to bring the Ford back, just leave it at the station. I'll pick it up somehow. And step on the gas, will you?"

Fingel took the keys, twirled them thoughtfully. "We-ell, could do." He added in words that were casual but still pointed: "Maybe it would soften Theresa up some? I mean, helping you folks out even when I'm on the lam? Even after what she just did and said?"

Sim shook his head. "Not a chance! She's like to kill me, too, if she knew I was askin' you for any kinda favor," he said bluntly. "But you'll do it for me, Fin? I'm tellin' you she'll die if she don't get

from page 28

tooken care of quick! There's a drugstore at the end of the dump. You can phone from there."

Fingel weighed the keys again. Finally he said, "Sure I'll do it for you, Simmy, old boy. You just go back to Theresa. Tell her she's going to be fixed up fine. Fine and dandy."

A few minutes later he was driving along the highway. On either side, the car graveyards spread in a monotony of acres.

Ahead of him, clusters of lights began to show blurrily through the fog. He must be nearing the end of the dump, nearing the string of homes and shops. He slowed the car down, drew it to a complete halt, conscious now that he was driving aimlessly, indulging his rage instead of considering the next move.

He had a car now, though it hardly deserved the name. Still, it would carry him out of the metropolitan area, give him transportation until he could pick up something a little better. Even in this brief time he was becoming familiar with its crotchets. He had a genuine passion for cars and could coax the utmost out of the most unlikely specimens.

He was always careful to steal old cars whose owners and insurance companies were easily resigned to the loss.

Best of all, this was not a stolen car, or at least it would never be reported as stolen. Even when it finally dawned on Sim that it was gone for good, he wouldn't dare do anything about it. How could he, without tying himself up with a hunted man?

Fingel smiled slowly. The trip hadn't been wasted, after all. He was about to switch on the ignition when the sign caught his eye: BYRON'S PHARMACY. That must be the drugstore Sim had mentioned. Foolish to go in; it would be the first place where Sim would inquire.

Eventually. On the other hand—Fingel's smile broadened—it would be something to see Sim's face when he heard about the blond customer. And couldn't admit his knowledge.

It was a safe risk and, besides, he was hungry. Better to leave the car right here though; it might be recognised. He took the keys and began to walk. He glanced through the window. The store was empty except for an old man who was mopping the counter, the proprietor, probably.

Pulling his hat well down over his forehead, he sauntered in. From the far end of the store, the telephone booth challenged him. He paused, staring at it with quiet enjoyment. The old druggist followed that glance. "Phone change, sir?"

"No," Fingel said. "On second thought, no, thank you. It's a quite unimportant call. In fact, it occurs to me that we all telephone too much." It wasn't a wink, just a conspiratorial, amused lift of the eyebrow.

The old boy would remember this conversation. Sim would hear about it if he ever dared inquire. The gnawing sensation in Fingel's stomach eased as he sat down at the

To page 55

Now's the time to change to HOOVER CONSTELLATION

Reg. Trade Mark

the cleaner that 'walks on air'

Get top trade-in value for your tired old cleaner at your Hoover retailer this month

ONLY HOOVER CONSTELLATION HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- **Floats on its own air stream.** Canister glides behind you a fraction of an inch above floor. No pulling and tugging!
- **Suction power YOU control.** At a flick of a finger, super power cuts to right strength for curtains and furnishings. Wide nozzle gives full suction on floor.
- **Double s-t-r-e-t-c-h hose** and swivel-top canister give easy round-the-room cleaning from floor to ceiling. Plastic-covered tools can't damage furniture.
- **Large capacity throw-away dustbag.** No need to touch dirt! Just lift bag out and throw it away or empty and use again.

"Retire-your-old-cleaner" Month means top trade-in values.

PRICE **42 guineas** complete with cleaning tools and spray gun.

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Get rid of these dangerous *and annoying* insect pests *with*

Mortein Insect Powder

Mortein Insect Powder will rid your home of silverfish, cockroaches, ants or fleas with remarkable speed and effectiveness. It is specially recommended for the destruction of fleas on dogs because it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia and the new, improved Mortein Insect Powder is, to-day, the most modern of all insect powders. This proves the wisdom of the traditional Mortein slogan, "When you're on a good thing, stick to it."

Mortein Plus

Mortein Plus kills flies and all other insect pests with such speed and certainty that it outsells all other insect sprays by 4 to 1. Mortein, beyond all question, is the most powerful insect spray in Australia—and the safest to use. Mortein is fatal to flies but harmless to humans. There is no D.D.T. in Mortein. Its amazing insect-killing power results from the inclusion of pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide in the exclusive Mortein formula.

Mortein Pressure★Pak

No sprayer required! When the button is pressed a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is released. This insect-killing mist floats into every part and corner of the room—even behind curtains and furnishings. It quickly kills all flies and mosquitoes. Properly used, Mortein Pressure★Pak goes very much further than ordinary fly sprays. Three to four seconds' spraying per room is sufficient. It will not taint foodstuffs, so can be used with complete safety at all times.

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'ONLY PERSIL IS GOOD ENOUGH!'

...it's especially made for your washing machine

Now has 33% more pure soap
Persil
washes whiter
Now made to care for hands

The washer in the picture above is the New Bendix Wringer Washer.

Do you own a Twin-Tub Hoovermatic?

The makers of this exciting Hoover washer recommend the use of Persil.

Whether you own a wringer washer or a spin-dry type (like the Turner-Sapphire pictured here), an automatic or a semi-automatic — you'll get a whiter wash with Persil.

PERSIL WHITENESS—WITHOUT BOILING! Whatever kind of washing machine you have, you'll get a whiter wash with Persil. For with Persil, it's not the heat of the water that counts; it's Persil's deep-cleansing suds in your washer that give you that famous Persil whiteness.

More pure soap makes the difference. Persil's 33 per cent more pure soap gives you softer, soapier suds that deep-cleanse load after load, thoroughly but gently. You can tell how gentle Persil is by the way it looks after your hands.

PERSIL WASHES WHITER...

Recommended for use in all washing machines

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• CHILD CARE
• DIET
• FURNISHING
• COOKERY

HOME and FAMILY

Make sure yours is a HAPPY CHILD

● ***The child is the easiest of all young things to love — and the most important thing of all to understand.***

MOTHERS! All the fine houses and all the expensive playthings will not avail if you cannot help the child grow into a happy person. And all the small houses and inexpensive playthings will be enough, if he has the right treatment.

If good health is established and maintained during the early years when the period of growth is so rapid, the foundation will be laid for life. By good health I mean physical, mental, social, and spiritual health—health in every aspect of the child's little life.

For you cannot dissociate one part of a child's life from another. The child at play, the child at home, the child at school—all these things are equally important, because they make up his day.

But, remember, do not make a problem of all your child's behaviour. If you do, you will spoil your joy in him and his joy in life!

Do not forget that praise is just as important as reprimand. (Unfortunately, many people overlook this.)

If a problem does exist, it will soon disappear with understanding and skilful handling. Please face it without anxiety or tension, which transfer so easily to your child.

Some mothers and teachers seem to possess child psychology naturally, and some haven't a clue.

The latter need a great deal of help. But happily they welcome help, for they strive desperately to do the right thing.

But what is the right thing?

In tackling problems a mother is apt to forget that the young child understands only a few of the actual words spoken to him.

But he does understand the inflections in your voice and the expression on your face when you speak. He will obey more readily if you speak to him quietly and decidedly.

And, remember, a smiling face seems to win all children.

Common troublespot

Do not keep on talking at a small child. If you do, he will become mentally deaf and not hear you at all.

Be sure you really want him to do something; tell him in a quiet voice and few words. Then follow it up and see that he does it.

One of the commonest trouble-spots in bringing up children is the "feeding" problem.

Though the mother is the focal point at meals, the family approach is very important, and father is often very much concerned.

A WORD ON COMPANIONSHIP: Mother, always encourage children to come and play with your child in her own *home*, and do not mind if, in playing, they upset your *house*.

Give your child a little ordinary dog, one that she or he can love and care for—or a small fluffy kitten that needs your child to give it food and shelter.

Children do not like adults for their sole companions.

By ETHEL LAKEMAN, supervisor of nursery schools for the Sydney Day Nursery Schools Association.

I have seen family crises arise over the feeding of a child.

For example: Very recently I was present at an interview between a father and a teacher of young children. The father was quite desperate. "The child would not eat a **thing!**" he said.

As he told his story, we gathered that the **whole** family were anxiously watching the child take his meals.

The child was smugly enjoying the situation and using his victories to achieve his own ends—sweets, biscuits, etc!

We admitted this child into our nursery school—and told his father to stop worrying.

On my next visit to the school, a week later, I found the child happily sharing a meal with other children. He was quite normal and had put on a little weight.

The incident proved one of the points I wish to make: community meals with other children help all children.

A second point on this feeding problem is the desirability of a calm and pleasant atmosphere at meal-times.

Nowadays, the child nearly always eats with the family.

There should be no arguments between mother and father, no wireless blazing forth rock-'n-roll. Just an ordinary, quiet meal.

This example will illustrate what I mean.

I once taught a small child of four years who had quite a serious stomach illness. Our doctor was finding it hard to understand.

On making home visits and talking to the mother, I found that Mum and Dad were always quarrelling at mealtimes, and, although the child did not understand it, he felt it keenly and just could not stand it.

We persuaded the parents to have their differences when the child was not about. The little mite gradually improved then, until he was quite better.

Need for calm

Just recently I visited a home and realised the atmosphere was full of tension.

"Why are you so upset?" I asked, when I found Mrs. X nearly on the verge of collapse.

"Billy won't eat his food," she tearfully replied.

I pondered, for in my long experience with children I have heard this so often—"Billy, Johnny, Mary won't eat their food."

I also knew, through my long experience in pre-schools, that we seldom had a food problem that did not disappear after a short while.

I sympathised with Mrs. X because the emotional tie with her child made it difficult for her to be calm—but of course calm was necessary for her to get results.

I could have quoted Plato, who many years ago said: "The purpose of all education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

But of course this would have added to her anxiety—she was not in the mood to listen to any child-care expert giving advice.

This mother was so like many others in this modern world of bustle, hustle, and quick-moving vehicles, when the tempo of life is gathering momentum. She was "fussed."

A child reacts according to his nature and personality. And while some seem to take outside upsets in their stride, others react badly.

This particular child's reaction to his mother's upset was that he refused his meals.

In this hectic age, mothers themselves must avoid tensions.

Only then can they properly train their children to have quiet times—get them to read picture books, watch good children's programmes on television at the right time, and arrange that they get plenty of sleep.

We must guard against their growing up to be dyspeptic businessmen with gastric ulcers, or else anaemic, badly adjusted young persons forming a brigade of beatniks.

Training the child should begin at birth.

I would also say this to parents: acknowledge your responsibilities without being possessive, and face facts without wishful thinking. The child is a human being in a complicated civilisation, and we must make him feel secure.

Perhaps nothing is so pathetic as a frightened child in a big world.

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Countess Olga Sammartini uses a Volkswagen to help her discover every country she visits.

"VOLKSWAGEN, my favourite travelling companion"

says Countess Teodora Olga Sammartini, talented, much-travelled interior designer who has been touring Australia.

"All-around the world, I've found Volkswagen a wonderful travelling companion —it's my favourite", says this 28-year-old Italian Countess.

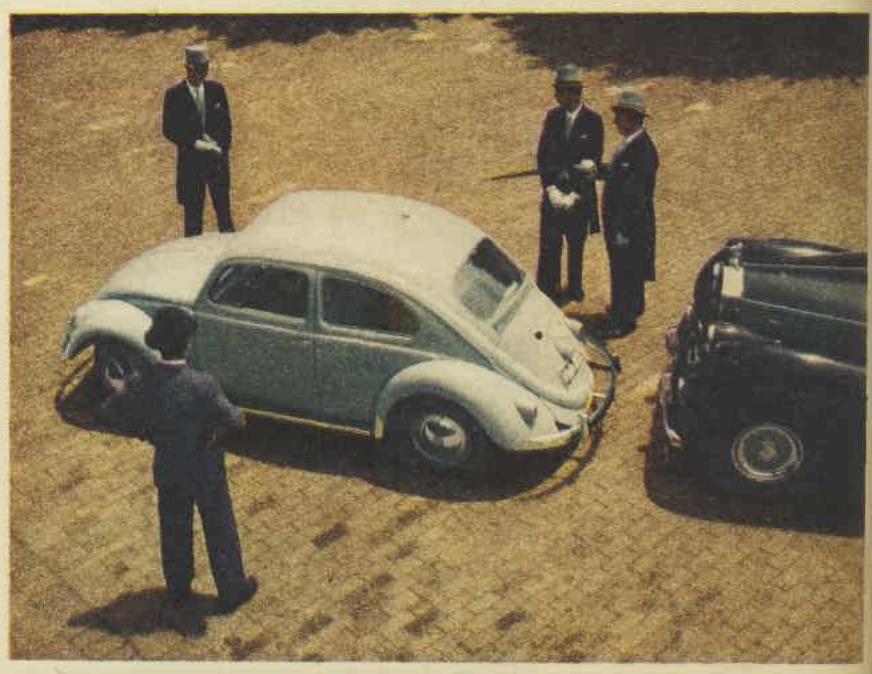
Here, as in Europe, Africa and America, the Countess has found that owning a Volkswagen gives her an independence and mobility which is the admiration of her friends. Art shows, design exhibitions, Consular receptions, holidays on the Riviera, and just plain daily work . . . these are the ingredients of the fascinating life she enjoys with Volkswagen as her road companion.

"I bought my first VW in the Belgian Congo, while living on my brother's coffee farm", says the Countess, "for two years I drove it in the most impossible places, mostly where there were no roads, in heat and mud and dust. It never let me down.

"When I returned to my home in Venice I bought another VW. Wherever I travelled on the mainland, it behaved beautifully. I never thought a car could be so little trouble and so much fun!

"I have been driving a VW in Australia, too . . . such a big, wonderful country for driving—if you enjoy a car the way I do".

"I can never quite describe what a wonderful feeling of control you get in VW", says the Countess. "It does exactly what you tell it! The steering is so light, gear-changing is so silky—I just never grate a gear. I'm always at ease in my elegant VW".



The Countess arrives at a garden party. "I love watching men watch me park my VW", says the Countess mischievously. "They wait for me to do it badly, and I always disappoint them! Parking, turning, reversing—all the things that frightened me in other cars—are all so easy in VW"

"VW makes me an incurable traveller. I cover up to 500 miles a day in my VW, because it cruises at top speed, very safely and economically. I never feel a wreck at the end of a journey".

"All round the world VW Service is marvellous," asserts the Countess. "When my VW Service Book reminds me, I take my car to the nearest VW people. They see that it's running perfectly".

VOLKSWAGEN

—most satisfying car you can own!

£971 TAX PAID (State capital cities). Heater demister included.

Contact your neighbourhood Authorised VW Sales and Service Centre today for a demonstration!

Forward this coupon to: Volkswagen (Australasia) Pty. Ltd., Princes Highway, Clayton, Victoria.

Please send me details of the Volkswagen de luxe sedan.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

☐ *Please tick if for school project.*

2418

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£2000 CONTEST

MOTHERS: Tell us of your HAPPIEST DAY

• Both mothers and fathers can enter our big contest, with £2000 in prizes.

MOTHERS can win a first prize of £500 and fathers a first prize of £250.

To enter, write and tell us, in no more than 500 words, about your happiest day as a mother or a father.

The prizes will be awarded to the best entries.

It doesn't matter if your letter is less than 500 words, but it must not be more.

The contest, now in its third week, marks for our readers the birth of the third Royal baby.

Many entries have already been received.

Mothers may write about any kind of day — exciting, quiet, triumphant, proud—as long as it was the **happiest** day.

Progress prizes of £10 will be awarded each week. The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the £500 prize.

Address your entries "Mother's Happiest Day," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close March 7.

Fathers should send entries endorsed "Father's Happiest Day" to the same address.

Father, too, can choose any kind of day to write about—provided it was his happiest.

And he can qualify for £10 weekly progress prizes.

• Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies, and members of their families, are not eligible to enter the contest.

• Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges. No correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

• All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

FAMILY PLAYTIME. Mother gives her daughter a "piggy-back" ride during games. It's a happy part of her day, when she takes time off from her chores.

THIS WEEK'S WINNER

A £10 progress prize this week goes to a visitor to Australia, Mrs. Susan Cotton, c/o 85 Nicholas Street, Ashburton, SE11. This is her letter:

"It is easy for me to remember my happiest day.

"My husband and I and our daughter, Diana, were living quietly in the London suburb of Blackheath. Diana was 21, and quite pretty.

"One day, an Australian studying in England asked Diana to Covent Garden Opera House, and within a year my husband gave her hand to him at the friendly little Blackheath church.

"After a honeymoon, they departed for Australia.

"We corresponded regularly, except when Diana and John were on one of their outback camping holidays. In a couple of years we heard we were grandparents, and a year later we repeated this feat.

"Whenever the babies, Nicky and Stephen, were ill, we suffered anxiety thousands of miles away. When the temperature was over 100 degrees in Melbourne, and the children were suffering, we, shivering in the bitter, foggy cold of London, wished furiously that we could 'even out' our temperature somehow.

"Each Christmas Diana would send us a photograph of her family 'down under.'

"It was Christmas, 1958, and we had just received the annual film from Diana, who said they were off on their holidays for the year.

"A group of young singers was vocalising in front of our house, and in due course knocked on the door.

"I opened it, and we exchanged the usual Christmas greetings. But — I don't know why — I called out to my husband.

"When he came I said, 'Benjie, dear, don't you think the two little boys on the left look like Nicky and Stephen?'

"I knew, of course, that it was just my imagination playing tricks.

"Before my husband could answer, Diana popped through the front door!

"After the breath-taking surprise wore off, and the genuine Christmas carollers were despatched, suitably rewarded, joy reigned supreme in our house. It was the most marvellous Christmas reunion that anyone could imagine.

"Diana, who came with the two boys, planned her sea trip from Australia so as to arrive dead on Christmas eve.

"After a very few weeks they returned to Australia, leaving us with memories of our happiest day.

"It looked as if 1959 would be a bleak Christmas for us, but . . . perhaps you noticed this letter had an Australian postmark? It has been a delightful visit to this country."

THE PRIZES

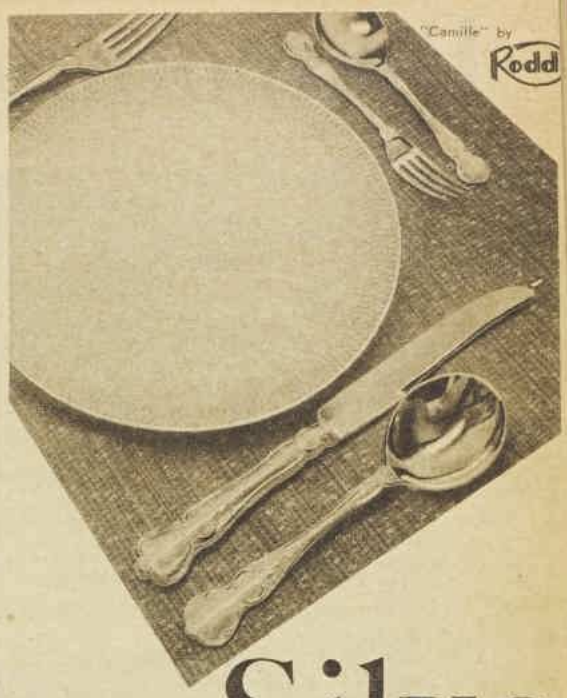
FOR MOTHERS

First Prize	*£500*
Second Prize	*£250*
Six prizes of £100	*£600*
Five prizes of £50	*£250*
10 progress prizes of £10	*£100*

FOR FATHERS

First Prize	*£250*
Five progress prizes of £10	*£50*
GRAND TOTAL	*£2000*

£5 will be paid for any other entry published.



Silvo *has a way with silver*

Even to the finest silverware, Silvo polish gives a glowing richness that will make you proud of your table setting. So quick, so easy to use, Silvo will not harm even the most delicate surfaces. No mess—no bother . . . you use Silvo straight from the tin.

Illustrated: Patterned table silver—"Camille." Like other leading Australian silverware makers, Rodd recommend regular Silvo care for your silver.

Silvo LIQUID SILVER POLISH

for beauty and utility choose

brass and copper

keep them gleaming beautifully with

BRASSO

Copper Turkish Coffee Pot—Andromeda, Sydney.

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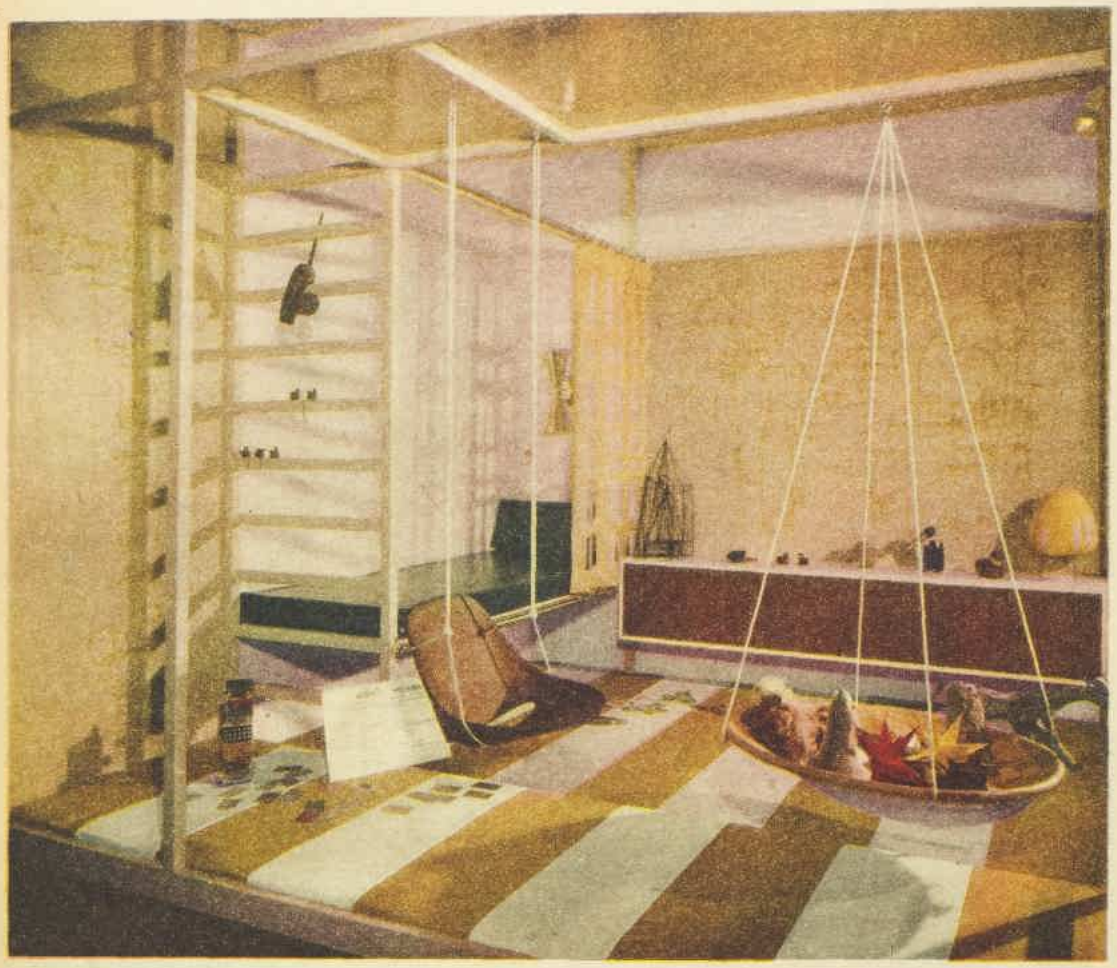
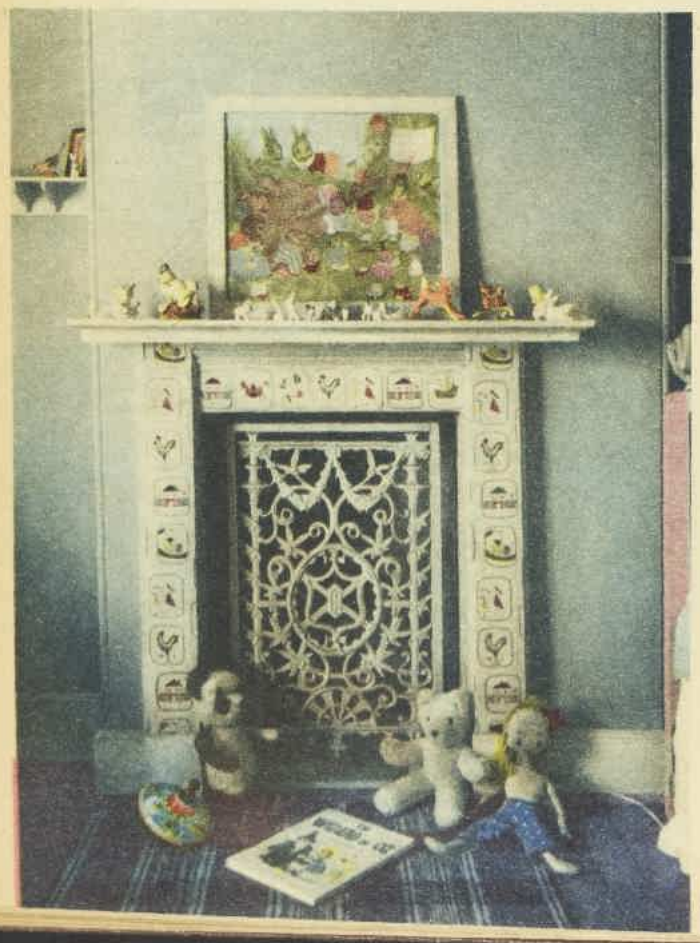
Bedrooms of their very own



● Babies', children's, and teenagers' rooms can have as much color and individuality as other rooms in a house. Use of new fabrics, synthetics, paints, or wallpapers, all with practical, washable surfaces, can change ordinary rooms into places which children, whatever their age, will regard proudly as their very own.

MOPPET'S HIDEAWAY was the name given to this playroom exhibited at a recent decorator's show in Los Angeles, U.S.A. "Child-proof" materials were used—washable vinyl for all upholstery and swinging toy-holder, and washable, rubber-backed carpet.



OLD WROUGHT-IRON panel in a fireplace surrounded by wallpaper cut-outs adds charm to nursery of Melanie, 8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Le Guay, of Sydney.

WILDLIFE MURAL, made from posters and pinned on to a cupboard, is the focal point in the room of 16-year-old John, son of architect Mr S. Ancher and Mrs. Ancher, of Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 17, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY

THE FLYING CLANCY SISTERS . . . PAGE 4

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our pin-up: Crash Craddock, new teenage singing idol, whose good looks, warmth, vitality, and high professional ability won him frenzied applause at every session of his five-State visit to Australia.

Jobs scarce for girl graduates

SURELY it is time that the various scientific organisations changed their present policies and supplied more scholarships and post-graduate positions for female physicists and chemists. Nowadays many girls who have a flair for scientific and mathematical subjects are forced to give up the pursuit of these studies owing to the limited opportunities for female graduates. The present situation is completely unfair.—*"Indignante," Sandringham, Vic.*

Out of place

AT a platter party recently (barbecue style), two girls wore Bermuda shorts, while the others wore cotton party frocks and skirts and blouses. These two girls looked very much out of place. Halfway through the party five or six of the boys drifted to a corner to talk. Another girl and myself went over to bring them back into the crowd, and to our surprise they were talking about the clothes their partners had worn. One of the boys who had brought one of the girls in the Bermuda shorts said: "This is the last time I'll take a girl out looking like that. You'd think girls would want to look like girls instead of boys."—*Eleanor Gibbs, Inglewood, W.A.*

Lipstick at 7

HOW silly can a girl be? My sister, aged seven, wears lipstick and nailpolish around the house. Not so bad, you say? Well, she wears it when going shopping and going to the theatre. She says she is growing up.—*"Her Sister," Charleville, Queensland.*

Cool cat

OUR neighbor's Pekingese, "Fluffy," had a litter of pups, but, unfortunately, she was killed a few days later. "Mittens," their cat, took over the puppies and climbed into the box with them. She kept them clean and warm and all our neighbors had to do was feed them with warm milk. Only one of the young puppies died.—*"Unusual," Dee Why, N.S.W.*

"MITTENS"
. . . mothered three pups

Dinkum idea

WHY do Australian children always play Cowboys and Indians? Why don't they play Stockmen and Aborigines, or even Bushrangers? — *"Dinkum Aussie," Goulburn, N.S.W.*

Sunday movies

AT the moment in Hobart there is a controversy as to whether cinemas should be open on Sunday nights. Some of them have been opened and a good attendance has been noted. What is the opinion of readers concerning this matter? —*Julie Read, New Town, Tas.*

Happy marriage

I AM 19 years old and have been married for 18 months. Early in May we are expecting a baby. My husband is seven years older than I and we are both very happy. When we were engaged people thought I was too young, and at the time I wondered if they were right or wrong, so we waited 12 months before we got married. In this 12 months we sorted out all the good points against all the bad points of being married. The good points won, so we were married with our parents' and friends' blessings. I am not really a great believer in young marriages, but in our case and with my very understanding husband it has been the happiest time of my life. I only hope that I am as good a wife as he is a husband.
"Young Wife," Ringwood, Vic.

KERRY SORENSEN
. . . on bus picnic

Own club

WE have started a Youth Club for the teenagers of Merrylands district, Sydney. Our meetings are held every Wednesday night and are followed by a dance. At weekends we either have a bus picnic or a barbecue and these have proved very enjoyable. Because of the lack of interest shown by the adults of our district, we are finding it hard to establish ourselves, and we hope by this letter to get some support. The photo of Kerry Sorenson (15) was taken on one of our bus picnics at Palm Beach.—*B. Dennis (president), Merrylands Youth Club, Sydney.*

In a dilemma

JULIE ROWLES (T.W., 13/1/60) tells us that her boy-friend bought a TV set and installed it in her home. I think that he must be mad. What will happen if they split up? Will he stiffly walk into the lounge-room, drag the TV set outside, then climb up on the roof, dismantle the antenna and send a truck to collect the apparatus—all in stony silence? Or will the noble apprentice prance elegantly from the room, turning only at the door to take a last lingering look at the object which took £200 of hard-earned money?—He will be in a dilemma, won't he?—*Maree Walmsley, Belmont, N.S.W.*

Their own choice

PARENTS are wrong expecting their children to follow in the family profession when they want to make a career of something else. A child should be allowed to work wherever he will be happiest. After all it is the child who has to do the work and not the parents. If one is happy in one's work, it is done much better.—*"Annie," Gin Gin, Qld.*

Dobie Gillis

The fascinating stories by Max Shulman of the life and loves of Dobie Gillis, which concluded in our last issue, will appear later this year in Australia as a book —"I Was a Teenage Dwarf." The many Dobie fans who've been inquiring should watch for this title.

How much board should you pay Mum?

● "Thankful Daughter" said (T.W., 30/12/59) that teenagers should give their parents part of their wages in repayment of the parents' past sacrifices. "Fair Play" (T.W., 21/1/60) suggested £2 board out of an £8/10/- wage was the right amount.

MY mother has always held "one-third of your pay for board, one-third to save, and one-third for clothes and spending." This is a very fair division of one's weekly pay. — *Valerie Gamble, Naracoorte, S.A.*

I AGREE entirely with "Thankful Daughter." If the parents aren't in need of the money they should bank it and give it back to their child when he or she gets married. This way, teenagers learn to realise the value of money.—*"Teena," Toowoomba, Qld.*

IF teenagers don't share their pay with parents they become selfish and mean and have no sense of values, taking their parents for granted. However, I don't think parents should take money from their children if they are just working during holidays.—*P.G., Largs Bay, S.A.*

WORKING children should not keep all their wages, but they should not give it all to their parents, either. Our parents sacrificed things they wanted themselves, but don't forget that we will be sacrificing things for our children. Working teenagers should go 50-50 with parents on certain items.—*"This I Believe," Mt. Morgan, Qld.*

I AM a country girl working in town. My wage is £8, and after I pay £3 board I have plenty left to bank and buy essentials. I think £2 is not enough, as it barely covers the cost of food. — *"Not Enough," Stanthorpe, Qld.*

"FAIR PLAY" ought to be ashamed of himself. Fancy offering only £2 out of £8/10/- to his parents for board! He should give them at least half. I'd like to see him try to live on £2 a week. I pay £3/10/- out of £6/10/-, and also put £1 away for the cost of keeping my horse and dog.—*Kay Chase, Toongabbie, N.S.W.*

KAY CHASE
. . . at least half

I DISAGREE with "Thankful Daughter's" reasoning. Parents do not take a percentage of their children's wages just to repay themselves for what they bought their children when they were younger. They take the money to make the children plan with what they have got and to budget their money for later on in life when they marry. — *"Grateful," Earlwood, Sydney.*

I THINK £2 is quite reasonable board to pay out of a wage of £8/10/-. Five shillings out of every pound earned is fair.—*Alison Hanna, Plumpton, N.S.W.*

ON wages of £8/10/- you should pay at least £4. Even on that your parents could not feed and clothe you. You aren't left with much, admittedly, but there is not really very much to spend it on.—*"Student," Coogee, N.S.W.*

THE method used in our home is this: From each pay the expenses entailed in earning the money are first subtracted (e.g., fares, lunch, insurance). The remainder is then divided into three parts — one-third for personal use (e.g., saving, entertainment); one-third for clothes; and the remaining third for board. — *Margaret Ireland, Bexley North, N.S.W.*

WHEN I started by first job (in Holland) and brought home the money on Saturday, then I really can't describe my pride to be a very big help for Mum, who could use the money all right. I am working now for 4½ years, and have been one year in Australia, and am 19 years of age. One thing I say to all teenagers in Australia: You've got to work a lot harder in Holland to earn a bit of money, so be glad.—*"The Dutch Girl," Kew, Vic.*

WHEN I left school last year I earned £6/8/- a week. Out of this I paid £2/10/- board and banked 15/-. Out of what was left I paid for all entertainment and clothing. The compulsory banking was a wonderful way to save, as the account is in Mum's name and I can't touch it until I really need it.—*Margaret Church, Launceston, Tas.*

ANYTHING from £2 to £3 would be suitable. I am still at school, but when I work during holidays I have to give £2 out of my £7 for board. — *"Good Girl," Roseville, N.S.W.*

WORKING teenagers nowadays need all the money they earn for clothes and to support themselves. — *"Teenager," Richmond, N.S.W.*

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HOW TO BE POPULAR

SOME words are like mirrors, reflecting the image of the user, and popularity is just that kind of a word. To a lonely, painfully shy girl it can mean having one or two understanding friends. To another girl it can mean six invitations to a single dance. So let's talk about several varieties of popularity, several kinds of popular girls, and see if you can find the kind of popularity you want . . .

● There's a lot of misunderstanding about what is popularity and who is popular. But when we're talking about being liked and accepted by boys and girls, there's a beacon light pointing the way — it all begins with proper high regard for and appreciation of yourself.

THE FEMALE PIED PIPER is the girl who defines popularity in terms of conquests. You've seen her around; that is, you've glimpsed her through the throng of admiring males clustered around.

Is she the popular girl? Well, she's a girl all of us have longed to be from time to time, even as we recognise that scalp-collecting isn't the best of boy-girl relationships.

Before you dismiss her, let's learn to use wisely her often overused talent . . . the ability to make a male feel attractive, comfortable, desirable.

THE BEAUTY QUEEN may be uncrowned in your suburb, but she's there. She may not be the prettiest girl in town, but she is pretty—and she expects to get by on that. She specialises in just being, not doing . . . expecting to be amused, not to amuse; to have an admiring audience, not to admire or be an audience.

She wears her young prettiness as though it were a passport to privileges—and, boys being what they are, she often gets away with it. Learn from her? Yes, one thing. Wear an air of expecting nice things to happen to you and they're more apt to happen.

IF the letters that come to us and our Louise Hunter are signs of the times, what most teenagers need today is a higher opinion of their own worth.

"I'm not bad-looking, but no one finds me attractive," writes a 16-year-old girl from Rockhampton. "I'm so dull I'm sure no girl will ever want to go out with me," says a 15-year-old boy in Hobart.

"I make a poor impression." "I can't talk to girls." "Boys don't find me interesting." "I'm not clever or talented at anything."

And so it goes on . . .

These sad little sentences tell us the same story—NOT that you're dull or unattractive or untalented or unwanted, or a failure, but that you are judging yourselves too harshly.

You're fearful of others' opinions because you expect them to be as unkind as you have been to yourself. By setting your personal standards of popularity orbit-high, you're asking too much of yourself.

We're not suggesting (not for one minute) that you should be conceited or smugly satisfied with yourself. But we are suggesting that you should begin today to list your pluses . . . not what you lack but what you have.

Your own unique gifts may be those of the intellect; they may be in the field of creative art or sport; they may be mechanical or domestic. But each one has his or her own tremendous talents, strengths, values . . . and until we recognise and build on them we dangerously undervalue ourselves.

Dangerously is the right word. Until you find something admirable in yourself, you don't really like yourself. And by some kind of human chain reaction, you can't like anyone else very much or very consistently until you like yourself.

Until you can look into your heart and, knowing your weaknesses, still see your strengths, you'll live in a fearful world of self-distrust.

It's hard, almost impossible, to reach out from that world into the friendly land of other people.

The people you think are so self-sufficient or indifferent are only waiting for a sign from you. You must let them know you want to join in the common venture of living, sharing, working out problems together.

This is most acutely true between boy and girl. A boy needs the extra assurance, the extra warmth that a girl can give when she's sure of her own value.

People are only comfortable with you when you're relaxed and thoroughly comfortable with yourself!

Who are these people? They're the boys and girls in your suburb or country town, the kids at your tennis club or local library.

Like you, many of them are blocked by self-doubt. Like you, many of them like themselves too little. But they are there waiting to like you.

All of those people in your everyday world are looking for just the same things you look for. They want to be liked. They want to feel understood and attractive.

If you have worked to discover your own value, your own worth, to find much to like in yourself, yes . . . you can give them what they need.

And in return? So gradually, so quietly and pleasantly that you hardly notice the turning point . . . you're popular, too.

● *How NOT to be popular, page 14*

THE JOINER. If there's a club in sight, she's in sight. She wants to sing in the church choir, help run the younger set, star in the drama club's play, and on and on and on. She's a little breathless as she rushes by, a bit slapdash in everything she tackles . . . but she's sure of one thing. She's "making contacts" and she "belongs."

She's discovered that joining a group, working with a group, helps to establish her, to bring her where she meets and knows boys, and it's a good lesson to learn—in moderation.

THE FRIENDLY GIRL. Girls like her, boys like her. And for the very best of reasons: she likes people, is truly interested in other people, wants them to feel happy and pleasant.

She's a little bit of each of these other four girls . . . with a big advantage. She doesn't want to be the star of a one-character play or to stand on a pedestal alone. Instead, she sees herself as an important individual, part of a family, a class, a team, a school, a group.

She relates to other people. And, interestingly enough, she's the popular girl who seldom knows how popular she is.

THE CLOTHESHORSE, or the girl who's always "firstest with the latest." If pearls are in for spring, she's got pearls and pearls and pearls. If cashmere sweaters are the apple of your crowd's eye, she has cashmeres in every hue of the rainbow.

Her image of popularity is to be the best dressed, the target of every eye. Too bad her concern is only with what she looks like . . . But before you shrug your shoulders at her superficiality, isn't it a pity that you don't often concern yourself with what you look like? To be utterly honest, don't boys enjoy squiring well-dressed girls?

You can profit from her fashion sense, her interest in line and color and newness, and in profiting will improve your own popularity.

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THE CLANCY SISTERS Julie (left) and Lyn preparing for take-off from Moorabbin Airport after their Melbourne holiday. OUR COVER picture was taken when the girls landed after flying from Sydney. Their entire holiday wardrobe is packed in two small cases.

THE CLANCY GIRLS ARE FLYING HIGH

● "Daredevil Clancy" is what they call pretty Lyn Clancy, of Gordon, Sydney, who's just five feet two, 17 years old, and Australia's youngest woman pilot.

By Sheila McFarlane

SHE doesn't think she deserves the nickname friends give her because she doesn't consider it much of a feat to have been the youngest Australian woman ever to fly solo, the youngest to hold a licence, and to have set a woman's record — three and a half months of training to pass the pilot's test.

Lyn, her private pilot's licence only eight months old, recently flew her father's light Auster Arrow aircraft to Melbourne for a holiday, with sister Julie, 15, as her passenger.

All Moorabbin Airport turned out to see the two slight, fair-haired girls, in brief shorts and gay shirts, touch down at the end of their eight-hour flight.

But it was nothing to Lyn, who took her father—a pilot himself—for a 1300 miles' "spin" around New South Wales last year.

The sisters are experts at travelling light since flying weight is limited in the Auster. However, they spent a very well-dressed holiday in Melbourne, each living out of a tiny suitcase.

They stayed with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fry, at Clayton.

While in Melbourne the girls searched for a small mirror that would fit above their heads in the cockpit, because, they said, it's time the plane had a few feminine accessories so they can check on their appearance before landing.

Lyn says the elation in flying yourself for the first time is indescribable.

"You can only have that first solo flight once, but the feeling lasts a long time," she said.

Flying meant many late nights poring over books on navigation, meteorology, engineering, and principles of flight.

Lots of hobbies

A student teacher, Lyn gave up a lot to fit flying into her life. Music, sport, and drawing are among hobbies that have been "grounded" in favor of flying.

Lyn plays—or used to—the mouth-organ, banjo, piano accordion, and ukulele. She's a clever cartoonist, too, and loves athletics of any kind.

She does her student-teaching at Junior High Schools in New South Wales, taking the 10-15 age group.

"Somehow the children at one school found out about my flying last year. So I found myself, at the request of the Head, giving talks on flying instead of lessons in biology and maths for a few periods," she said.

After flying, surfing is Lyn's favorite sport.

"Flying is really a winter sport. It gets very hot up there in summer with a seat harness buckled round you, and no shade," she said. "If I could only work out some way of putting floats on the plane so I could land on the water, it would be a good summer sport."

Often when she's flying in weekends Lyn heads for her favorite aerodrome — Camden, where she can park her plane and swim in the river just a few yards away.

She usually flies from the Kingsford Smith Flying School in her father's plane, but when she is sufficiently financial she hires different types of light aircraft from the Royal Aero Club to get wider flying experience. She'd like to fly overseas if she had one more engine in the Auster.

Like most pilots, Lyn considers the sky a much safer place than the roads.

"I drove around Sydney doing some deliveries for Dad's business during my holidays, and I thought driving was nightmarish," she said.

Pleased parents

"Boy-friends are bad enough back-seat drivers on the ground but in the air they're the end," Lyn said. "I never take them up. But I have taken up lots of boy pilots. They won't believe a girl can fly smoothly until I show them, so I make them come up."

Lyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Clancy, have no qualms about their girls. They keep tab on the girls whenever they are flying, by keeping in touch with Sydney Control Tower.

Julie, a Leaving Certificate student this year at Hornsby Girls' High, Sydney, hopes to begin learning to fly herself next year.

"So it looks as if there'll be a fight for the family plane instead of the family car in the Clancy home," said their uncle.

Of course, a plane takes three times as long to wash and polish as a car does, and Lyn—sometimes with Julie's help—cleans theirs every three weeks.

"I need a ladder to reach the top of it, and get a terrible aching back doing underneath the wings," she said.

Julie is a rock-'n-roll fan, so they tried taking a transistor radio up in the plane on a few trips, but found it didn't compete too well against the noise of the engine.

Although Julie can think about her rock-'n-roll, Lyn has no spare thinking or listening time in the air.

"All the time I'm working out what my ground speed is, whether I've enough fuel, making sure I'm on course, that the wind hasn't changed, identifying towns beneath me, and working out my E.T.A. (estimated time of arrival)."

Valentine recipes

● The way to a boy's heart . . . you know the rest, of course. It may be a tired old saying, but it's true. So here, in time for Valentine's Day, are some simple recipes for luscious dishes that will really win his heart.

LOVING-CUPS

You'll need: ¾ cup lemon juice, 2 cups raspberry syrup (type used as ice-cream topping), 2 quarts soda water, 2 quarts dry ginger-ale, ice cubes, thin lemon slices, strawberries.

Mix lemon juice and raspberry syrup in a large bowl. Stir in soda water and dry ginger ale. Add plenty of ice cubes (shaped ones are nicer) and float lemon slices and sliced strawberries on top.

PASSION PARFAITS

You'll need: 1 cup lime jelly, 1 tin crushed pineapple (chilled and drained), green food coloring (optional), 1 quantity passionfruit flummery, pineapple slices.

Chill jelly until almost set, add pineapple, mix well. Add extra green coloring if desired. Chill until set, chop roughly. Spoon into parfait glasses in alternate layers with the flummery. Top with a "fan" of pineapple. Chill thoroughly and serve with pineapple slices.

PASSION FLUMMERY

You'll need: 2 tablespoons gelatine, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup passionfruit pulp.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 cup of water, blend flour smoothly with the balance. Pour both mixtures into a saucepan with sugar and bring to the boil. Boil 5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add passionfruit and reheat to boiling. Cool and allow to partially set. Whisk until stiff and frothy.

TENDER KISSES

You'll need: 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 8oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream the shortening with the sugar and vanilla, then add the unbeaten egg and mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a stiff dough. Fill into bag with rose-pipe and pipe small rosettes on to greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 7 to 10 minutes. Allow to cool on trays. Sandwich together with jam or butter cream, and dust with icing sugar before serving.

SWEETHEART SHAPE

You'll need: 1 large tin tomato juice (2 cups), 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash of Tabasco or chilli sauce, salt, cayenne pepper, ½lb. pork luncheon meat, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1oz. gelatine, 2 tablespoons stock or water, stuffed olives, capers and salad greens to garnish.

Mix tomato juice and chopped tomatoes together, add the vinegar, sauces, salt, and pepper, adjusting quantities if necessary to suit the taste. Chop luncheon meat into cubes and slice the hard-boiled eggs. Soften gelatine in stock, place over hot water to dissolve. Dilute 1 teaspoon of this with another tablespoon of stock and pour over base of wetted or lightly oiled heart-shaped mould. When beginning to set, arrange over the slices of egg as in the illustration. Allow to set. Then fold in gelatine and meat cubes into tomato juice, spoon carefully over egg slices in mould. Chill, and when firm turn out on to platter. Garnish with olives, sliced capers, and crisp salad vegetables.

SWEETHEART SHAPE

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HOLIDAY SNAP CONTEST

The winners

● *Here are the results of our Holiday Snap Contest. Entries were sent in from all States by teenagers who took their cameras along on their holidays.*

GOING FISHING: £20 first prize to Peter Forbes (16), Edinburgh Road, Castlecrag, N.S.W. Peter says: "I took this while we were holidaying at Sawtell, three miles south of Coff's Harbour, N.S.W. My mother and younger brother were going fishing."

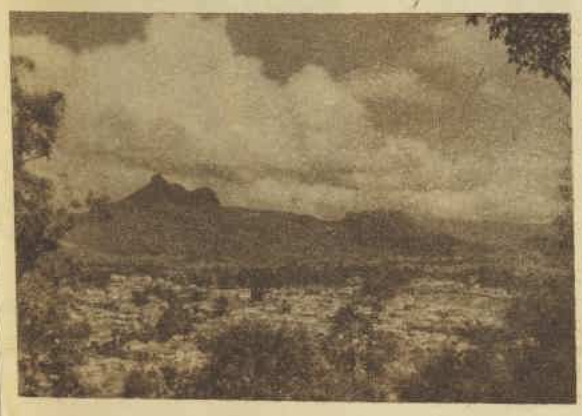
DOUBLE-HEADER: £5 to Bruce Vass (16), Shaftesbury Terrace, Marino, S.A. "Sheena the Dane was enjoying an ice-cream with a small friend. I had to take it quickly, as Sheena finishes an ice-cream in three licks."

MAKING FRIENDS: £5 to Gary White (14), Parkhurst Ave., Herston, Qld. "My sister Elizabeth is feeding the wallaby in the Currumbin Bird Sanctuary."

PICNIC: £1/1/- to Margaret Seton (13), Froggatt St., Turner, Canberra, A.C.T. "My friends Jane and Elizabeth are making a fire for morning tea at their farm at Tidbinbilla."

MINDER: £1/1/- to Gordon Dunwoodie (16), Bishopgate St., Carlisle, W.A. "Fishing and swimming at Melrose Beach, we left Mum to mind our things. This is how we found her when we returned—fast asleep."

FOOTPRINTS: £1/1/- to Anne Thorley (16), Olinda, Vic. "The footprints, on a lonely beach, symbolise the friendship of a boy and his dog."



MOUNT WARNING: £1/1/- to Raymond H. Brown (15), Llewellyn St., Rhodes, N.S.W. "This landscape of Mount Warning shows Murwillumbah, on the Tweed River, in the foreground."

TRIMMER: £1/1/- to Tom Williams (16), Cliff Ave., Northbridge, N.S.W. "This snap was taken when we broke up from school and my two friends decided to cut their own hair."

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THEY BANK ON GLAMOR

Balancing the books is chicken feed in the deportment department. Here, 16-year-old Maureen Harrison sets the example to Christine Hudson, Judy McWilliam, Lorraine Camilleri, and Margaret Walters, who are learning to "glide" down stairs in the best model manner.

Faces, as well as figures, count in the banking world, and there's a general rush to the mirror to practise after the make-up lecture. Maureen Harrison tries her lipstick technique watched by Judy McWilliam and Lorraine Camilleri, while Christine Hudson sets to work on her blond eyebrows.

● Maureen Harrison always knew the figures were important in the banking profession. She's finding they count far more than she thought now that she has started her new job.

By **CAROL TATTERSFIELD**

DOWN in the lecture rooms of Sydney's "Wales House" along with 22 other new Bank of New South Wales girls, Maureen is learning how to correct her own figure faults as well as those in ledgers.

She's also learning fashion wisdom, how to put on make-up, and how to eat asparagus with dignity.

In short, the full, gracious living and model course.

And how does all this come into a banking career?

The Bank of New South Wales believes that a poised and well-groomed girl is good for business, that a girl with a droopy hemline can lose a customer.

So that's why they added deportment, fashion, etiquette, and make-up lectures to the usual two weeks' course in banking procedure for "freshers."

The girls are keen about the break from intelligence tests and long division. And they're getting their normal bank wages as well as a free model course.

They get extra travelling expenses, too, as they come from all branches of the bank for the two weeks' course.

Maureen's course was the fourth one the bank conducted this year, and, like me, she felt that the charm-school teachers, Mrs. L. Keen and Mrs. Mary Usherwood, really had some worthwhile advice.

"It all makes you feel as though you're pretty dowdy, as though you want to pull up your socks," confided new-pin neat Maureen. "I've taken six pages of notes on fashion already.

"It's not that we wear our clothes in the banking hours—we have a uniform—but the bank regulations say you can't wear your uniform on the street. So they like you to wear something fashionable and suitable when you walk out of the building for lunch."

Apart from the fashion angle of the training course, Maureen is making new friends among the other trainees.

They've all got age in common—about 16—and the fact that they're all fresh from school, starting their first new jobs, even though they are from branches all over Sydney.

And when the course is finished, Maureen may be one of the lucky three who win prizes for their performance during the two weeks' training.

The same scheme is in full swing in Brisbane, Perth, and Melbourne.

It will be about a year before the girls have any chance to practise their charm lessons as they hand out statements to customers from behind the counter.

But the bank reckons that it pays to produce girls who can really sell the business.

The sum total of the value of the "charm course" is demonstrated by Maureen, as she attends to a "mock" bank customer at the front counter.

Making an "entrance" is important at work, too. Deportment lecturer Mrs. Mary Usherwood shows Maureen how to handle a difficult door with dignity and confidence.

cut-outs adds charm to nursery of

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Songbirds are trying their wings

by CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● The Thunderbirds had just flown in from Melbourne. And this little trip to Sydney proved to be the turning point for them — from fledglings to big birds in the rock-'n-roll field, you might say.

THE THUNDERBIRDS. In the top picture the instrumentalists (back row, from left), Peter Robinson, Harold Frith (leader), Murray Robertson. Front row: Colin Cook, Graeme Lyall, and Laurie Bell. In picture above are vocalists Billy Owens, Judy Cannon, and Billy O'Rourke.

FROM recent TV and dance-hall success in Melbourne, they'd come to Sydney's Festival recording studios specially to cut their first discs, and to sign a five-year recording contract.

Their very first EP will be released next week.

Resplendent in their natty black rock-'n-roll suits, the six instrumentalist Thunderbirds and their three vocalists rubbed shoulders and voices with "the local greats" in at Festival—with Johnny Rebb, Rob E. G., and Dig Richards.

But they needn't have worried. The boys at the recording studios said the Thunderbirds and their vocalists had some pretty unusual stuff to offer.

Three singers

It was unusual to have an instrumental group "owning" three vocalists, too. For pretty, blond, and 18-year-old Judy Cannon, little Billy O'Rourke, and Scottish - voiced Billy Owens are rock-'n-roll vocalists who sing **ONLY** with the Thunderbirds.

Harold Frith, at 21, the eldest Thunderbird and the leader, told me about the rest of his flock.

"There are only two of the original group left," he began. "You see, we started in a small way about 15 months ago, when Kevin McLellan (he's our manager) asked me to start a band for a dance he was running. I'm a drummer, see?

"And then," Harold continued, "we collected new members as we went on—young and good ones. At first we had only one vocalist, Billy Owens, but when the other two came along, with their own individual styles—all rock-'n-roll (but they didn't clash) — we kept them, too.

"And at the moment we've got a very young team in the Thunderbirds. There's Graeme Lyall, who's only 17, on the tenor sax—he plays about ten instruments actually—and Peter Robinson, the electric bass, is only 17, too. He used to be a junior clerk.

"Then there's the guitarist, Laurie Bell, who is 20, Murray Robertson, who's 19, and the pianist."

Full-time band

Harold said that the booming business of the band, what with their weekend dances in Melbourne's Earls Court and TV work, had practically forced them all to give up their former jobs.

He stopped being an architectural draughtsman nine months ago. And Colin Cook, the nineteen-year-old alto sax, used to be a salesman.

Vocalist Billy O'Rourke, aged 18, was a motor mechanic, Judy Cannon was a secretary, and Billy Owens was a clerk.

"We've staked all our future on the band," concluded Harold.

And they're off to a flying start.

Worth reading

"THE GREAT GATSBY"
By F. Scott Fitzgerald

SCOTT FITZGERALD was one of America's most glitteringly successful writers in the 1920s. The glitter went to his head, and he became a drunkard. The book "Beloved Infidel," written by Sheila Grahame and since filmed, describes his last broken years from the viewpoint of a Hollywood lady who did her best to console them. "The Great Gatsby," which many think Fitzgerald's best novel, has for its hero an odd, wistful dealer in illicit liquor, who gives big parties on Long Island, New York. The book's charm comes from the feeling of romantic excitement which gay social life aroused in the author — an excitement which, in the long run, led to his death.

— Ross Campbell

LISTEN HERE

Local talent: Queensland's humorous outback balladeer **John Ashe** is a bloke who sounds fair dinkum when he sings of the hardships attached to "Growin' the Golden Fleece." "The Flyin' Doctor's Flyin' Again" is less spontaneous—but it's O.K. for laughs. John wrote both. Dick Carr and His Buckaroos help things along instrumentally. Columbia 45.

IT'S good to see the Lee Gordon label giving the well-liked **Delltones** a 45 in their own right. "Tell Me That You Care" is the sort of romantic ballad they can do a lot with, and the flip, "Yes, Indeed," lets them really go to town.

Classical: The lyrical glories of **Cesar Franck's** Symphony in D Minor are lovingly sounded by Charles Munch and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Ace of Clubs LP). Side two carries Franck's Symphonic Variations, with Eileen Joyce, Munch, and the Conservatoire Orchestra.

Guitar: Recorded in Venezuela by the Sociedad de Amigos de la Musica, and released here as a Hifirecord LP, "Guitarra de Venezuela" features guitarist **Alirio Diaz** in 13 pieces ranging from a Bach fugue to a Haydn minuet, a Scarlatti sonata, Albeniz, and pure folk tunes. Four centuries in all are spanned in this feast for guitar enthusiasts.

MEDITERRANEAN guitar with a rock beat? Yes, that's what Leedon claims for its 45 featuring **Bernie May** with "Tanya" and "Cupido," two Neapolitan popular-style numbers, multi-recorded 26 times for a gimmick. "Cupido's" my favorite, and I'd like to hear it neat.

Movie music: H.M.V. has a winner in a 45 with **Fabian** singing the beaty title-tune of "Hound Dog Man" and its pleasant ballad "This Friendly World." Plenty of lively guitar in both.

Jazz: Composer **Duke Ellington** conducts his wonderful, jazzily dramatic "Anatomy of a Murder" film score in a Coronet LP original sound-track recording. This is the Duke's first full-length score for a dramatic film, and has already won him three National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences awards.

Flamenco: Festival is a label that has built up a big following for its flamenco issues. Latest of these, "Flamenco" (LP), features that fine artist **Carmen Amaya** and company in a vivid programme, with outstanding guitar solos from Sabicas.

Novelties: Here are two for those who occasionally like to spin something just a little different for a laugh. The **Nutty Squirrels** (nutty, but in a nice way) do a two-sided Chipmunk-like "Uh! Oh!" on a Lee Gordon 45. **Popcorn,** a 15-year-old negro boy, gives a hair-raising account of "The Wolf Man" (all about eerie happenings at the full moon) on a Leedon 45. Flip is a novelty rock, "Rumble."

with Ainslie Baker

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TEENAGERS'

By Marjorie Stapleton

● Since Queensland's Coolangatta and New South Wales' Tweed Heads took down their border fence a year ago, the Twin Towns area has become one big playground for holidaymakers. And the old feeling of rivalry between the towns has gone forever.

THESE twin border towns have realised that together they form a "teenagers' paradise" and that suits them just fine.

Every year 200,000 tourists visit the Gold Coast. Then this fabulous 20-mile-long beach city becomes a colorful sea of tents, beach umbrellas, caravans, luxury cars, and "bombs"—where the millionaire and the basic-wage earner can relax side by side.

While older and more affluent people go up the other end of the Gold Coast, to Surfers' or Broadbeach, the teenagers prefer the Twin Towns.

Thousands of them from all over Australia book in every year to many guesthouses, flats, and cottages in Coolangatta, Tweed Heads, and nearby Kirra.

The standard guesthouse price in this area is ten guineas a week for all-inclusive board.

Six of the guesthouses, which are always packed with teenagers during the holiday season, organise inter-guesthouse competitions, play-acting, dances, and concerts.

The houses are Stella Maris, Beach House, St. Leonard's, Kelvin Court, St. Helen's, and Greenmount.

During the peak of the season the visitors dress up once a week, and each guesthouse stages its act on Greenmount Beach, or up on Point Danger if the setting calls for a different scene. Judges watch the performance and select the winners.

If one guesthouse wins two or three times in succession there is a terrific celebration and the others smarten their acts for the next week's contest.

Mr. Bob Peel, proprietor of Stella Maris, says he has seen many a romance start at his guesthouse, and the next year the young couples reappear as honeymooners.

The Twin Towns have two "sophisticated" restaurants and nearby Lennons Hotel in Kirra for that special meal to highlight a holiday or romance.

There are plenty of less expensive dining places which serve really big plates of food for the frankly hungry.

And also an assortment of hamburger joints, and roadside cafes for the motorist.

Every hotel has a cabaret show every evening during the peak months of December and January.

At the Tweed Heads foreshore camping-ground, the sun has been put to work to heat water for the two thousand campers. This new solar hot-water system cost more than a thousand pounds.

In the past two or three years shopkeepers have spent over half a million pounds modernising the Twin Towns stores, so that they'll be as smart as the other end of the Gold Coast.

The Twin Towns' atmosphere is so relaxing that Mr. O'Connor, manager of Lennons, Kirra, says it's quite impossible to enforce their company rule of jackets and ties in the dining-room.

"We'd be turning away some of the nicest people."

PRETTY Jill Huntington, of Sydney, on holiday in Coolangatta, feeds "Fifi" the porpoise in Jack Evans' pool at Schnapper Rocks, beneath Point Danger.

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PARADISE

HANDS across the border for these happy teenagers having the holiday of a lifetime in the Twin Towns area. These pictures were taken by Bob Millar, jun.

Australia," he said. "A lot of people don't even pack a jacket when they come here."

One of the chief attractions on the border is Jack Evans' porpoise pool at Schnapper Rocks, beneath Point Danger.

The two fat, friendly porpoises, named Bobo and Fifi, are so tame that Kirra and Greenmount lifesavers have recently been diving into the pool with them and using the porpoises as pacemakers.

RED-HAIRED Pat Levy, of Sydney, heads the hill-climbing expedition up Point Danger. The others in this picture come from Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia. Mark Harris (third from top) is a South African.

INSPECTING the prawn catch at the recent fishing festival at Tweed Heads and Coolangatta are (from left): Helen Pranney, Margaret Petersen, Margaret Chaseling, Jill McGregor, and Helen Anderson.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Keen to write

"MY favorite hobby is writing short stories, and I have been told by several people that I have talent. At first I laughed, as it was then no more than a hobby, but now, since it has been suggested by several of my friends, I would like to send one of my stories to a magazine for publication. You may think I have high hopes and I guess I have, but I am only 16, and would not be surprised if my first few attempts were rejected. In a few years I may improve, but how am I to know whether it is any use waiting if I don't do anything about it? I have been told that it is necessary for someone to recommend a story. Is this true, and if so, could you please suggest something? Also would you please give me the address of a magazine which would be suitable, together with all the necessary information? Please don't laugh at me, as I am serious about the whole matter."

"Joyful," Vic.

I wouldn't dream of laughing at you. Everyone has to start. But to crash the short-story market takes more than talent. It takes a tremendous fund of perseverance and courage to face continued rejection slips. It takes tenacity to study the market and find out where you should send them.

I couldn't tell you where to send your story—all I can say is try them everywhere. You will see in every magazine or newspaper printed in Australia an editorial address. You should address your story to the editor of "Such and Such," at the given address, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for its possible return.

There's no need to send more than a line as a covering letter giving your full address and so on. No recommendation is necessary at all.

I don't want to harp, but what you want most of all is a stout heart so that you can happily keep on trying in the face of disappointment. It's a rare author who hasn't a vast collection of rejection slips.

Just keep on trying. You have one thing that will help you—that beautiful, neat, accurate typing of yours. When you send a story, type it in double spacing on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

Editors are such busy people that a manuscript that is easy to read and looks attractive often gets more notice taken of it.

Something else I have to tell you: Don't ask the editor to "criticise" your story—he hasn't time. The most you can expect is a word or two on a rejection slip, and that would occur only on a rare occasion.

Before you attempt to send a story to any magazine or newspaper, read and study the kind of stories they print. It is no use sending a murder story to a magazine that prints only love stories, no use sending a story 5000 words long to a newspaper that prints stories only 1000 words long.

Watch all these practical things. They go a long way towards selling a story. Good luck.

Too much love

"I HAVE got a very serious problem that some girls wouldn't mind, but I hate it. I always seem to have boys falling in love with me after I have been out with them about twice. They always tell me about it, too. I don't want to be tied down yet, as I am only 16½. I like all the boys I go out with, but am not in love with any of them."

"Unhappy," Vic.

Life is hard and never falls properly. Girls who want boys to fall in love with them can't arrange it. You can't stop them. I don't see anything at all in the situation to make you unhappy. You don't have to be in love with a boy to go out with him, nor do you have to return his love. Just go out with boys and enjoy yourself, and if they want to, let them keep on falling in love with you. One day you'll hit the jackpot.

Lines problem

"WHEN a girl is writing a letter to her boy-friend, should she use plain paper or paper with lines? Also, what is the correct age for a girl to accept a date?"

"Undecided," Tas.

It is said to be very Non-U to use ruled paper ever, but I think that is nonsense. I'd use any paper that came to hand. It makes no difference to the message.

I don't think a girl should go out on a solo date with a boy before she is 16. Before that I think it is permissible for her to go to a dance or party with a boy, provided her parents see that she is taken to the party and picked up and brought home.

Money matters

"I AM writing to ask your advice on a problem which has confronted me for some time. I have been going out with a boy for over 18 months now, and as he is a university student and does not earn much money I have paid for some of our outings, pretending mother has paid for us as a treat. In the past few weeks he has been earning over £21 a week and has been borrowing money from me at the last moment to pay for the outing. To make things worse he has not been paying me back. Also he has been swearing a little in front of me lately, and as he has never done this before I am wondering if he is beginning to tire of me. I do love him and he says he loves me and we did intend becoming engaged this year. But mother says if he is like that now, he isn't going to improve afterwards. I do hope you can help me because it's beginning to ruin my affection towards him. I have discussed this matter with him once, and not very fully."

S.R., N.S.W.

Nothing is worse or more damaging to any relationship from friendship to love than disputes over money. I can hear you saying "But we don't have disputes." But you do. You have them in your mind, and I would say you are building up a solid backlog of resentment against this boy.

You say you have had a discussion with the boy about it, but not a very full one. I wouldn't have any more discussions. Next time he asks you for money, refuse. And when he asks why, tell him you can't because he never repays the money he borrows. That is the truth, and may make him realise how careless he has been.

You can't say anything or do anything about the outings you have already paid for. You paid for them happily enough, so let them be. But be firm about future borrowings.

I think one of the first things anyone has to learn is the danger of borrowing. It does damage friendship if one of the people concerned is forgetful or careless.

I think everyone should have a rule about lending money. Mine is that I always lend people money (if I can) twice without question. If they ask the third time for a loan and I haven't been repaid I just say "No." If they press the point, I tell them why.

They don't mind. They know where they stand with me and there are no disputes. You try it. It's a sad problem for you, I know, but you've got to fix it.

As for the swearing in front of you, that's nasty, too. I don't think it means that he is tiring of you at all, just getting a bit sure of you and inclined to relax. Tell him you don't like that, either. It's best to be honest. Sometimes it breaks things up temporarily, and sometimes permanently, but it's best in the end.

Long or short?

"I AM a girl of 20 and I am only five feet tall and my fiance is 6ft. 2in. I am being married in five weeks' time. Being so short, I am worried about my wedding frock. My choice is a short frock, but I have been told a long frock would make me look taller. Could you tell me if that is right?"

"Shorty," N.S.W.

A long dress would undoubtedly make you look taller, but I think it's a poor look out if you can't have what you want for your wedding dress. I'd settle for the short one.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

SCHOOL'S IN, and life has lost its glamor—it's tunics again, cotton gloves and blouses and Those Hats, instead of summer cottons and swimsuits.

But don't despair. Wearing your school uniform is doing something for you. It is teaching you the discipline that all well-dressed people practise.

Being well dressed is being suitably dressed, and who ever heard of anyone doing algebra wearing a pretty-pretty playsuit? Or wearing a well-pressed tunic to a coming-out ball?

Being a well-dressed schoolgirl is nearly as hard as being the well-dressed career girl you will soon be. It's easier because you know what you have to wear every day, but harder to keep looking well groomed.

Work out a well-dressed drill. Brush your tunic when you get home, de-spot it, press it if necessary, and hang it carefully. And please wear a clean blouse every day if possible, even if it means washing and ironing before your homework, check the buttons on your blouse, recheck the fingertips of your gloves, and make the highspot of your uniform your beautifully cleaned shoes.

They have to be polished lovingly every day, over and over to get them to a stage where they rival your smile for brightness. (A shoe-cleaning secret is an old piece of silk velvet for the final rub.)

And I nearly forgot your nails. The daily drill is the nailbrush, applied vigorously until the thin black line disappears, and just a touch of hand lotion before you don your gloves. The night before, of course, you rub just a little lanoline into the cuticles.

Don't be bored by it all; you'll turn into a glamor girl very quickly if you start learning to be well dressed at school.

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SPECIAL EFFECTS WITH MAKE-UP

By CAROLYN EARLE

Do you like your complexion velvet smooth or fresh and dewy? Below are the do's and don'ts for both these effects to help you make up your mind.

Powder pointers. To give your face a soft, velvety finish you need face-powder, lots of it, patted firmly over a suitable make-up base with a clean velour puff. Pat it all over the face in just the same way as the pretty girl pictured above. Include the eyelids, the mouth outline, and the neck as well.

Then fluff it all off again with clean cottonwool or a soft brush, moving down from the forehead right to the base of the throat.

Keep a little brush to free the brows and lashes of powder.

This dust-off technique gives your make-up that velvet finish. You can give it a stay-put quality also by pressing a just-damp cloth over the finished make-up job.

Regardless of whether your make-up base is colored or not, when you choose face-powder pitch the shade of it directly to your skin.

To match it to your skin: rub a finger-ful of powder on the skin of the inner arm just above the wrist. Skin is thin here and most like the skin of your face, and, because it is somewhat protected from sun and wind, the skin at this point will show its true color.

Powder should retain its own color and not darken in moist, orangy patches on your forehead, at the corners of your nose, in the crease of your chin — all those places where your own skin's oil content is highest.

Dewy skin. The young, fresh look of shiny make-up, achieved with a light foundation lifted with color accents on the lips and eyes, is most attractive and eye-catching.

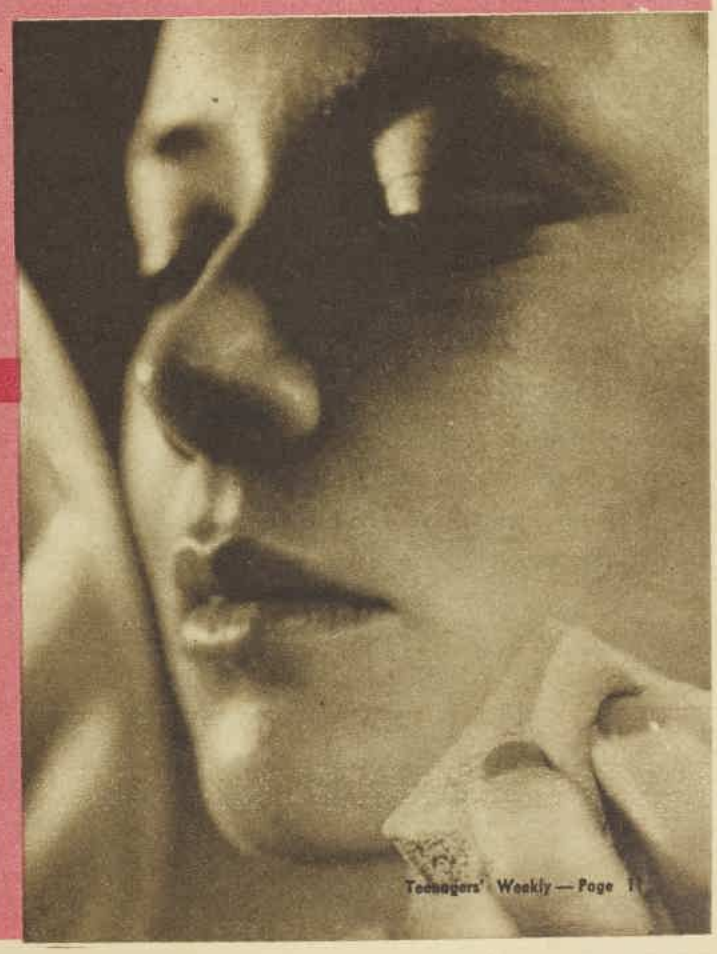
It's how you put on that foundation that makes or mars the whole picture, and in this connection always remember that enough is enough and less is better than more.

The young should use a sheer, cream foundation very thinly for a shiny effect, and make sure that it matches the natural complexion color well.

It helps a girl to know that, basically, skin is either pink or yellow-toned and that there are several variations of each color group. A clean sponge is better than fingers for applying your foundation (see picture at right), which is dotted on first of all and then spread out, up, and down. This keeps it from settling in a heavy layer.

Remove any excess foundation by slicking it off with your fingers, then wiping your fingers off with tissue, rather than unevenly blotting up the foundation from the skin with tissue.

Just as easily, and with an equally young effect, you can give your face a soft, dry sheen by using a non-greasy pancake make-up, or a liquid powder base made of powder and water.



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other people's jobs . . .

she's a TV VISION MIXER—*working with six monitors . . . relaxing with her* TELEGRAPH

When you're producing a television show, any number of cameras can play—the more the better in fact! Gaye Evans, a TCN Vision Mixer, is responsible for seeing that the right picture or the best picture is the one that actually jumps from TCN's telecasting mast to your set. The picture on each camera goes to a "monitor"—one of the little TV receivers you can see in front of Gaye's control panel. Gaye chooses the picture from six of these monitors and—click!—sends the right one on its way to you.

How did Gaye get to be a Vision Mixer? "By an accident and a lot of hard work," she says. "I was going to be a schoolteacher until a girl-friend told me about TCN. I applied, took a course on 'Studio Techniques' at the Tech.—and here I am."

Gaye gets her world-picture from the Daily Telegraph. "My job demands intense concentration and the ability to stay unflustered," she said, "so when tea-break comes along I relax with the Telegraph—it's really entertaining as well as informative."

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW
READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

Daily Telegraph

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Pretty pretties for parties

TWO gay dance dresses with bare shoulders — both designs have swathed bodice-tops and lots of skirt prettiness. Dress above in chiffon. Right, a tulle-swathed print.

Sir Keith Smith.

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How NOT to be popular

She broods a la Garbo while pals have a ball;
But her "soulful" act is a pain to all.

She orders everything in sight,
While Buster loses his appetite.

Manners are something she's always neglected;
When it comes to invites, her name is rejected.

Want to lose friends and alienate Joes?
Keep on flirting with other girls' beaus!

In all situations she "takes the wheel,"
Not thinking how a male must feel!

Her parents help to pass the time,
But a half-hour's wait is a downright crime!

She gossips the moment your back is turned;
No wonder her "friendship" offers are spurned.

She really thinks that he's just grand,
Yet she freezes up if he holds her hand.

Boy-friends . . . boy-friends . . . she toots her own horn
While knowing girl-friends listen with scorn.

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For young scientists

HOT WATER LIGHTER THAN COLD WATER

● You will need: Two milk bottles, water, ink, and a piece of thin card.

PUT some red or blue ink in one bottle and fill to the top with hot water.

Fill the second bottle with cold water, lay the card on top, hold it firmly, and invert the bottle carefully so that no water falls out.

Now put the bottle of cold water gently on top of the bottle of hot water and pull the card away.

You will see the hot, colored water rise like an elephant's trunk into the cold, clear water. This happens because the hot water is lighter than the cold or, in scientific terms, has a lower specific gravity.

● From "The Book of Experiments" by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.

A GUY on automo-belles road tests CAR-EER GIRLS!

● Until the other day I was the proud owner of a 1950 Boris Finer — a dream car, when it wasn't giving me nightmares!

OH, the miles and the money we happily ate up! (Miles were all I could afford to eat after the car had had its fill!)

It had power steering (the wheel took considerable power to turn!), independent suspension (my right-hand shock absorber never let the left-hand one know what it was doing—that's independence, isn't it?), and automatic transmission (the gearbox decided by itself what to do next).

Then, suddenly, I was proud no more.

What deflated me more quickly than any nail ever let down a tyre's ego (or, rather, air-go)? What else but a girl . . .

She picked the upholstery to pieces (as if it wasn't picked to pieces enough already); she knocked the motor (as if it wasn't knocking enough by itself); she found holes in the paintwork (as if there weren't holes aplenty to start with).

An interesting slice of life, you say. But what teenage girlhood meaning do I read into it?

Well, to me, it was the starting-point of an investigation of a certain breed, about which I will write a screed.

I call them the car-eer girls, lasses whose catchery might well be "I'm going home to motor!" Here's what my road test of these models reveals:

The most famous femme fatale of the open road is, without doubt, **Back Seat Rita.**

Rita, of course, is the girl who drives drivers mad with her advice on manipulating the machine. She watches for traffic-light changes, "knows" when you're driving too fast, and polices you for other traffic breaches like a traffic cop.

Yes, Rita's got it all down pat, except for one thing—how to drive!

Rita's a nuisance, but at least she rides with you regardless of what sort of car you drive.

Not so that car snob, **Rolls Joyce.** Joyce has delusions of vehicular grandeur that only allow her to travel in exclusive cars. (She's the one who punctured my pride.)

When occasionally Joyce brings herself to lower standards and "slums it" in a cheaper, smaller car, she makes the driver's life a hell with complaints and odious comparisons between his buggy and other escorts' grander go-carts.

Another girl passenger who deserves to ride in the boot (she isn't worth a bumper!) is **Messy Tessy.**

Tessy is the lass a bloke takes out in his newly cleaned car and who puts her chewing-gum under the dashboard, her lolly wrappers on the floor, and lipstick smears and powder all over the place.

Tessy has a mate whose manners require a greasing with some "good oil," too.

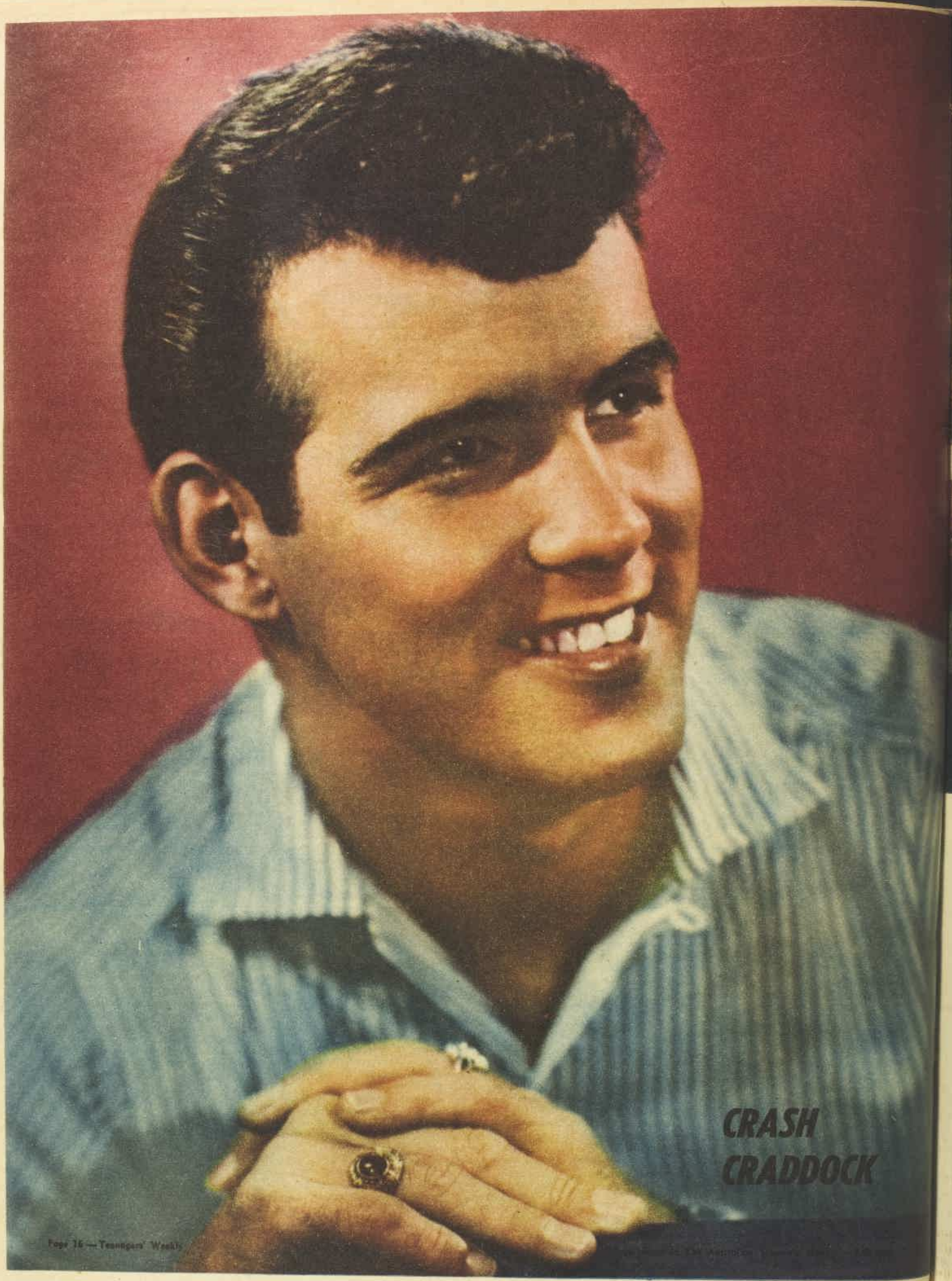
This girl, **Vain Jane,** is always checking her appearance in the rear-vision mirror. And, of course, every time she primps she shifts the mirror, making it no earthly use to the driver.

Of course, I've been discussing the car-eer girls academically. They don't worry me. I've still got my Boris Finer and I intend to keep it (what was good enough for my father is good enough for me, and all that jazz). I'm proud again.

If any girl gets in my way I'll firmly put my foot down. On the accelerator. That should not only squash any criticism—but the girl, too!

—Robin Adair

Sir Keith Smith.



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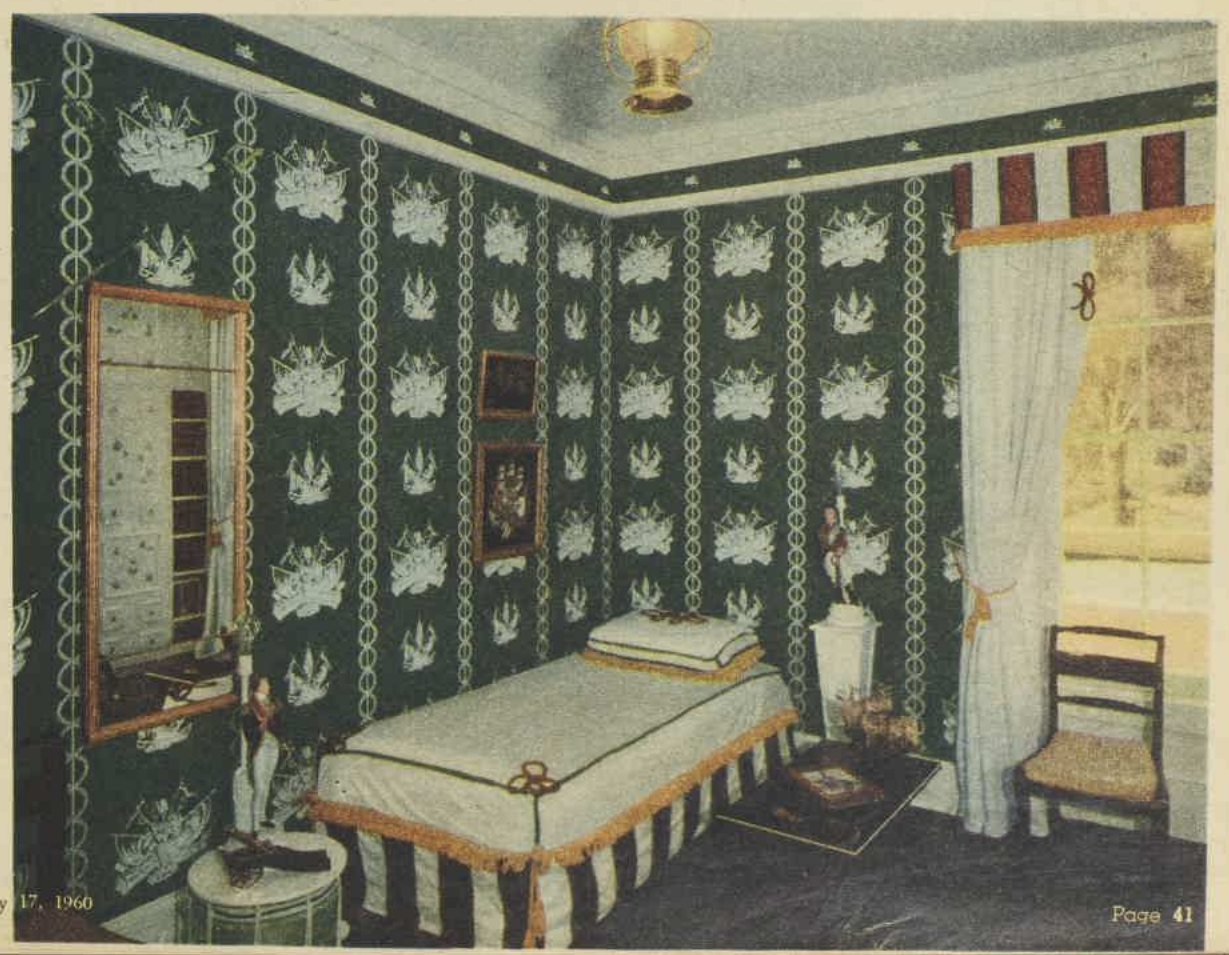
SILKS AND SATINS (above) for 11-year-old Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ayers, of St. George's, Adelaide. Period four-poster is made of brass and ormolu, and its satin cover is embroidered to match design on French wallpaper.



MILITARY and nautical air in 18-year-old John Ayers' bedroom (right). The wallpaper was specially made in England. Reflected in the mirror are cupboards studded with emblems given to John by Lady Smith, from the collection of her husband, the late Sir Keith Smith.

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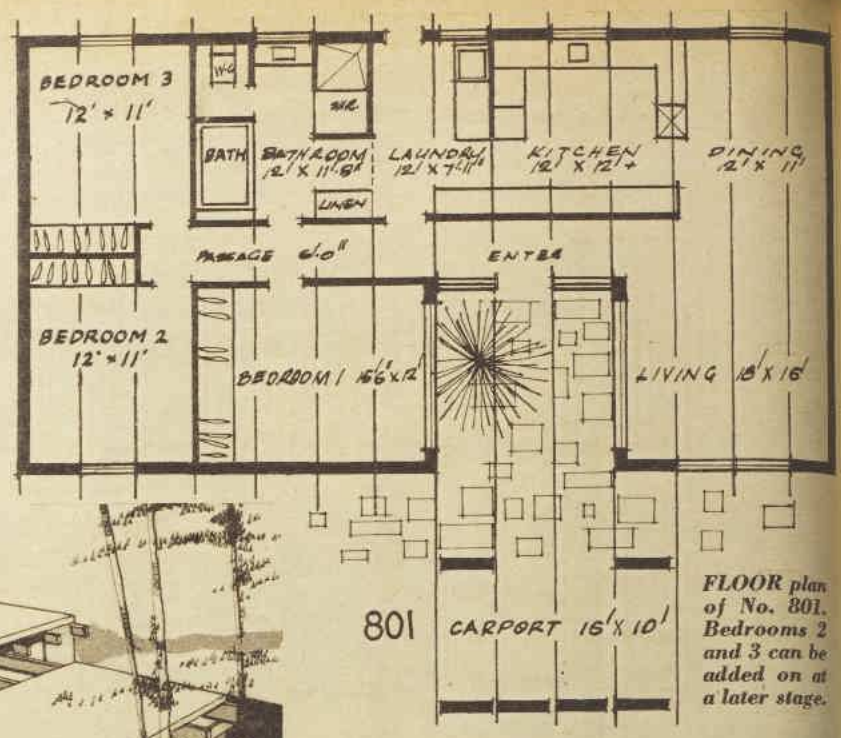
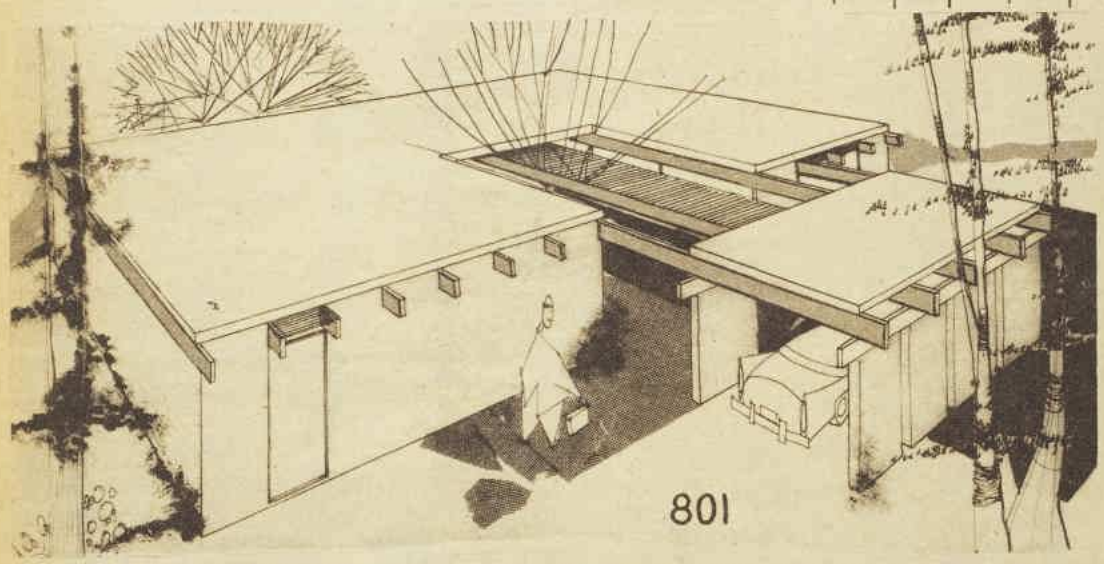
NEW SERIES OF HOME PLANS

● Here is the first design in our new series of Home Plans, which are now under the directorship of Melbourne architects Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack. Plans for this economical and adaptable home can be bought from our Home Planning Centres. See list below.



FLOOR plan of No. 801. Bedrooms 2 and 3 can be added on at a later stage.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Home Plan No. 801 shows flat-roof version incorporating roofing decks, which insulate and act as ceiling and roof. Design could have pitched roof and more windows.

THE cost of building this practical 3-bedroom family home in brick veneer with minimum finish is approximately £3500. In solid brick with maximum finish it would cost approximately £4500. Both prices exclude carport.

To lower the initial building costs, bedrooms 2 and 3 could be omitted and erected at a later date. The area is 11.5 squares, excluding carport and bedrooms 2 and 3. With the bedrooms it is 15 squares.

Plans for this house can be bought for £10/10/- at our Home Planning Centres in these stores:

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.
CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns' (interviews by appointment).
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
MELBOURNE: Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: Myer Emporium (interviews by appointment).
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

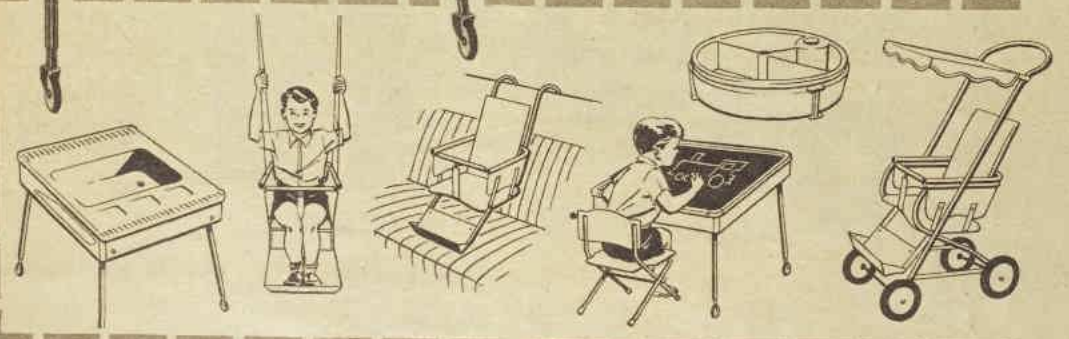
FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA !!

COMES BABY BUTLER

ONLY 200 IN AUSTRALIA!

The Baby Butler, a revolutionary development in nursery units from England and America, is now in Australia for the first time! The Baby Butler looks after baby from morning to evening — whether sleeping, lying, sitting, playing, bathing, motoring, swinging or feeding.

DEPOSIT £5/15/-. EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.



The unique **BABY BUTLER** provides in one unit:—

• HIGH CHAIR & HOT PLATE • TRAINING SEAT • LOW CHAIR • JUNIOR CHAIR • TABLE • BATH • CAR SEAT • STROLLER • SWING • PLAY TABLE.

All units are easily interchangeable for use indoors and out, ideal for travelling, and provide the greatest protection for your baby, and convenience for you! Your baby deserves this beautifully made unit in his nursery!

Obtainable from:

KNITMASTER PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY: 275 Clarence St. (near Town Hall). Phones BX6425, BX6426, BX6458.
MELBOURNE: 323 Bourke St. Phone: MF3915.
BRISBANE: Mezzanine Floor, Piccadilly Arcade, 340 Queen St. Phone: 2-8284.
HOBART: 10 Bank Arcade, Liverpool St. Phone: 2-1739.

SEND TO YOUR NEAREST KNITMASTER ADDRESS:

Please forward me, without obligation, free colour brochure on Baby Butler.

Name .....

Address .....

..... phone .....

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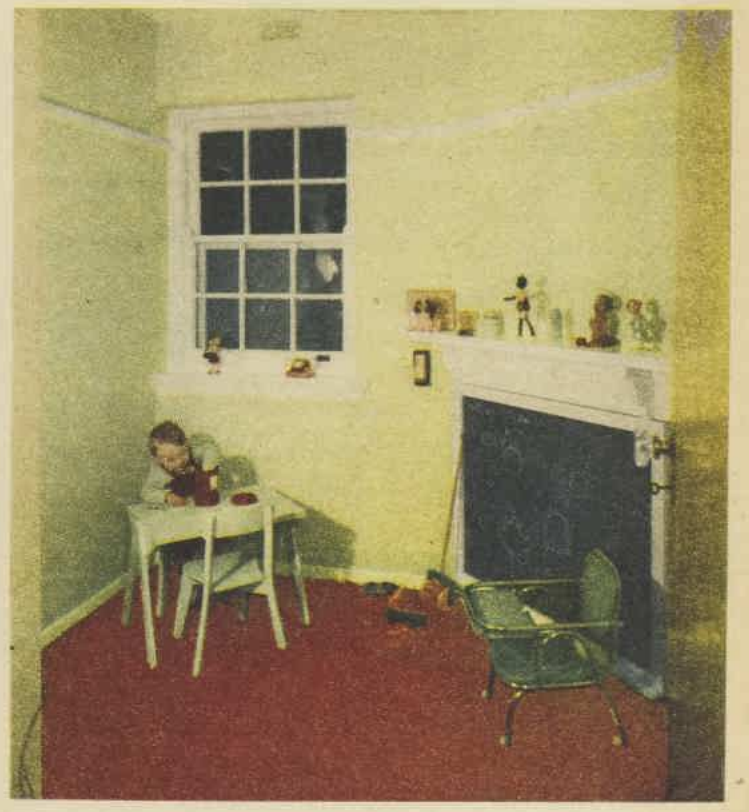
CHILDREN'S ROOMS
continued.

PRETTY YET PRACTICAL room for a new baby in Mr. and Mrs. J. Morison's home in Albany Road, Toorak, Vic. The wooden table for bathing and changing baby has satin and organdie trim.

SYMPHONY of glazed chintz and frilled organdie in this room which is ready for Melissa Morison when she outgrows her cot. The bedcover is padded and the skirt is made from plain chintz.

FOR THE YOUNGEST SET

● All children respond to pretty things — comfortable, colorful bedrooms and playrooms, or just their own special corner for their toys. Even on a budget a room can be given a touch of charm by the clever use of paint, a little wall-paper and brightly patterned cottons.



DAY NURSERY (above) for Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rouse, of Toorak, Vic. Mr. Rouse converted it from a maid's room. Blackboard conceals old fireplace.

TWO'S COMPANY in this room (left), which Mr. and Mrs. C. Weight, of Box Hill, Melbourne, have designed for daughters Deidre, who is 3, and Julie, aged 7.

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THE NEW-STYLE SHAMPOO

that conditions your hair for today's most exciting styles

Clear plastic tube
can't leak,
can't break,
can't spill.

Especially made for the modern woman . . . Vaseline Concentrated Shampoo contains the conditioner, Sorbitol. Sorbitol adds natural moisture to each hair strand . . . gives your hair new texture, making it lovelier and more manageable. Whether you choose bouffant or sleek styling, you discover that your hair is easier to handle, and holds a set much, much better, when you shampoo with Vaseline Concentrated Shampoo. It's the first really gentle one-lather Shampoo.

4/11—12 Shampoos in a tube

"Vaseline" is a registered trade mark used by Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

Beach girls love it! "Sorbitol", the conditioner in Vaseline Concentrated Shampoo, solves Summer hair problems—replaces the moisture dried out by sun, wind, and water. Carry the handy tube in your beach bag.

Vaseline CONCENTRATED SHAMPOO

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You are what you eat

Many inherit faulty food habits

● You are what you eat—and what you eat depends largely on your diet heritage, the food-eating habits you inherit from your parents and grandparents.

THESE habits may even be a stumbling block to your good health.

The queerest things influence your food-eating habits —where you live, where your parents lived or were born, your religion and social customs all play their part in the food you choose to eat.

Your parents' early life in the outback may be what has conditioned you to a diet heavy with meat, deficient in fruit and vegetables; your grandparents' long years of living in the southern parts of Tasmania may be responsible for the fact that fried scones and golden syrup figure on your daily menus once a week.

"Man does not live by bread alone" is a literal truth—be the bread ever so enriched.

Religions throughout the world have variously dictated eating customs.

Many religious laws have their origins in taboos of yore: owl for the Mongolians, beef for the Hindus, pork for the Jews, wine for the Mohammedans, and so on around the world.

Lack of refrigeration in ancient times resulted in certain food laws, which became incorporated into formal religions and remain to this day.

The Food and Agriculture Organisation (a United Nations agency) has found that in some areas of the world it is virtually impossible to respass food habits, especially those founded on religious taboo.

"Imbalance"

Social customs can throw a good diet into a state of imbalance. The breast feeding of infants in impoverished areas of Central Europe for up to two or more years was begun of economic necessity. Today, despite the availability of better diet, this practice persists—as a social custom.

And if you're scoffing or being amazed at this—take a look at some of our own "social" customs which can wreck nutrition into a cocked hat.

There's the prolonged cocktail luncheon—and the even longer cocktail party which too often crosses out dinner together.

And how about the "desk lunch" — just a "sandwich-and"? The first time it was because of extra work to be done—necessity. But later it became a habit, a custom—a rather anti-social one, at that.

Breakfast - skipping, TV-snacking, teen-gorging — these are all signs of our times and products of the society we live in. And many of us have convinced ourselves that because we "feel pretty good" there's no reason to change the pattern.

How much you spend is no criterion of how well nourished you are. The woman who spends £15 each week may be getting no more of the basic daily requirements in her marketing than the woman who spends only half the money. Not how **much** but how **wisely** you spend makes the difference.

Health essentials

For a family of four — mother and father in their middle thirties, a boy of 13 and a girl of 10—an economical seven days' supply of food that provides all the dietary essentials should include:

28 pints of milk.
1¾lb. of block or processed cheese.
1½ doz. eggs.
8-10lb. lean meat, fish, or poultry.
28 pieces of fresh fruit.
12 pounds of potatoes.
7lb. green or yellow vegetables.
9½ 2lb. loaves of bread, half white and half brown.
3lb. table margarine or butter.
3lb. rolled oats or equivalent in packaged cereal, and 1lb. wheat germ per week.
2½lb. jam.
2½lb. sugar.
1¾lb. flour.
6oz. other cereals, cornflour, rice, sago, etc.

Many facets of your diet heritage can be changed if you choose. But what about, say, your tendency to be fat, short, tall, lean, or solid?

Does how your parents look condition how you will look? Will your son inherit his father's paunch and too-well-padded frame?

Certain genes do carry the determiners of those large feet and hands, the rangy skeletal structure, and the color of hair, eyes, etc. But the paunch, no. The eating habits, no. Twenty years from now you yourself need not be an over-plump copy of your mother's or father's silhouette.

Young Bill does not inherit his dislike of raw onions nor his habit of saturating everything in tomato sauce. But he does admire his father and certainly may emulate his eating habits.

So, for the health and welfare of your youngsters — if not for yourself—watch your ways at the table.

It is copycat habits more often than heredity which produce that like-mother-like-daughter appearance.

If you have followed in your parents' footsteps to the extent that you are similarly occupied or employed, have carefully mimicked food habits as to selection, preparation, and quantity—there's an excellent chance that you will be a carbon copy, a chip-off-the-old-block, a shadow of your parent.

If the pattern was sound—fine! If not, take steps now to change and correct what you can. Which brings us to the question:

Can you change the picture?

The answer is "yes," you most certainly can.

Since the days of our grandparents and parents our national diet has improved and steadily moved towards the right balance of foods for health.

Live longer

Examine your heritage now: what are you eating every day and why are you eating it? Because of custom, tradition, availability, habit? Because you think you're saving money?

Study your daily menu closely. Think about your "diet heritage." Perhaps it really is an exceptionally good one—if so, don't tamper.

If your family diet doesn't measure up to good health, revise it. Your doctor will help you, or your local health department or authority.

Man has survived on strange diets of everything from rats and red ants to slugs, grasshoppers, butterflies, and termites. Man has been a total vegetarian and also a completely carnivorous being — and survived.

But survival alone is not the goal. Healthful, productive, and creative living is—and you **can** correct your diet heritage if it is riddled with handicaps to health.

Do it **now**, if you would live longer, live better, and feel better every day of your life.

Diet and the mother-to-be

BY the time the doctor tells you, "Yes, you're having a baby," the food you eat has influenced your unborn child.

Your health even at the moment of conception affects your child's health at birth.

That's why doctors deplore the diets of married career girls and sigh over the hit-and-miss eating of housewives.

Babies have a way of coming unexpectedly — and if your average state is one of malnourishment, your baby is likely to suffer.

You can be a real fatty—yet be under-nourished. Quality, not quantity, determines how much health you get from your food.

So—if you're reading this with motherhood just a gleam in your eye, resolve today to prepare for the baby by learning to eat from the basic four food groups; selecting a balanced diet, one that will supply you with plenty of energy without fattening you up or making you a skinny-pinny.

Until the baby starts, you'll reap all the benefits. And when pregnancy becomes an established fact, your future son or daughter will have a real head-start.

How do you eat during pregnancy?

Well, you don't eat for two —not in the sense of eating twice as much. You do take into consideration the fact that your baby gets his nourishment from your blood supply, so you eat lots of energy-building, nourishing foods.

Your doctor will, of course, discuss your diet with you. Unless yours is an unusual case, you'll find him suggesting things you've always known were good—liver, lots of lean meat, eggs, cheese, leafy vegetables, milk (but not too much).

The urge to be a good mother comes out in funny ways. Even ordinarily sensible girls will start eating like crazy, drinking milk by the gallon.

A head-start for baby

But baby takes only what **he needs**—and a sensible, normal diet, supplemented with the vitamins your doctor prescribes, will suit him just fine.

If you suffer from **nausea**—try eating more, smaller meals.

Be prepared to summon all your willpower if your appetite suddenly starts increasing beyond all reason.

There's a simple explanation for it—in a girl's happiness over the new baby, and in her concern for it, she gives herself a special treat by indulging in too much food.

Your doctor will tell you how much he wants you to lose or gain. Follow his advice; you'll have an easier time during pregnancy and birth.

Make sure the food you eat is the kind that gives you energy and vitamins without fat; try a hard-cooked egg as an afternoon snack, instead of a piece of cake. Or munch lettuce instead of a sweet.

Remember that, after the baby is born, you'll find it very, very hard to break the careless nibbling habits if you've acquired them.

You've possibly heard so much about "don't gain too much during pregnancy" that you may be tempted to cut down on your food and go on a strict cottage cheese and grapefruit diet.

Don't. Don't try to improve on your doctor's advice.

During pregnancy constipation can be a problem. Ask **your** doctor's advice about medication (never try to doctor yourself) and make sure you have plenty of fruit, leafy vegetables, water and other liquids. You'll feel better if you eat sensibly to prevent recurrences.

Salt? Again, ask your doctor.

Continued on page 53

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A salad with cheese is a better salad

and the best cheese for salads is **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

Make any salad richer in flavour and more sustaining — simply slice on Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese . . . that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in essential vitamins and strengthening protein.

It's economical, too . . . easy to slice . . . and never crumbles.

Mellow Kraft Cheddar is your *best cheese for any salad.*

P.S. For stronger Cheddar Cheese flavour get Kraft Old English.

Buy Kraft Cheddar in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, 1-lb. packet, the family-size 2-lb. pack.

Cheese is a wonderful food, and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses.

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Rich Relatives

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert.

In this four-page section are ideas for transforming simple family recipes into their rich relatives—the gourmet dishes.

In keeping with the season of the year these grapefruit cases could be replaced with baby cantaloupe, papaw, or rockmelon shells. See recipe below.

Family Style — CREAMED COD

To recipe at left add ½ clove garlic, 2 tomatoes, ¼lb. mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ cup white wine, 1 bayleaf.

Soak cod. Remove, place in saucepan with few strips of lemon rind, sliced onion, bayleaf, and water to cover. Cook 10 minutes, drain. Cover with fresh water, cook until fish is tender. Lift out, place in greased ovenproof dish. Heat shortening, crushed garlic, and saute tomato and mushrooms slices lightly, lift out, arrange over fish. Blend flour into shortening, cook 2 minutes. Add milk and wine, stir until thick. Season and simmer 2 minutes. Pour over fish. Reheat in moderate oven, sprinkle with parsley.

Luxury Touch — COD PROVENCALE

One and a half pounds smoked cod, 1 lemon, 1 onion, 2oz. shortening, 2oz. flour, 2 cups milk, salt, cayenne pepper, mashed potato, green peas.

Soak cod in water ½ hour. Remove, place in saucepan with few strips lemon rind, sliced onion, and water to cover. Bring to boil, cook 10 minutes, pour off water, re-cover with fresh water, and cook a further 5 minutes. Drain, break into pieces. Heat shortening, stir in flour, cook without browning 2 minutes. Add milk, stir until sauce thickens. Season with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Add fish and reheat. Serve with mashed potatoes and peas.

Family Style — LEMON PANCAKES

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, butter or substitute, castor sugar, lemon juice, golden syrup or honey.

Sift flour and salt, make a well in centre, add beaten egg and sufficient milk to blend to a thin cream consistency. Rub a little butter over a heated pan. Pour in sufficient pancake batter to form a thin coating over base of pan. Cook until browned underneath, flip or turn over, and brown other side. Remove, regrease pan if necessary, continue with above procedure until all the batter is used. Sprinkle pancakes while hot with sugar and lemon juice. Roll up and trickle syrup over just before serving.

Luxury Touch — CREPES SUZETTE

To eight thin pancakes made from recipe at left add 1 tablespoon butter blended with 1 teaspoon grated or finely shredded orange rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon Cointreau or similar liqueur, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon brandy (optional).

Spread one side of each pancake with orange butter mixture. Fold into quarters and set aside. Place sugar in pan, heat slowly until turning golden brown, add butter, stir in quickly. Add liqueur, fruit juices and rind; stir until boiling and caramelized sugar dissolves. Place in folded or rolled pancakes, simmer 5 minutes, add brandy, warm and flame if desired. Serve.

Family Style — SAUTEED PRAWNS

One pound cooked shelled prawns, ¼ cup butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic (crushed or finely chopped), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, cayenne.

Heat butter in pan, add crushed garlic and lemon juice. Stir in prawns and saute lightly over low heat. Add salt and cayenne to taste. Serve with slices of buttered toast garnished with parsley.

Luxury Touch — PRAWNS KENTUCKY

To ingredients in recipe at left add ½lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, dash Tabasco sauce, ¼ cup sherry or brandy, cooked rice.

Heat butter, gently saute mushrooms, add prawns, and heat through. Add remaining ingredients and stir over heat until bubbling. Serve over hot boiled rice.

Family Style — ICED GRAPEFRUIT

Two large grapefruit, few pieces preserved ginger, 2 dessertspoons ginger syrup.

Cut grapefruit in halves, loosen segments of fruit with a small serrated-edged or special grapefruit knife. Chop ginger pieces, sprinkle over grapefruit, spoon the syrup over carefully. Place in refrigerator until well chilled. Remove and serve.

Luxury Touch — FRUIT SALAD CUPS

To two grapefruit add 1 banana, 1 apple, 3 pineapple slices, few glace cherries, 3 teaspoons sugar, ¼ cup sweet sherry.

Halve grapefruit, remove fruit segments, cut edges of cups to form picot edge. Cut fruit into dice, combine with grapefruit pieces. Sprinkle with sugar, spoon back into grapefruit cups. Spoon sherry over, place in refrigerator to chill.

PRAWN AND MUSHROOM KENTUCKY (left) is a luxury variation of the basic sauteed prawn dish. Extra ingredients such as a little sherry or brandy and Tabasco sauce add glamor.

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Rich Relatives

Basic recipes plus . .

Family Style

COFFEE MOULD

Quarter pint strong black coffee, ¾ pint fresh milk or 1 small tin evaporated milk made up to ¾ pint with water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs (separated), ice-cream, wafer biscuits.

Heat coffee and milk in a saucepan until almost boiling, gradually pour ½ cup on to beaten egg-yolks, blend in well, then pour this into remaining coffee and milk. Stir in sugar and vanilla. Cool, add dissolved gelatine and gently fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spoon into a wetted or oiled mould and place in refrigerator to set. Unmould on to plate and serve with plain or coffee-flavored ice-cream and wafer biscuits if desired.

Luxury Touch

MOCHA VELVET

Substitute ¼ pint cream for ¼ pint milk in ingredients of recipe at left. Add 1 tablespoon drinking chocolate and extra whipped cream and walnuts to decorate.

Heat coffee, milk and drinking chocolate in a saucepan until almost boiling. Pour ½ cup on to beaten egg-yolks gradually, then pour this back into remaining coffee and milk. Stir in sugar and vanilla. Cool, add gelatine and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and whipped cream. Spoon into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, decorate with chopped walnuts, extra cream, and serve with chocolate-coated wafer biscuits.

Add a small quantity of sherry or rum with the vanilla for an extra distinctive flavor.

Family Style

BUTTERSCOTCH RING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 eggs, scant ½ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, extra 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons top milk or evaporated milk, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Then lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a greased ring-tin and bake in a moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. When cooked, remove from oven, cool slightly, and spread with a coconut topping made by creaming the extra butter and brown sugar together and adding the milk and shredded coconut. Place under a pre-heated griller and grill until topping is a light golden brown.

Luxury Touch

CHERRY CREAM CAKE

Ingredients for basic cake mixture in recipe at left, plus 4oz. butter or substitute, 12oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 tablespoon maraschino cherry juice, 2 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries, 2 tablespoons chopped almonds or walnuts.

Make cake according to directions at left. Fill into 2 7in. greased and floured sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes, then turn on to cooler. Cream butter until soft, gradually work in icing sugar, sherry, and cherry juice in alternate quantities. Beat until mixture is smooth. Use half as a filling between the two cakes and spread remainder over top. Decorate in an attractive pattern with cherries and nuts.

This frosting is soft, so it may be necessary to store the cake in a refrigerator during warm weather.

CLASSICAL beef bourguignonne is the luxury version of a good beef stew.

Family Style

SAVORY BEEF

Two pounds round, topside, or chuck steak, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, little fat or oil for frying, 2 sliced onions, 2 carrots, ½lb. beans, 1 pint stock (or use 1 bouillon cube dissolved in water), salt, pepper.

Cut meat into 2in.. cubes, coat with seasoned flour. Heat fat, add meat; saute until browned. Lift out meat, drain on paper. Add sliced onions, saute until lightly browned; remove. Add remaining flour, stir over low heat until well browned. Add stock, continue cooking until boiling; add meat and onion. Correct seasoning. Transfer mixture to large ovenware dish, cover, and cook in moderate oven 2 hours. Remove from oven, mix in sliced carrots and beans. Return to oven and cook further ½ hour or until meat and vegetables are tender.

Luxury Touch

BEEF BOURGUIGNONNE

Omit beans and carrots from the basic recipe at left and add ½ cup burgundy, ¼lb. mushrooms, 1oz. walnuts, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, mashed potatoes, tomato wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Cut meat into 2in. cubes, coat with seasoned flour. Heat fat, add steak, cook until browned. Remove, add onions, saute lightly, remove also. Stir in remaining flour. Add wine and stock, stir until boiling. Return meat and onion and season to taste. Place mixture into ovenware dish, cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove, stir in lemon rind, chopped mushrooms, and walnuts. Return to oven, cook until meat is tender. Serve with mashed potato, garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

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. . glamor

• These recipes can be served either as family favorites or dressed up to make a gala occasion when special guests are entertained. Level spoon measurements are used and quantities given are sufficient to serve four or five people.

Family Style

MERINGUE BISCUITS

Six ounces flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, extra 4oz. sugar, extra flour for rolling, chopped nuts or nonpareils.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar, then beaten egg-yolks and vanilla, mix to a firm dough, using a little water if necessary. Chill ½ hour. Roll out on floured board, cut with small scone- or biscuit-cutter. Lift on to greased tray. Beat egg-whites and extra sugar until stiff. Spoon a small amount on to each biscuit circle. Sprinkle top with nuts or nonpareils. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on trays and store in an airtight tin.

Luxury Touch

ALMOND SPIRALS

Substitute almond essence for vanilla essence in the basic ingredients in recipe at left, and add ¾ cup sieved apricot or other jam desired.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks and almond essence. Beat well, fold in sifted flour and salt. Chill ½ hour. Roll out on floured board, cut in small circles, and lift on to greased trays. Beat egg-whites and extra sugar until stiff. Using piping-bag and small plain tube, pipe spirals of meringue on to each biscuit, starting at the outside edge. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on trays. When cold, trickle sieved apricot jam around grooves in meringue spirals. Store in an airtight tin.

Family Style

VEAL SCALLOPS

Eight pieces veal, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, good shortening, chopped parsley, lemon, creamed potatoes, grilled tomatoes, green vegetables as desired.

Flatten the veal pieces by placing between sheets of greaseproof paper and beating well with flat side of a heavy knife or cleaver. Coat with seasoned flour and pat well in. Heat small quantity shortening in pan, add veal pieces, and fry quickly on both sides. Drain on brown or kitchen paper. Serve on a heated platter with potatoes, tomatoes, and green vegetables. Add chopped parsley and slice of lemon to garnish.

Unless veal is very thin and fried quickly for a short while only, it will become hard and tough and will then require long, slow cooking to re-soften.

Luxury Touch

ESCALOPES CORDON BLEU

To the basic ingredients in recipe at left add 4 slices ham, 4 slices cheese, and 4 cups savory rice.

Flatten veal pieces until thin, cut in halves, and neaten edges. Cut ham and cheese slices in halves, neaten until just smaller than veal slices. Sandwich a piece of ham and cheese in between veal slices. Secure edges with cocktail sticks. Toss in seasoned flour, fry lightly on both sides in heated butter. Cover pan, simmer until meat is tender.

Serve with a rich brown sauce and a savory rice made by cooking 1¼ cups rice in well-flavored chicken or meat stock to which has been added some chopped onion or shallot and ham or bacon.

HOMELY baked apples with meringue added become a special-occasion dessert.

Family Style

FRUITY BAKED APPLES

Six cooking apples, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups water, ½ cup chopped seeded raisins, ½ cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons chopped shredded peel, pinch cinnamon and nutmeg, 1oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons honey.

Peel apples, remove cores, place in ovenware dish. Make a syrup by boiling together the sugar and water, carefully pour around apples in dish. Place in moderate oven and cook 30 minutes. Combine raisins, sultanas, peel, and spices in a basin, add melted butter and honey; mix well. Fill cavity in each apple with fruit mixture, mix remainder with syrup in dish. Return to oven and bake further 30 minutes or until apples are soft. Serve with boiled custard, whipped sweetened cream, or ice-cream.

Luxury Touch

SNOW-CAPPED APPLES

Omit fruit, spices, and honey from recipe at left and add 3 dessertspoons brown sugar, 3 egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, 2oz. glace cherries, 1oz. almonds, 1oz. angelica.

Peel apples, remove cores, place in greased ovenware dish. Place little brown sugar into each cavity, dot with butter. Place sugar and water in saucepan, dissolve over heat and pour around apples. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove, drain off syrup. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Pile roughly over apples and stick pieces of chopped cherry and angelica and shredded almonds into meringues. Return to slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

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Which skin problems do you "put up with"?

☐ *"Nylon" feet*

☐ *Shaving chafe*

☐ *Heat rash*

☐ *Underarm chafing*

☐ *Friction nappy rash*

☐ *Itches and prickles*

☐ *Burning feet*

☐ *Girdle chafe*

☐ *Ammonia nappy rash*

New Johnson's Medicated Powder gives you sure relief with

dual-antiseptic action!

Now, new Johnson's Medicated Powder — with two antiseptics — is the new pleasant way to stop skin irritations.

Johnson's "Dual-antiseptic action" destroys more kinds of harmful skin bacteria — promotes healing instantly. Regular use *prolongs* protection for hours.

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Only 3/3d.

NEW **Johnson's Medicated Powder**

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

Rich Relatives *from previous page*

Family style BAKED CHOPS

Six loin pork chops, flour, salt, pepper, 3 dessertspoons good shortening, 1½ teaspoons gravy powder, 1½ cups stock or water, 2 thinly sliced green apples, 3 potatoes, 3 onions.

Cut rind of chops at 1in. intervals to prevent shrinkage, coat with seasoned flour. Place in pan with heated shortening and fry until chops are browned on both sides. Lift out and drain on kitchen paper; arrange chops in large ovenware dish. Remove any excess fat from pan, add gravy powder which has been blended with the stock or water. Stir until boiling, pour around chops. Add sliced apples, potatoes and onions, season, cover, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Family style SAVORY PIE

Two pounds bladebone steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 3 dessertspoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons fat, 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, milk for glazing.

Soak kidneys in cold water half-hour. Trim meat, cut into 1in. cubes. Remove skin and cores from kidneys, chop into small pieces. Coat both steak and kidney with seasoned flour, brown lightly in heated fat. Drain off any excess fat; add onion (which has been lightly sauteed), parsley, water, and sauces; mix well. Cover and simmer until meat is tender. Blend any remaining flour with little water, add to mixture, stir over heat until thickened. Transfer to deep piedish, cover top with pastry. Make three or four slits in top, brush with milk, bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

Luxury touch AMBASSADOR CHOPS

In the basic ingredients in recipe at left, substitute 12 dessert prunes, ¼lb. bacon rashers (rind removed), and 12 button mushrooms for the apples and potatoes.

Make six slits in rind of each chop, toss in seasoned flour. Heat shortening in pan, add chops, and brown well. Lift out chops, drain, and place in ovenware dish. Chop bacon roughly, saute until lightly browned, place in dish with chops; add mushrooms and stoned prunes. Drain off any excess fat from pan, add gravy powder which has been blended smoothly with stock; stir until boiling. Pour over contents in dish, cover, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Luxury touch STEAK-OYSTER PIE

Two pounds bladebone steak, flour, pepper, salt, 3 tablespoons good shortening, 1 small onion, extra 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup oyster liquor, 1 cup water, 1 dozen oysters, 2 tomatoes, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, milk for glazing.

Cut meat into 1in. cubes, remove excess fat. Coat with seasoned flour. Heat shortening in pan, add meat and brown well. Remove meat from pan, add finely sliced onion to fat, and brown lightly. Add oyster liquor and water, cover, and simmer until meat is quite tender. Stir in the extra flour, which has been blended with a little water, stir constantly until mixture boils. Add chopped tomatoes, simmer 3 minutes. Remove pan from heat, fold in oysters. Transfer to deep piedish. Cover with rolled-out pastry, make three or four slits in top. Brush with milk, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

READERS' RECIPES

● A recipe for a rich and luscious coconut-cream filled into a chocolate fruit-crust wins the main prize in our regular cookery contest this week.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded to veal paprika.

Spoon measurements are level.

CHOCO-CARAMEL TART

Chocolate case: Half cup sultanas, 1 cup biscuit crumbs, ¾ cup coconut, 4oz. dark chocolate, 3oz. soft butter caramels, ¼ cup milk.

Coconut filling: Three-quarters pint boiling water, 3 tablespoons brown sugar; 1½ oz. butter, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, ¾ cup coconut, juice of half a lemon, extra 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Combine biscuit crumbs, coconut, and sultanas in basin. Melt chocolate and chopped caramels over low heat, add milk, stir until smooth. Add to biscuit mixture and mix well. Press into 9-inch tart-plate, chill until firm. Prepare filling.

Dissolve sugar in boiling water, add butter and stir until melted. Add beaten egg-yolks and cornflour, blended with a little water. Cook until thickened. Add coconut and lemon juice; cool. Pour into chocolate-caramel case; cool. Top with meringue made from the egg-whites beaten stiffly with the extra sugar. Place in slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve cold with cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Groves, Abor Street, Capella, Qld.

VEAL PAPRIKA

Two pounds veal steak, 2 large onions, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 1 tablespoon paprika, water, salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic, flour, 2 tomatoes, ½ green pepper (optional).

Heat shortening in large saucepan and fry chopped onions until lightly browned with the caraway seeds. Stir in paprika and allow to simmer for one or two minutes. Add thinly sliced veal and sufficient water barely to cover meat. Add crushed garlic and chopped green pepper (if used), cover with tight-fitting lid and simmer until meat is tender, about 25 to 30 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add chopped skinned tomatoes, and cook further 5 minutes. If liked, liquid can be thickened with flour blended with a little water and stirred over heat until mixture thickens.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Burst, 142 Rainbow Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

***CHOCO-CARAMEL TART** topped with a border of fluffy meringue will prove popular with all the family. See main prizewinning recipe at left.*

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LOOK WHAT GAS HOT WATER OFFERS

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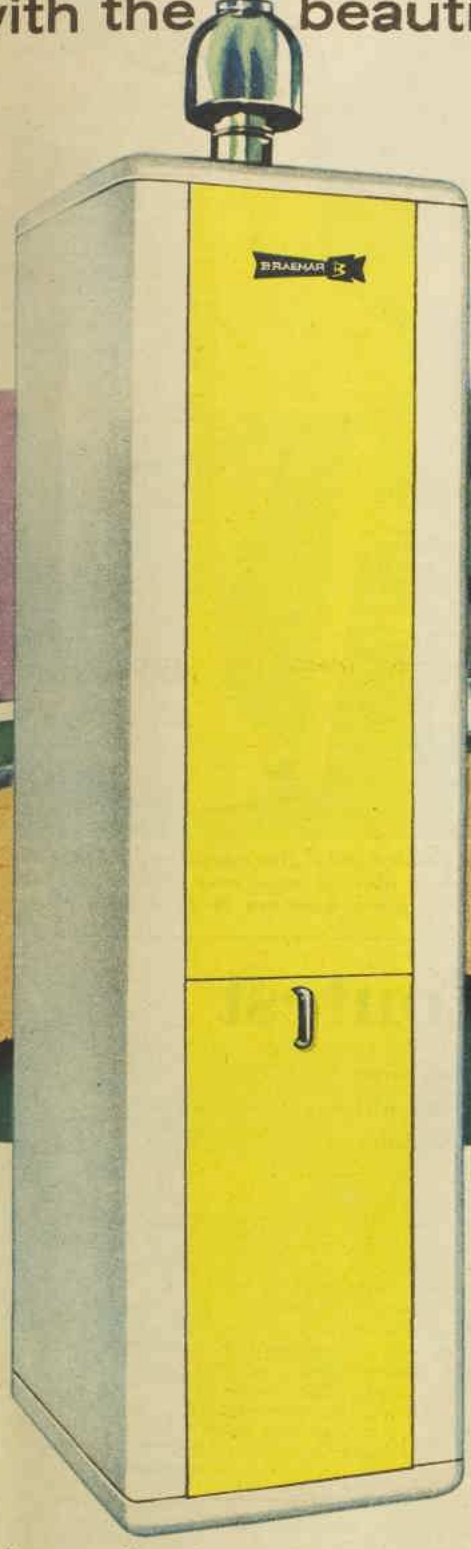

Styled to beautify your kitchen or laundry, available in gleaming white enamel to harmonise with all colour schemes. This guaranteed Braemar product gives copious hot water. You can draw off the full capacity (either 15 or 20 gallons of steaming hot water) plus 20 gallons per hour recovery rate — a total of up to 500 gallons a day!

**Featuring the rust-proof all-solid bronze cylinder*

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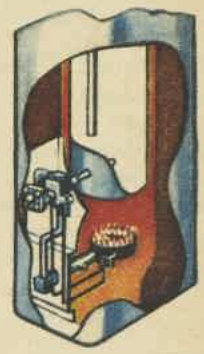

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THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

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HAND-KNITTED IN PINT-SIZE

This pretty cardigan is knitted in orlon, which makes it light as a feather, warm to wear, and quick and simple to wash.

KNITTED in pale yellow, white, or pink it would be ideal for a little girl to wear over a party dress on chilly days. Because it is made of orlon it is easy to dip in the tub and will dry in next to no time.

Its high neck and pointed collar create a neat, well-finished appearance.

Materials: Five balls Peacock Orlon; 2 pairs needles Nos. 12 and 11; 5 buttons.

Measurements: Length from shoulder 11½in.; chest 24in.; length of sleeve seam 9in.

Tension: 6½ sts. 1in.; 10½ rows 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w.o.n., wool over needle; w.r.n., wool round needle; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; rem., remain; rep., repeat; inc., increase; dec., decrease; patt., pattern. When dec., counting, or casting off sts. do not count inc. sts.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 11 needles, dec. 1 st. and work in following patt.

1st Row: P 1, * pick up k loop between sts., k 2, pick up and k loop between sts., p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 4, k 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: P 1, * k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: K 1, * p 2, k 1, rep. from * to end.

These 4 rows complete the patt. Continue in patt., and when work measures 7in. shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (not counting inc. sts.). K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows. When armholes measure 4½in. shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 11 needles, dec. 1 st. and work in patt. as for back. When work measures 7in. shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows. When armhole measures 3¼in. shape neck by casting off 14 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 20 sts. When armhole measures 4½in. shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, making shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows: First one being ½in. from lower edge on wrong side of work and 4 more evenly spaced about 2¼in. apart:

Buttonholes: First one is worked in basque. Rib to last 10 sts., rib 1, p 2 tog., w.r.n., rib 3, p 2 tog., w.r.n., rib 2. Rem. 4 buttonholes worked on 4th row. Work to last 10 sts., k 1, p 2 tog., w.o.n., k 1, p 2, p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 11 needles, inc. 1 st. and work in patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 55 sts. When sleeve seam measures 9in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 25 sts., then every row until dec. to 19 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. Turn back and hem 5 sts. down front for facing. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 90 sts. around neck, commencing and ending 3 sts. in from edge. Work 2 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Change to No. 11 needles, inc. 1 st. and work in patt. as for back. When work measures 2in. cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press on the wrong side with a cool iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up seams. Stitch buttonholes tog. and sew buttons on left side to correspond.

FANCY-RIBBED design and pointed collar give a neat, well-finished appearance to this cardigan, which is ideal to wear over dresses for between-seasons weather. Instructions given here are to fit a 24in. chest size.

Our £1235 Mustard Contest

● Below are three more progress prize winners of £5 each in the three sections of our Mustard Contest. A total of £1235 in cash prizes will be awarded in this contest for the best recipes featuring a standard dry household mustard as an ingredient.

THE total prizemoney includes the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in any section of the three sections of the contest.

First prize in each section is £100; second in each section, £50; third, £25; fourth, £10.

In addition, 30 consolation prizes of £2 each will be awarded. Weekly progress prizes of £5 in each of the three sections are being awarded until the contest closes at noon on March 9.

All the major prizewinners will be announced in our issue of March 30, and the prize-winning recipes will be published in color in a later issue.

The hundreds of recipes arriving by every mail in this successful contest are keeping our panel of judges busy opening, judging, and testing them. Entries are being received from every State in Australia.

Will readers please note that when two or more identical recipes are received, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

Contestants can enter as many recipes as they wish in any or all of the three sections.

To enter the contest, all you have to do is send us a recipe or recipes in which mustard is a featured ingredient. The mustard must be a standard household mustard, used dry or mixed according to the contestant's own method.

Please remember the mustard must be used as an ingredient and not merely as a pinch to add flavor.

Why not try your skill in transforming a simple recipe into a gourmet's delight by the imaginative use of mustard? It might win one of the big cash prizes in this contest.

Or you might have a favorite old family recipe for a salad dressing, pickle, or chutney, or any other type of dish.

Write your recipe or recipes clearly, each one on a separate sheet of paper, attach your name and address (including State) to each sheet, mark it according to the section in which it is entered, and send it to:

Mustard Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Here are this week's progress prize winners:

SECTION 1

Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), soups.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Sinclair, 23 Prince Street, Cronulla, N.S.W., for:

PIQUANT CABBAGE BUNDLES

Two cups minced cooked ham, 2 cups cooked fine noodles, ½ cup raisins, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, 1 medium-sized cabbage, 2 large tins tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 cup diced cooked carrots, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon allspice.

Combine ham, noodles, raisins, beaten egg, and mustard in large bowl; mix thoroughly. Cut out cabbage core, pull off and discard any imperfect leaves. Starting at core or stem end, carefully remove 12 large leaves one at a time, trimming each thick centre vein to same thickness as remainder of leaf. (Use remaining cabbage for another meal.) Cover and steam leaves in small amount of boiling salted water 8 minutes; drain. Combine tomato juice, water, carrots, brown sugar, and allspice in large frying-pan, heat to boiling over low heat. Spoon equal amount of ham-noodle mixture on to centre of each cabbage leaf. Fold opposite edges over to make a bundle. Place, folded edges down, in simmering sauce. Cover, cook over low heat 10 minutes.

SECTION 2

Spreads, savories, and canapes.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Rice, c/o Post Office, Biggenden, Qld., for:

ROE SAVORIES

Three or four roes, fat, slices of bread (cut into 1in.-wide finger lengths), 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, salt, pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 3 hard-boiled egg-yolks, strips of red pepper to garnish.

Fry the roes lightly in hot fat; remove. Add bread fingers to pan and fry until golden-brown. Place bread fingers in shallow casserole dish, slice roes and place on top of bread. Cream butter with mustard, spread over roe. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, [illegible] lemon juice. Bake 5 min[illegible] in hot oven. Mash egg-yo[illegible] season with salt and pep[illegible] spread on top of each sav[illegible] Garnish with red pep[illegible] strips and serve hot.

SECTION 3

Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mi[illegible] mustard.

Progress Prize of £5 [illegible] Mrs. R. Lauchland, 20 [illegible] Promenade, Camp Hill, [illegible]bane, for:

ORANGE DRESSING

Two oranges, 1 lemon, [illegible] icing sugar, 1 dessertsp[illegible] mustard, 1 dessertspoon [illegible]cestershire sauce, 1 teasp[illegible] salt, 1 dessertspoon paprika [illegible] cup vinegar, 1 cup olive [illegible] ½ clove garlic.

Squeeze the juice from [illegible] oranges and lemon into a [illegible] bowl. Measure in all [illegible] ingredients, then beat well [illegible] egg-beater or shake in cock[illegible] shaker or tightly covered [illegible] Remove garlic, store dres[illegible] in refrigerator.

This is an ideal dressing [illegible] any type of tossed salad; [illegible] makes a fine accompani[illegible] for roast duck.

SEND US YOUR HOME HINTS

Have you a household hint to pass on to other housewives?

IT might be a time-saver or a money-saver; or an idea that would be helpful for house-cleaning, cooking, washing, or ironing; painting, gardening, or sewing.

Send your hints, written on one side of a sheet of paper with your name and full address, to:

Home Hints, Box 4088 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney.

We will pay £1/1/- for every hint used.

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Continued from page 45

Diet and the housewife

YOU'VE been up since six, the baby's first feeding.

The house is quiet, you dash in robe and slippers to the refrigerator, take out a nursing-bottle and . . . but what's that? A dessert, frosted with chocolate icing, left over from dinner? You could just finish it by the time the bottle warms.

Now it's nine o'clock and the older children, including your husband, are packed off to school and work. You're "too busy to eat," so you munch a piece of toast with coffee.

And, oh, yes, there's that little dab of oatmeal left over. It's a shame to waste it!

At eleven a neighbor comes over with a new coffee-cake for you to try.

At noon you have to catch up on the housework, so you make "just a sandwich."

"But I work so hard," you tell yourself. "How can I gain so much weight?"

Let's be honest. Housework is hard work—but it's nothing like an athlete's workouts.

Also—

You sit while you iron (if you're smart you do); you sit while you wash dishes, peel vegetables, feed the baby, plan the meals, wait for the washer to do the laundry.

Watching TV

And what do you do in the evenings? Sit—as you read, or mend, or watch TV. You run a lot, after the children, and you stand while you make beds—but chances are bad posture takes away any possible benefit from this exercise.

"But I'm so tired. How can I go on a diet?"

Lady, you may be tired because of that food you eat.

You need three meals a day. You need milk, cheese, meat, vegetables, fish, fruit, and some bread.

Skip pastries

You can use sweets, too, in moderation.

Choose recipes and foods that will be tasty, filling—and non-fattening. But before you go shopping take a deep breath and resolve **not** to be tempted to buy the gremlin foods that add to your poundage but not your health.

Skip the cream and pastries.

But as you start to get back the figure you had the day you were married—as your looks and spirits improve—you'll be glad you snubbed the wrong foods.

If you must have a snack during the day, chew a piece of the carrot you're scraping for supper. Drink water, black coffee, or tea, not sweet drinks.

Easy? Not at all—that's why there are so many fat matrons in every suburban town!

If you're too thin, you have a slightly different problem.

But curiously enough the solution is the same; carefully planned meals, careful shopping, and making sure that you eat regular, adequate meals.

Take time in the afternoon to lie down as you munch a fattening snack.

Eat more and relax more!

NEXT WEEK: *"Home and Family" will again present commonsense, practical, well-informed articles on contented yet modern living.*

ARCHITECTS Geoff Trewenack (left) and Kevin Borland with two of their staff in their East Melbourne office.

Brilliant architects for new Home Plans service

● This week we announce complete reorganisation of our Home Plans service.

OUR Home Plans service is now under the directorship of Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack.

They are two young Melbourne architects who believe that each house must be considered individually, that every design is a challenge to produce the best within the limits of the family's budget, its living requirements, and the site.

Plans for houses that are functional but beautiful, and each with individual personality, can be bought for only £10/10/- from any of our new Home Planning Centres.

In fact, the service concentrates on the personal touch.

These two young men are members of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects and graduates of Melbourne University. Over the past four years they have built a most successful partnership.

Many prizes

They have chalked up quite a few awards and prizes.

In 1949, when Mr. Borland was still a student, he was second in the Illuminating Engineering Society award for light in architecture.

In 1954, in association with three other architects, he won first prize for the Melbourne Olympic swimming - pool. In 1955 he won a special prize in the Victorian Small Homes Competition.

As a team, Borland and Trewenack won first prize for Plywood Distributors' Stand at the Victorian Ideal Homes Exhibition in 1958. In 1959 one of their designs was chosen for exhibition in America, and they were selected with 14 other architects in Melbourne to display a house at the first exhibition at a private gallery of houses designed in Victoria.

"We find we complement each other," Mr. Trewenack told us, "both as far as our virtues and our faults are concerned.

"We believe that houses must be functional AND beautiful, and our aim is to strike a medium between the two forms of architecture that have developed over recent years.

"On one hand there has been beauty for beauty's sake, which is often completely impractical, especially for an average family house. The other extreme is utilitarian houses which are easy to work in but ugly to look at—and no one can live happily under these conditions.

"Fortunately, the trend is now moving away from bleak, soulless designs."

An architect has to make allowances for the amount of money the home-builder has to spend, the type of site, and numerous small but important requirements of the people who are to live in the house.

And our Home Planning Centres are there to see that you get this service.

They are situated in large stores in most principal cities, and it is hoped during the next few weeks to increase that coverage. (For addresses see panel at right.)

They are staffed by carefully selected and fully trained personnel, who are equipped to advise on every aspect of home planning and building.

Standard home plans for small practical houses are on sale for £10/10/- each. They can be modified to suit your requirements, and if you want minor alterations representatives at our Centres will arrange this for you.

An important point to note is that all our plans are guaranteed to be acceptable to your local council.

Experts at these Centres will also advise on how to achieve the best value for your money by skilful use of materials and site.

They will arrange for an inspection of your site to help you decide the most suitable type of home-plan design. Again they will bear in mind the type of land, the budget, and the family's specific requirements.

Quite a few people build their own homes. If you are intending to do this our Centres can supply invaluable advice about the quantities of materials, most suitable, etc.

Each week a standard home plan will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly, but in many instances only one version will be shown.

With all our standard home plans it is possible to vary the style of the exterior.

This week, No. 801, the first from our new series, is on page 42. It has a sleek, clean, contemporary appearance and has been designed for an overlooked suburban site. Its windows have been placed to provide privacy, and the entrance is sheltered.

If, however, you think the floor plan is ideal, but you would prefer a pitched roof, brick exterior, and more windows, it is simply arranged. Just inquire at or write to any of our Centres, and they will show you alternative exterior designs.

Glass houses

We asked Mr. Trewenack what he thought of the new glass-walled houses.

"Magnificent—I live in one. But I think you have to be careful where you build them.

"We live in the country with no neighbors for miles, but a similar house would be unsuitable in a built-up suburb.

"Glass houses are not a good idea for semi-tropical or tropical climates. Air-conditioning becomes essential, and this puts up the cost considerably."

Mr. Trewenack's house is small (10 squares) and is virtually all glass. The furniture is also modern.

However, Mr. Borland's house was built about 1907, and has an area of 34 squares.

There's an almost Victorian mood about the house with big living and dining rooms, but the furnishing is modern.

Between them, therefore, our architects' tastes cover a wide range, which will be reflected in the various designs of their standard home plans.

So if you are thinking of building a house all you have to do is write or visit your local Home Planning Centre.

ADDRESSES

ADDRESSES of our Home Planning Centres are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns' (by appointment).

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium (by appointment).

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

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Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 34

counter. Something had already been fed. He said more casually, "What I need at the moment is a ham sandwich and a good hot cup of chocolate."

"Whipped cream, sir?"

"Please." Fingel added with a bashful laugh, "Afraid I never grew up. I always had a terrific sweet tooth."

Nice young fella, nice smile. Talked real educated, too.

The druggist added an extra dollop of whipped cream.

. . . .

Still wrestling with the narrow black tie, Mr. Benton stalked into his son's room. "Stand up when your father enters!" he barked. His son stood up, but with insolent deliberation; and thereafter lounged with his elbows on the nearest support, the footrail of his crib.

"Hi, Daddy."

"Daddy is for chorines and babies. You're twenty months old." The mirror indicated that the tie had achieved the correctly lopsided air, and Mr. Benton wheeled round again. "From now on, my boy, you will address me as 'Father'."

"Oh, Daddy!" His son was highly amused, the slant of one leg was even more languidly Edwardian.

Mr. Benton brought his saturnine face menacingly close. "Father," he corrected, "Fa-ther." He straightened as his wife came into the room and complained to her, "He been hitting the bottle again?"

"Fasten this zipper, will you, dear?" She added indignantly, "And you know very well he hasn't had a bottle for ages." She tucked the baby in again, and her husband followed her from the room, switching on the dim night-light. He removed the new homburg carefully from its box.

"Twenty months old — and still staggers. And a vocabulary you could scratch on a pinhead! Ted Bryant's kid is running all over the lot and talking a blue streak."

"Have a heart, he's only a baby. And besides, Dr. Spock says children grow at different speeds," she defended. The two of them went down the stairs, bumping elbows companionably. "Some children say or do something new every day, Foss. Others have to sort of think it over. Davy's apt to run and talk practically overnight one of these days."

"Overnight one of these days! It's a crazy language." But Mr. Benton was slightly appeased. He looked at his watch. "Mrs. Waters ought to be here now."

"She can't come. Sally Gould is baby-sitting tonight." Her voice was carefully expressionless.

Her husband snatched off his homburg, slammed it violently on the hall table. "Peg, sometimes I think you don't have a sensitive bone in your body! You had a nerve asking the Gould kid to baby-sit here!"

"Well, they need the money and she advertised on the school bulletin board," his wife gabbled nervously. "Besides, it wasn't our fault they lost this house, was it? It was on the market months before we bought it. Oh, I know it was in the Gould family two hundred years. Even so . . . well, really, children have to learn to stand up to things," she said virtuously. "They have to learn to be tough."

He still glowered. "Did she know where she was going when you first asked her?"

"After I gave our address, naturally she did."

"And she couldn't very well back out then."

Mrs. Benton worked up a little anger of her own. Her small face and candid blue eyes was tightening now. "Oh, stop it! We could have built the place I really wanted on Crow Hill. But no, you had to have a colonial estate, and play at being old gentry! For an architect who's made his name at modern stuff, it was certainly a very peculiar choice. Okay,

"It's an orange box. My husband made it out of the dining-room table."

I'll stay home and you can go without me. But just remember that Sally Gould is sixteen, not sixty. She's thinking of the baby-sitting money and not shedding tears over the old homestead."

She snatched off the mink wrap, revealing diamond eardrops and a glitter of rhinestone straps crossing her shoulders. "But it's no sacrifice for me to stay home. That whole bunch will talk a mile over my head, and I'm so scared of meeting Mr. Fremont that just thinking about it gives me gooseflesh. They'll know I'm dumb and be sorry for you — but not sorry enough to give you the commission for the Municipal Centre! Oh, I've been reading all those articles about young executives' wives . . . how they can make or break a man!"

"Dear heaven," Foss implored the ceiling gently, "poetry, psychology, Spockology. Of course you're going, or neither of us goes. But we won't be home before one or two — long evening for a youngster."

"Of course, too long," Peggy snapped. "We planned for her to go to bed at her usual time in the blue room. With the door open, she'd hear Davy."

He settled the homburg on his head again. "Okay, but don't get telephonitis," he warned. "You can't wake up a teenager every half-hour to find out if David is still breathing."

"Naturally not," she said with great dignity. "After all, he's nearly two years old.

"Wonderful how that child has matured since we came downstairs," he commented. "Hark. I hear a pistol shot! Or is it just the Gould jalopy? On to merriment."

Foss hugged her suddenly. David was still an unknown quantity, unfolding too slowly for his impatience; but with Peggy it was something new and endearing every day. Peggy's earnestness was not only a foil to his own temperament: it was, he acknowledged, a balance wheel he badly needed.

But now Sally Gould had arrived, accompanied by a couple of very diffident youngsters, and the Bentons could depart. At least they could depart after a long series of complicated admonitions and instructions by his wife. Foss grinned to himself. He suspected that there would be just as many admonitions when Davy was twenty years.

The car went down Main, the village's only real artery. It slowed at the corner where Nick's Ice-Cream Parlor stood, for at this hour the street was always adrift with youngsters; some still in denims, with a sundae-rendezvous after early farm suppers. Still other groups floated from smart cars in butterfly skirts and tuxedo severity — dismissed from the cocktail hour at home and killing time before dinner.

These latter groups looked and sounded arrogant. They were not. It was simply that they were equally young and twice as hungry as the quieter boys and girls from the farms nearby. Once inside Nick's the mutual animosity between the town-bred and the country-bred was suspended. They were merely contemporaries sharing a brief escape from adult environments.

Once past that corner the car gained momentum and swung on to Route 1B. Here it was all country again: fields, woods, a distant glimmer of water. A sudden blazing restaurant — Martha's — was an anachronism. Elegantly aloof, it presented a pillared and sedate splendor to the quiet country night. Wide lawns swept up to the parking space, which in turn was discreetly camouflaged by boxwood hedges. Hedge and portico were more reminiscent of the

To page 59

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LIGHT UP A STUYVESANT — YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU DID

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● *Pampas grass (Cortaderia) does well in almost any soil. It has long and silky plumes.*

● *Dried pampas grass (below) and acanthus (oyster plant) seedpods should be dried well.*

Decorate with grasses

MOST gardens yield innumerable decorative seedpods and grasses. As summer declines and the grasses ripen, they should be gathered, dried, and put aside for winter decoration.

Gumnuts, grevilleas, hakeas, many wattles, and pea-flowers develop ornamental seedpods. When dried, lacquered, varnished, or dipped in colored paint they will make lasting decorations.

Grasses such as pampas, briza, agrostis, eragrostis, coix, hordeum, lagurus, pennisetum, and stipa, all obtainable in different parts of the country, are among the longest-lasting and most decorative.

Many native grasses such as wallaby grass, canary grasses, or shivery grass can be cut and dried, too. Spraying will improve some of them, and there are several spray preparations on the market.

GARDENING

● *Honesty (Lunaria) is a biennial, and will grow almost anywhere except in the tropics. Seedpods follow the faded flowers and should be left to shed their outer skins, revealing the shiny "ladies' looking glasses." Dried portions (below) last years.*

● *Mixed bowl of seedpods, including honesty, lily pods, everlasting flowers, and dried hydrangea, are given color with hibiscus threaded on fine canes.*

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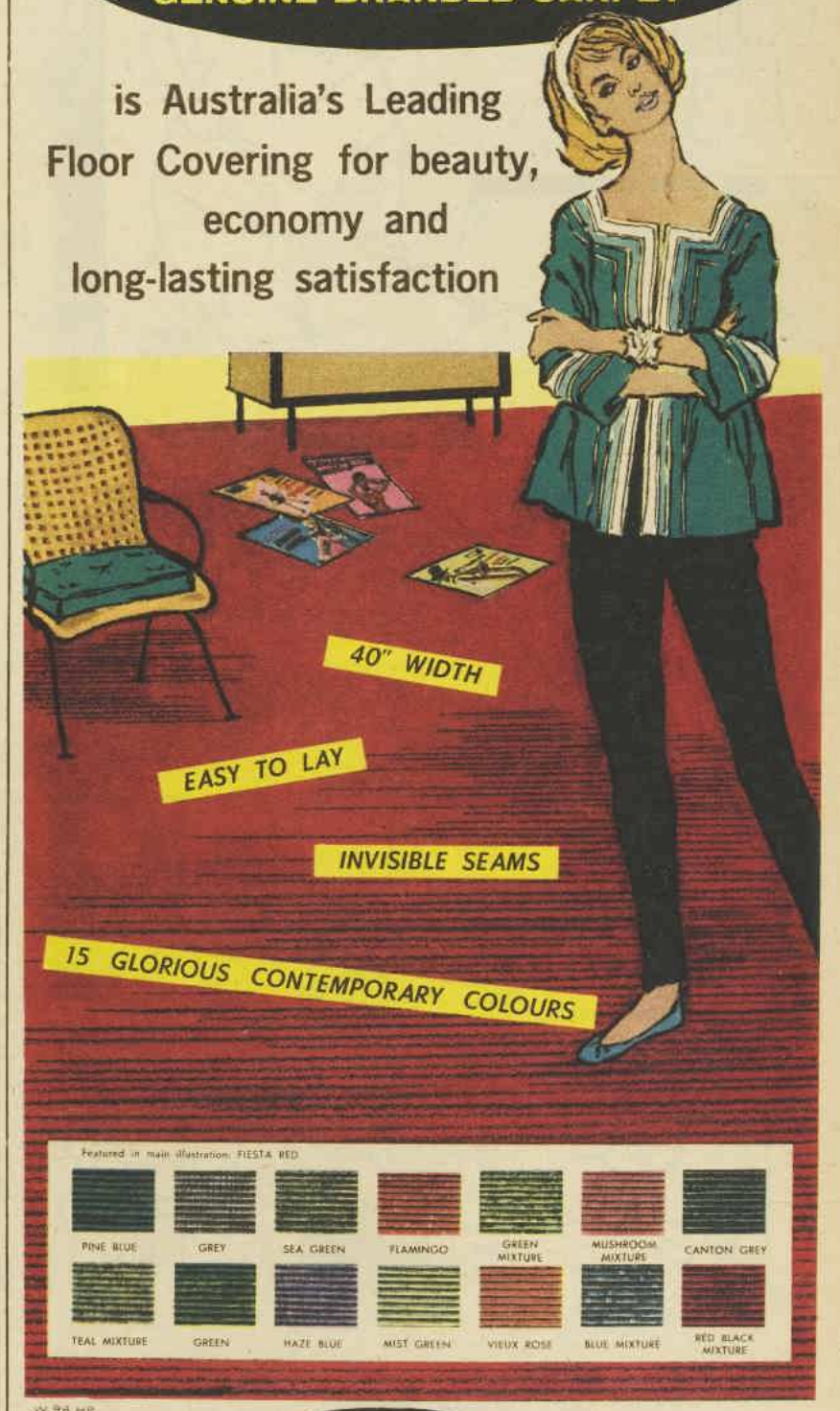

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Sowing Guide for Autumn

● This is the right time to sow biennials, hardy annuals, and perennials.

AS autumn draws near, the gardener should t out, thoroughly clean, and repair seedboxes a prepare a quantity of "potting" soil.

Mix soil, compost, and sand (equal parts of each) partly sterilise over a fire in the garden after wetting mixture well.

Twenty minutes' steaming is usually enough. Then spr the soil out thinly on a sheet of clean flat iron to cool

If making new seedboxes, use three-quarters to 1in. tim for the ends and ¾in. for the bottoms and sides. Space bottom slats about ¼in. apart. Nail or screw them on firm

They should be at least 6in. deep.

Cover the spaces in the bottoms of boxes with brok flower-pots to stop the soil from washing out when water

Place about ½in. of well-washed cinders over the cracks, th fill in and firm down with a flat tile so there is at least ½ of space between the top of the soil and rim of the b This prevents seeds being washed out during watering or r

Flowers that may be sown from seed at this time of year include antirrhinum (snapdragon), acrolinium (e lasting), agathaea (blue marguerite), ageratum (floss flow alyssum (several colors are available), anchusa capensis (c forget-me-not), anemone, and arctotis (African daisy).

Other suggestions for flowers to sow now for spring blo or for the future are brachycomes (Swan River daisy), calc laria (glasshouse plants), calendula (English marigold), ca opsis, campanula, candytuft, Canterbury bell (annual or per nial types), carnation, centaurea americana and mosch (sweet sultan), annual chrysanthemum, cineraria (n shade), cyclamen persicum (indoor potplant), cynoglos (Chinese forget-me-not), delphinium, dianthus, and dim photheca aurantica (a hardy annual), digitalis (foxglove).

The following will grow in boxes or open beds where plants are to remain for their entire lives.

Erigeron, a hardy perennial with daisy-like flowers, e scholtzia (Californian poppy), freesia, gaillardia, ge gloxinia (glasshouse plant) godetia, heliotrope, heuchera (c bells), hollyhock, hunnemannia (Mexican poppy), ipomop larkspur, lathyrus (everlasting sweet pea), and lepto (yellow daisy) can also be sown now.

Most lupins are sown at this time of the year, includ the perennial Russell and polyphyllus types, and all annuals. They make a splendid display in spring and summ

For a magnificent color display, a "winner" is the Livi stone daisy (an annual mesembryanthemum), which sho be planted out in massed beds during late autumn.

Mignonette needs old mortar or some hydrated lime in soil. Sow the seed direct, as mignonette won't transpl

Nemesia is a tough little plant of many colors. Sow seed early and transplant when the seedlings are big eno to handle. Add a packet of Blue Gem to the mixed variet

For massed beds try any of the following—pansies (m fine varieties); nemophila (baby blue-eyes), does not tra plant; nigella (devil-in-a-bush); and nigella Miss Je (love-in-a-mist); and primula malacoides.

Iceland poppies are favorites with those who like flowers for indoor display.

Pyrethrums (marguerite-like flowers of many colors) two or three years. They need space because they grow about 3ft. high, and the same across.

Ranunculi can also be raised from seeds sown in Ma Cover the fluffy seed lightly and keep moist. Transpl when they produce true leaves, spacing about 9in. apart.

The perennial scabious caucasica is a lovely flower. S seeds now and next season you will have shrubby plants produce plenty of mauve, pin-cushion-shaped flowers.

Schizanthus (poor man's orchid) is worth a place in protected gardens in the warmer areas. It can also be po and grown under glass. Plants reach 2ft. and need staking

Stocks do best if "grown direct" and not transplanted.

Statice is a hardy plant that revels in seaside places w the soil is sandy. Stokesia, a purple perennial aster, is free flowering and reaches 2ft. when mature.

Sweet peas should be sown in well-prepared trenche narrow beds against a fence or specially built trellis. addition to the Spencer variety, remember the newer m flora types produce up to eight blooms on each stem.

Other plants for early autumn sowing include s rocket, sweet william, sweet wivelsfield, thalictrum, veni fastuosum (a giant among daisies), verbascum mullein, v violet, virginian stock (does not transplant), verbena (g for rockery work), and wallflowers

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Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 55

architecture of the Old South than of the days when this whole region still had access to the New England coastal waters. Still, it was a pleasing anachronism, and Martha's rejoiced in a cosmopolitan clientele.

"We must try it some time," Foss suggested. "I hear there's nothing missing except a footman behind each chair."

"We'll probably get them to-night," Mrs. Benton said gloomily.

"Oh, a progressive dinner is generally informal. Besides, there'll be several stags, hauled in at the last moment to look me over," Foss said with a cheerfulness that was not too convincing. "And where stags are, formality tends to fall apart."

"Ancient stags, like Mr. Fremont," she prophesied. "And all this business of leaping in and out of cars—I'll starve to death between the soup and the fish. And I don't see why I can't ride with you all the time, Foss, instead of being stuck with a strange male between every course. Between courses," she corrected herself, meticulously. "I never know how to talk with any man except you. And you said I mustn't talk about your work or about Davy."

"If you draw a personable young male, discuss the moon —within reason," Foss qualified. "The elderly ones will be a cinch. Inquire tenderly for their digestions, which are bound to be uncertain before the night's over. As far as I can see, it'll quite literally be thirty miles between soup and nuts."

"Well, I wish the Cordiers' house weren't going to be the last one, Foss. It's so far from home. I do think they might have remembered that we're the only ones with a small child."

"We're the only ones on trial." Foss reminded her a trifle grimly; then repented the reminder. "Cheer up. You'll be the prettiest girl there. You won't have to gabble, just let 'em look at you."

Farther on, perched on a knoll, a clump of tiny stores looked curiously lonely; neighborhood stores with no immediate neighborhood, for this was farming country and Route 1B merely a shortcut to the interstate highway.

The Bentons' passage to that highway was blocked at the intersection by an ancient Chevrolet whose driver was evidently uncertain as to whether he should continue on or turn into the road they were about to leave. Foss was not a patient man, but the very difference in the two cars made him hesitate to sound the horn.

Peggy said, "No, don't, Foss. Give him time." She leaned from her window. "He must be an old man, he's all slumped down in the seat. Why don't you go ask if you can give him directions? Maybe it's hard for him to get out of the car. Or maybe he's shy."

"Someone should tell him about maps or keep him home nights," Foss grumbled, but opened his door. At the same moment, the driver made up his mind. In a surprisingly fast pick-up, he sent his car rocking and huffing along the main highway.

As a matter of fact, he knew quite a bit about maps, if little about homes. Tonight, he was looking for one that belonged to strangers. Nor was he shy; he was simply wary of unnecessary encounters and questions.

He would have been quite safe talking to Foss, for he would not have been recognised. To be sure, five hours or so later he would be recognised by others. But he would remain equally safe.

Foss turned into the highway in the opposite direction and said triumphantly, "Only twenty-four minutes from the house and no traffic. You like living in a village, Peg?"

She nodded. "Yes, really. There's only one thing I mind about it — coming home at night. Everything's so dark, everyone goes to bed so early. Honestly, even the chief of police is snoring by ten o'clock."

"Just proves we have no crime wave. It's going to be a nice evening, isn't it, honey? You haven't any premonitions or hunches?" he teased.

"No." She was reluctant, though, for her premonitions were very dear to her, even if they never produced anything spectacular. After a moment

> **Hobbies should be wives but not mistresses. It will not do to have more than one at a time.**
>
> ***—Bulwer-Lytton***

she said smugly, "Except that my new girdle will be a lot too tight before we get home."

. . . . . .

Marty let the tapestry fall, concealing the window again. His stubby finger pressed a buzzer and he wasted no time when Frank came in. "Stocky, blond guy standing by booth four," he said. "Can't see his face, but I got a feeling I know him. Not a good feeling . . . When the dancing starts again, sorta stroll around and see can you get a real gander at him."

"Aw, you're always nervy on third Fridays." Frank grinned.

"You do what I say, I'll take care of my nerves."

Frank was back in under five minutes. He was not grinning now and his face was pale. "You know him, all right, boss. It's the Fanner! Hair bleached —what's left of it—and nose bobbed. But it's the Fanner, no kidding."

MARTY stared at him incredulously. His deeply olive skin could not show pallor, but the dark blotches beneath his eyes were suddenly more pronounced. "The Fanner! Thought he'd been rubbed out! He gone clean crazy, showing up in public?"

"Crazy, all right. Always was. Maybe that's why he don't get nabbed — How can you figure what a crazy guy like him is going to do?" He looked at Marty with wan admiration. "If you hadn't of sprung one of your hunches, I never woulda known him.

"But he still pushes one shoulder up, and it wasn't so much the way he waved his arm—" Frank pondered, "as the way he started to — and stopped. And sticks his hand in his pocket, like he's trying to train himself and keeps forgetting."

"It was the shoulder and arm, I guess," Marty said drearily. "If I'd seen his face instead of just his back, maybe I wouldn't of recognised him, either. Why'd I hafta see him at all?"

Frank brightened. "Anyways, he's handling us a fistful on a platter, boss. Last I heard, it was ten grand dead or twenty alive. And maybe the family's put up the ante since them."

"So you're crazy, too!" Marty glared at him. "You want a road-block set up all around here—and me with the liquor truck coming in any moment? I got a hundred thou' in this joint alone. What good's twenty grand if I'm outta business and in the jug? But we gotta get him outta the place somehow."

"How?" Frank asked. "All you can do is call the cops—or shoot it out with the Fanner. And you won't get the drop easy. He'll know you soon as he sees you." He added thankfully, "I seen him twice, but he's never seen me."

"That case, maybe you can start earning your pay," Marty said nastily.

"Uh-uh. I didn't sign on for no shooting parties."

Marty chewed his fingernails. Then he whispered imploringly. "Do you think he really killed the kid, Frank? Oh, I know he got the ransom dough, but they never found the — the body. Could be the Fanner left him at a hospital or a church somewheres. Do you think the kid's alive somewheres?"

"Could be, but I don't wanta know. I don't wanta know nothing about none of it. He's poison, the Fanner is, strictly poison."

Marty nodded morosely. "Just thinking of him gives me spots in front of my eyes. Or maybe it's liver," he added hopefully. "Listen, you go down to the woods and tell the boys to unload in the icehouse. No delivery up here tonight."

"You been lucky the truck's never been hijacked, but a dame could pick that icehouse lock with a bobby pin," Frank warned him cheerfully.

An eavesdropper would have been startled at the term "hijacked" in this fifth decade of the century, but where the lions kill, the jackals gather. And Marty was something of a lion in that curious borderland world where legitimate business and crime find certain common denominators.

In Prohibition days, he had been a successful rum-runner with his own small fleet of ships. It was bad enough to have such a profitable business ended; it was adding insult to injury to have to pay excise taxes, and he avoided that necessity whenever possible. He still had one small ship, he still had his contacts. It was in those contacts that his main danger lay. Too many unreliable persons knew that certain of Marty's trucks could be ambushed without his daring to take legal recourse.

"Yeah," Frank repeated, "you been lucky so far. But could be you'll never see that liquor — not without I stand over it all night."

"Well, I want you here and I don't care should I never see that partic'lar load," Marty groaned. "I'm sick, plain sick! I'm staying right here in the office—at least until the Fanner's gone. I don't wanta know where he goes, either," he said pointedly. "Someone else can collect on him."

As Frank left, Marty closed his eyes. Luck. Why don't I ever know when I'm lucky? Here I couldn't hardly eat any dinner, I was so stewed up about the truck. Now I wish it was the only thing I had to worry about. And maybe it's the last chance at a good dinner . . .

He could see that epicurean tray in his mind's eye. Nearly five hours ago it had been

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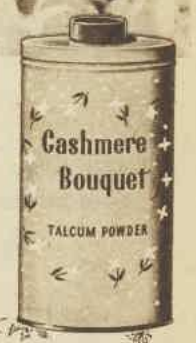

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Continuing . . .

THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 59

brought to his office; at exactly seven-fifteen.

. . . . . .

And at seven-fifteen, also, various other people were unaware of their comparative good fortune. The Benton car and the ancient Chevrolet were still travelling towards a converging point; the Bentons in a hurry, the Chevrolet driver with plenty of time to kill. And at seven-fifteen Sally Gould was already at the telephone.

"All settled in, Mum," she announced. "Little David is an absolute doll. I wish he'd wake up again so I could play with him."

"Don't do that. Who's going to be with you tonight?"

"Tom and Dorothy brought me, of course. And Jefferson Ramsey will be along any moment."

"Do I know Jefferson?"

"No, he's awfully nice. He goes to Groton and his folks have scads of money."

"Sally, I've told you before that you children talk too much about money. It's very ill-bred."

"Oh, Mum, I only mentioned it to show that he has a good education and things like that."

"I have heard of the Ramsey's," her mother said, rather remotely. "H'm . . . well, I can be sure of Tom and Dorothy, anyway. The Bentons will phone you during the evening, of course?"

"Once, just before I go to bed. You see, it's to be a progressive dinner party and they'll be in four or five different places — all over the map."

"Dear me, how quaint!" There was a hint of amusement in Mrs. Gould's voice. "I thought progressive dinner parties went out with Prohibition."

SALLY went on, "But she gave me the doctor's telephone number just in case."

"Fine. Sally, I want your friends to leave at ten-thirty, and you're to be in bed at eleven or you won't be fit to live with tomorrow. I wish I weren't so far away on this old farm — I'd rather do the night baby-sitting myself. But you know Aunt Harriet is having one of her troublesome spells."

"I know, Mum."

"Well, you're to phone me at ten-thiry and tell me every one of your friends has left."

"Yes, Mum."

Mrs. Gould's voice relaxed. "Good night, darling. Take good care of little David."

Little David's cat nap had refreshed him. He slid from the covers, blinking against the dim glow of the night-light. He had his mother's blond hair and wide eyes, his father's quizzical eyebrows. He hoisted himself to his feet and ran the length of the huge crib. A half somersault completed a performance that was the result of considerable private practice.

"Fa-ther," he said tentatively, "Fa-ther." It was not as funny as 'footy', which for some obscure reason had always amused him. He had a number of such words that he reserved for his own entertainment, and he often carried on long conversations with himself.

"Footy," he said. He could use that in public now. He might even try out 'Father' if the audience were enthusiastic. Because he had acquired something brand-new. "You doll!" Sally had said.

Downstairs, Tom and Dorothy were already ensconced in the living-room. They had been going together since the fourth grade, and tended to take them granted, their small thoughtfulnesses, too. Dorothy always collected the mislaid articles at the end of an evening; Tom was the one who remembered about lights and the fireplace screens. Now they were selecting records while Sally hovered in the front hall. Presently they heard a car, and opened the door for Jeff Ramsey.

He closed it behind him and stood looking around with quiet curiosity. "Well, imagine this place is really stupendous. It's terrific." And for those who appreciate the patina of well-preserved old age, it was.

Succeeding generations of Goulds had refused to cater to transient architectural whims. To be sure, one Victorian patriarch had installed a bay window as well as indoor plumbing. The bay window had vanished — and Foss Benton had often ruefully wished that the modern plumbing and heating system had been as simple and inexpensive a matter.

Jeff sighed. "It's terrific," he murmured again.

"It's not ours any more." Sally's disclaimer was quick. "And it didn't look at all like this when the Goulds were here."

He grinned down at her from his dark height. "It must have looked something like this. Foss Benton wouldn't have bought it. After all, he's one of the top-notch architects in the East. But I think it was stinking of him to wangle it out of you, after your family had lived here two hundred years."

"Oh, no! The house was for sale ages before the Bentons came-along. And he paid a lot more than anyone else offered."

Jeff took off his topcoat. "Of course he did." And then swinging around. "He knew a good thing when he saw it." He ran a light finger down Sally's forehead and tapped the tip of her pretty nose. "So do I, Sally, so do I. . . . Now I'll draw the curtains, toss another log on the fire, and be comfy. Alley-oop!"

His eyelids were no longer lazy. Each time he saw Sally he rediscovered her, to his mild puzzlement. She had pretty, glossy brown hair, with only a hint of a wave, skin like a baby's, and a mouth whose left corner was punctuated by a dimple.

She leaned against the newel post and giggled.

She liked Jeff Ramsey very much indeed, but she hardly knew him as yet. And she had no intention of swarming over him the way some of the girls did. So she only drawled, "Listen, tall, dark, and dizzying, the curtains stay open. How do you like that? But you can cart those manly shoulders out to the woodshed and bring in more logs. No logs—no fire, pop."

"No heart — I choke!" He clutched his throat, but followed Tom obediently to the shed off the kitchen.

Mrs. Benton had assured Sally that the living-room floor was danceproof, so when Sally pulled there was an hour or so of skittering around, accompanied by some very exciting new records. The evening ended later. Dorothy glanced at the clock and began carrying out bottles and glasses. Tom was presiding over the cabinet.

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Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 60

he moment, but Jeff paused in e middle of a step.

"Need help?"

Dorothy shook her head smilgly and went on out to the itchen. But when she reurned from the second trip her ace was no longer smiling.

"Listen, everyone, there's a rong smell of gas in the kitnen—but the refrigerators and ove are electric. Would you now anything about it, ally?"

Sally was puzzled. "In our me it was a coal furnace and heated the water, too. But suppose Mr. Benton must ave put in something up to ate."

"Gas furnace. I'll take a uint at the cellar if you'll ow me where it is, Sally," ff said authoritatively. They ooped after him. Merely to en the cellar door was ough; the scent of gas was erpowering. Jeff shut the oor quickly. "Boy! No one etter smoke out here! Where's flashlight, Sally? I'll go own and look around."

"What's the good of looking ound?" Her voice was armed. "Even if it's just pilot light that's blown out, e gas people don't like you monkey with it. I'll phone em right away."

"Dick Macy is their night man, on until twelve," Tom proffered. "I know him; I'll talk to him."

"Dick Macy? Oh, good! I know him, too, but I hadn't heard he was back in town." Sally was relieved. "No, I'll talk to him myself. His father used to be our gardener—and, besides, I'm sort of responsible here."

Dick himself answered the telephone, and her words tumbled out. "Hi, Dick, this is Sally Gould. Long time no see, but we can do our gossiping when you get here. Either there's a break in the gas main or the pilot light has blown out somehow. There's a terrific smell of gas all through the cellar. It's very important. It would be anyway, of course, but with a baby here it's even more so."

She laughed. "No, I'm not married. Just taking care of someone else's baby. How soon can you be here? Ten minutes? Thanks a lot, Dick — and hurry."

. . . . . .

The elderly man at the desk had pushed the telephones aside and was absorbed in a game of solitaire. Dick Macy, zipping his jacket, peered at the cards.

"You missed a red jack there," he commented. "Now it's too late, unless you want to cheat. . . . Listen, any other calls you'd better switch to Glenview. Don't know how long I'll be at the Gould place, and I'm off duty at twelve."

The desk man, whose name was Hayman, didn't look up as he spoke. "You'll be a long time just getting to the Gould place. They moved about a year ago. Out to a farm on Orchard Street."

Dick was unbelieving. "The Goulds moved? They couldn't! Why, they've always been on Main Street — for centuries."

"Well, they could move and they did. After Mr. Gould died, Mrs. Gould she couldn't keep up the place. They got a little old farm about ten miles out. Guess you've already forgotten where Orchard Street is. Well, remember old Crosby — had him a chicken farm? That's it."

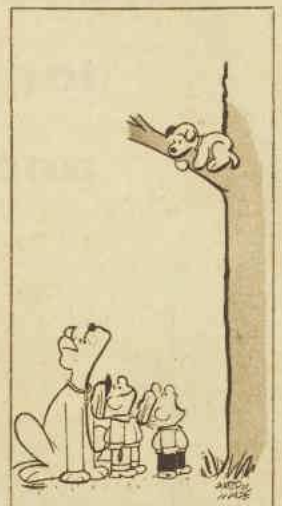
"I know where it is," Dick said confidently. "Gosh, it's hard to imagine the Goulds living there, after the place they had."

"Some of us come to it, boy. Sooner or later we come to it."

"Then I may not be back again tonight. I told Sally ten minutes, but it'll take me a good half-hour to get there — that is, if the road's no better than it used to be."

"Worse," the desk man said cheerfully.

"Then call Sally back and tell her I'll be later than I said. And not to let any of those crazy kids go monkeying around in the cellar. It could be a mean break in the main itself, what with old Crosby putting in his own plumbing and messing around."



"I'm ashamed of you!"

"I'll tell her."

As Dick left, Mr. Hayman pulled the directory to him, thumbed the pages. But the Gould line was busy. Yak, yak, yak. All women yakked, even nice ones like Mrs. Gould and her daughter. Of course, it was a party line so maybe they weren't to blame. It didn't matter too much. Sally ought to know that Dick couldn't do ten miles in ten minutes, not on that road. He'd be lucky to make it in twenty-five or thirty.

As Dick opened the car door, a male passer-by turned into the dark parking lot and approached the sedan. He walked lightly. Dick stamped on the starter. The man paused a second or two, came forward.

"Listen, Mac, could you tell me where in this fair village a guy could get a drink and some decent fodder?"

Dick grinned. "I can tell you where to get the fodder, but the drink's something else again. Package-store town, local option. You guzzle at home or you don't guzzle at all." He started pumping the choke. A sharp wind had torn the warm fabric of the September evening; and, as usual, the motor was proving allergic to a sudden change in temperature.

"Nick's Ice-cream Parlor serves good sandwiches," he went on, "but you'll have to hurry. They close at ten-thirty. The diner by the station stays open all night. It's the original Greasy Spoon. Tell you what: you're only a few miles from the State line, right on this road. And two traffic lights beyond the line there's quite a posh restaurant. Martha's. You can get a dinner in the main dining-room at a whopping price — or sandwiches at one of the dance-floor tables. And anything in the liquor line."

He leaned from the car. "I suppose you're driving?"

"Yeah, I have a car," the stranger said. One hand moved lazily in front of his face, as though he were fanning cigarette smoke from his eyes. A natural enough gesture—or would have been, if either he or Dick had been smoking.

The light was dim, but Dick could see that he was young, blond, and stocky. The hat would have proclaimed him a stranger in the village, even if his words had not done so. Beneath the hat, Dick could see a snub nose and a wide, engaging grin that knotted the jowls together.

Dick began disparaging the village, though after five years' absence he was still shaken with the wonder of being home. "Mister, you hit the wrong time of night. The natives pull in the sidewalks at ten — the real natives, I mean. And the big shots who park here do their playing around in the big city."

The other laughed. "Yeah, I've heard. The Gaylords live here, don't they? And the Bentons and Ramseys and Williams. Some plenty big names in this burg!" His voice spoke those names almost hungrily. He pushed the hat back from his forehead, and the street light fell across pale, unsmiling eyes above the engaging grin. They were very round eyes, almost colorless.

Dick felt the cordiality drain from his own voice, though he did not exactly know why. "Sure, that's right, quite a town. Well, I'm sorry, Bud, but I'm on a hurry-up service call. Just remember the name, 'Martha'."

"Thanks a lot," the stranger said easily, and stepped back as the motor caught. As a matter of fact, until Dick had kicked the starter, the stranger had not known that anyone was in the car. So he had had to think fast—and he had.

Now he congratulated himself. Who wants a car with a gas company's seal on the door, anyway. And, besides, it was an old heap without much pick-up. Underneath the shallow pride was annoyance that he had followed such an impulse in the first place. Sure, he'd have to swap cars again pretty soon, but he mustn't do it here in Riverdale. The town was too important in his major plan . . .

. . . . . .

Sally turned from the phone, relieved. "Dick said ten minutes, and he's a very dependable guy." Her nose wrinkled. "Know what? I can smell gas right here in the living-room."

"Imagination. Gas sinks," Tom pronounced.

Jeff contradicted him. "Rises."

"Oh, for goodness' sakes!" Sally was impatient. "Stop arguing and use your energy putting the rugs back. You'd better throw some water on the fire, too, to be sure it's out. And if I were you, Dorothy, I'd kill that cigarette."

Dorothy killed her cigarette, then picked up her purse. "Tom, we'd better go."

"Aw, don't be like that!" Tom was embarrassed. "You want to be a rat leaving a sinking ship?"

"Ha! It's more apt to be a spaceship, superman, taking right off into the stratosphere! And, anyway, Sally has to kick us out at ten-thirty."

"But you don't have to be home until eleven-thirty," Tom argued.

Jeff turned to Sally. "How

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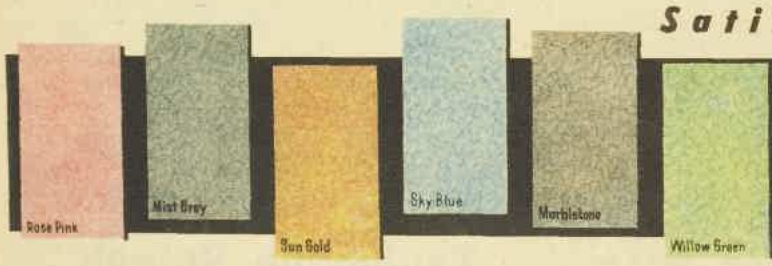

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ome you're put on such early ours—and on Friday night?"
She flushed a little. "Dorothy two years older."
"Oh . . . You're only six-en?"
"Seventeen at Christmas."
He was still smiling down at er, but something in his eyes ad subtly altered. They were ore amused, less intimate. ally sighed philosophically to erself. No use being dis-ppointed. There was a vast ulf between sixteen and nine-en, particularly when the xteen was a Sally Gould, who ad lived an over-sheltered life a small town; and when the neteen was a man who had avelled the world with a ried assortment of parents.
At the moment, of course, ff's own father and mother ere remarried for the second me, so Sally didn't feel she ad given her mother a wrong pression. Jeff was a nice y and his parents were nice ople. It was just that they uldn't seem to keep their inds made up for very long

Jeff looked away from her. nlike his parents he had ready made up his mind, but had no intention of disclos-g it. He wanted to know lly Gould when she was venteen and eighteen and neteen and twenty. Then rhaps he would tell her what had been thinking at this esent moment . . . It wasn't e aura that hung over the uld name, despite their verty; it wasn't even Sally's ks and charm. It was some-ing substantial she had in rself—as though she had been rn with a gyroscope that uld always function. It was something he had never und in his parents. Not yet. t he was an optimist.
Sally said abruptly, "Really, gas smell is terrible now—d it's not imagination. I'm ing to call the company tin." She dialled the phone. "Oh, goodness, Mr. Hayman, u didn't send Dick out to our w place! I'm baby-sitting at Bentons! Oh, dear, now at are we going to do?"
Mr. Hayman was an old n, a tired man, and — at es—a forgetful man. But was not irresponsible.
"Now you listen to me, ly Gould. Your ma will d Dick back to you, and ll be there sooner than I uld get anyone from Glen-w . . . No, I can't come self. Someone's got to be the desk, and, besides, we're t of Civil Defence. But if that bad just take the baby I go sit in the car. Or yn't you take him to some-else's house? Yeah, I ow it's late, but no one's ng to have a baby gassed . Well, if you ain't got a you'll just have to leave the nt door unlocked for Dick.
"I'll call the police and ask to keep an eye on the ce.
"Open some windows up-rs and keep them young lions out of the cellar. If can open a bulkhead from side, fine. If you can't, just t a cellar window. I'll pay it seeing as I give Dick the ng steer."
His voice was comforting. othing's going to happen, 'll be all right." He pon-ed. "Oh, and when you ide where you're going, the wel of you, just leave a note ewheres, maybe on the it door. And Sally—"
"Yes?" Sally's voice was ner now.
"I want to tell you it's a sant change — what with you hear about juvenile de-uency—to find young folks g responsible like they used e." His asthmatic breath-was heavy. "Not thinking know everything, but get-instructions from their rs. Now you'll be all right, on't worry."
e hung up the telephone immediately dialled the ce station. Sally turned

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from the phone and explained the mix-up. She added, "Orders from headquarters. Gas company thinks we'd better get out until Dick fixes things. Only question is, where do we go? We can't just sit in the car, we might have to wait ages and Davy would get fretful. And it's turning cold, too."

"I wish I could ask you all over to my house." Dorothy flushed, but, of course, she couldn't ask them. She and her mother shared a tiny two-room apartment over the town's millinery shop. And Sally's home was too far away, even if her great-aunt Harriet had not been indulging in a bad spell. Miss Harriet Gould was ninety-eight, and though her manners were impeccable most of the time the whole town was aware that her rare senile rages were awesome. And that an audience was not desirable.

Jeff said slowly, "I'll call mother."

Mrs. Ramsey was cordial, though her son suspected, from the hilarious noises in the background, that she was hearing little of what he said.

"Jeff, dear, we'd love to have you all, including the little boy. But the crowd is still here—and Max Tedder has just dropped in. You know how he is, and I simply could not face your glooming at me tomorrow—not but what I'm proud of your being so conventional, dear. It's so individual these days! But would you terribly mind tripping up the back way to your own suite? I wouldn't want Max to catch sight of any young things — and I don't mean the baby! His wife is furious enough now. Bye-bye, darling."

It was a moment before Jeff turned from the telephone. Then he said easily, "My folks and their gang are taking off for a late snack somewhere. Mother says to use the house, but I know how fussy your mother is, Sally. If she wanted us out of here by ten-thirty I don't think she'd care to have you at my place without a chaperon."

"I hate to wake people up or keep them up." Sally frowned. "And Miss Cheswick is the only night owl in town. I suppose we could go there."

DOROTHY and Tom groaned simultaneously and Jeff was alert. "What's wrong with Miss Cheswick? She a spook?"

"Oh, no!" Sally was hasty. "She's one of Mother's good friends—lots older than Mum, of course—and a very nice person. It's just that she talks your arm off about family trees—down to the last bent twig."

"Fifteen minutes of it and your eyes go into a glassy stare," Tom confirmed.

Dorothy pondered. "Nick's closes at ten-thirty and Sally and I aren't allowed to go to the station diner . . ."

But her last words had given Jeff an idea.

"Know what? Why don't we go to Martha's? That's respectable enough and they have a snack bar as well as the big dining-room. How about it, Sally? You're old-timers, your family must know Martha's pretty well."

She nodded, then grimaced. "Gosh, I'm so full of pop that even the thought of anything else—but I suppose we couldn't hang around without ordering a sandwich at least."

Jeff was brisk now. "We'll leave that note so that everyone will know where we are. And we ought to get out pronto. I'm beginning to feel icky."

The girls rummaged through

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David's wardrobe and finally assembled what they considered a suitable costume, although they could not seem to find the shoes that he must wear every day.

Fortunately, David was co-operative, even jovial at being waked. Sally carried him downstairs, set him on his feet. He staggered three steps, clutched Jeff's leg.

"Fa-ther," he said. "Father."

Jeff tussled with him happily. "You ought to walk better than that, fella. How old are you? Two—three?"

"Don't tease him to walk too much," Sally objected. "He's so sleepy and he's wearing brand-new shoes. Everyone set? But I want to phone Mother first. Ten-thirty, she told me."

"It wasn't doing any good in the trunk."

The line was busy and Sally was exasperated. She tried again. David began to cough and she stood up. "I'll just have to phone her from Martha's, that's all." She seized her coat, said despairingly, "But it's maddening to have to leave right now! Mrs. Benton will be calling any minute, and she'll be wild, not knowing what's happened."

Jeff said, "Let's wait another five minutes."

They waited. Ten-thirty, ten-thirty-one, ten-thirty-two, ten-thirty-three . . . Mrs. Benton, of course, wouldn't realise that an extra few minutes would make any difference at all. What's more, she might well be en route to another house. Ten-thirty-five. Sally tried her mother's telephone again. Her first relief turned to dismay as she recognised her great-aunt's voice.

"Oh, hello, Aunt Harriet. Sorry I can't talk to you, but I must speak to Mother right away, please."

"Your mother's outside, gabbing with some man."

The information simplified Sally's problem. So Dick was already there, and her mother at least knew the general picture.

"Would you like me to call her?" Miss Gould demanded.

"No, positively not, dear. You're not to go down the porch steps. We don't want another hip fracture. Just give Mum this message when she comes in, will you, please?" Fortunately, with Dick's arrival, that message could be very clear.

"Just tell her the gas is very dangerous now, so we're going to Martha's," Sally said. And repeated: "Martha's."

David coughed again, a cough that ended in a small, gagging sound. It was like a last alarm bell. Sally put him in Dorothy's arms. "Take him outdoors," she ordered. "I'll scribble a note and we can paste it on the front door. Tom, I saw some scotch tape on the library desk."

She wrote the note. Jeff looked over her shoulder, then took the pencil and added a postscript. Sally hesitated a second, glanced longingly at the telephone, then shook her head. Even Aunt Harriet couldn't garble a message that brief.

Once on the drive they looked at one another with relieved sighs. The air was wonderful.

A strong, chill wind had come up. Jeff was still making the note secure to the door, so Sally turned to Tom. "You know where the west bulkhead is. If it's locked — and it probably is — the gas company said to smash a cellar window. They'll pay for it."

It was not until the boys returned that Dorothy said mildly, "You know, we'd no more than get set out at Martha's than Tom would have to bring me home again. Mum would worry—and she has to get up so early and work so late. But, Tom, I think you ought to go along with them to Martha's after you drop me. It would look better. Mrs. Gould would prefer it."

"What about my jalopy?" Tom demanded.

"Oh, leave it at my house and pick it up in the morning. Jeff can follow us until you drop me. Then you go along with them."

. . . . . .

The stranger left the parking space by the gas company's office and walked back to the street. The trees swayed in the increasing challenge of the wind. The street lamps were good enough, but the wind set up a toss of light and shadow, so that it was difficult to see the darkened houses, most of which were set far back.

He stopped beneath a lamp-post and pulled out a clipping from a metropolitan daily. The print was already worn, though the paper was only two days old. The headline read: "BENTON SURE TO RECEIVE MUNICIPAL CENTRE CONTRACT, SENATOR PREDICTS." The sub-head went on: "Brilliant young architect favored by majority of industrialists backing fifty-million-dollar enterprise."

The rest of it he also knew by heart, as well as material he had garnered from other papers and magazines. Foss Benton's home life, his wife, his son, his major achievements . . . Only one thing he did not know: the exact location of 435 Main Street, the Benton residence. And that was the reason for the scouting trip tonight; that and, of course, studying the general layout of house and grounds, the possibilities and the obstacles.

As he approached the house he left the drive, choosing the silent grass instead. The house was dark, and he paused, considering.

People like the Bentons wouldn't be in bed this early on a Friday, and they wouldn't leave the baby alone; so they might be away for the week-end. Or perhaps just for the evening, and whoever was taking care of the baby was calling it a night.

He had skirted the back of the house and woodshed. The two-car garage was locked. Now he approached the west wall and stared up at the blank windows. The house felt empty, somehow. He had a sixth sense for such matters, and that sense had seldom let him down. Finally, he even dared to pull out the small pocket flashlight.

Immediately in front of him was a closed bulkhead and a broken cellar window. He frowned. He didn't like that. An architect, a top-notch architect, ought to be a stickler for repairs. That broken window diminished the Bentons and so diminished him since he was already a part of their lives. Then the odor smote him. Gas. For once the gesture was not meaningless as his arm fanned across his face. He was puzzled, alert, uneasy. Presently his brow cleared and he moved away. Of course. A leaking gas main or a pilot light that had faulted. The family had left the house until the emergency service could take care of it.

He listened, but there was no sound of a car on the quiet street. In fact, now he came to think of it, the company's trouble shooter had left the parking lot in quite a different direction. So the damage, whatever it was, couldn't be very serious or the fellow would have been here by now, considering the hour of night.

He laughed inwardly. Funny how late it seemed in this village. He turned his wrist to see the luminous watch dial. It was eight minutes to eleven.

He crept out of the bush. Since the serviceman hadn't come directly here he was being held up by car trouble, girl trouble, or liquor trouble. But he'd be along any time. And even though it was almost a sure bet that no one was in the house, any question of ransacking it must be dismissed. Yet he couldn't resist drawing near the broken window once more.

The Bentons would be back in an hour or two, or a couple of days at the most. The baby would be here, waiting for him . . .

But he was still dissatisfied, though he had already accomplished the small task set for tonight. Now he felt there should be some payment for his efforts.

But the windows were not rewarding with their small, leaded, colonial panes. He slid quietly around a corner of the house. Perhaps the front door would have glass panes. It did not. But it held something considerably more revealing, a sheet of paper pasted to a wooden panel.

He turned the flashlight on the paper:

To the Police and the Gas Company:

We are taking the baby to Martha's on Route 1B. Mrs.

To page 69

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

FUTURE PRO?

Young Alan Denehey, son of the Club Professional at Victoria Golf Course, Melbourne, is already a good golfer and hopes to follow in his father's footsteps. Where does Alan get his energy? *He enjoys Vegemite every day.*

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Mrs. Mostyn, of Summer Hill, N.S.W., writes:

"Dear Sir,

I am writing to compliment you on your Ultox Stomach Tablets.

I have suffered from chronic dyspepsia for over twenty years and nobody knows the pain and misery I suffered, especially at night, as I have spent hundreds of sleepless nights with painful wind and biliousness.

I have been taking Ultox for about three months (one tablet a day) and I am really afraid NOT to use them. I have never known such freedom from pain and biliousness.

You may use this letter as you wish, as I am really grateful.

Yours faithfully,
MRS. B. MOSTYN.
February 24, 1959."

Ask your Chemist for
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for ulcers whether gastric or duodenal—or write for
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Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvellous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. **Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.**

F4

FORD PILLS

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CAN CAN

Set in the Montmartre of 1896 Paris, 20th Century-Fox's "Can-Can" stars Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.

STRICT new judge Louis Jourdan prosecutes the can-can dancers of the Cafe Le Bal du Paradis, but falls in love with the owner, Shirley MacLaine.

SHIRLEY, who really wants to marry her marriage-shy lawyer, Sinatra, and not the judge, uses all her wiles on him in the film's courtroom scene (right).

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CAN-CAN GIRLS at the Cafe Le Bal du Paradis perform with gay abandon the provocative dance that was officially forbidden in the Paris of 1896. "Can-Can" is a color film shot in Todd-AO, and it features nine of Cole Porter's songs.

GAMBIT of hostess Shirley MacLaine to make Frank Sinatra place a diamond-studded garter on her shapely leg is watched with amusement by worldly judge Maurice Chevalier (right). Film is produced by Jack Cummings, directed by Walter Lang.

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'Miles more flavour'

says Mrs. 'Bob' Dyer

"When Bob and I are out fishing and we hook a big one, it might take hours to bring it in . . . that's when I appreciate a Marmite snack. Marmite has miles more flavour and is so rich in vitamin-goodness."

Like thousands of other housewives, Mrs. 'Bob' Dyer recognises the *extra* flavour and goodness of Marmite. A rich blend of two of Nature's most vital food elements — yeast and vegetable extracts — it builts up resistance, helps the nerves, aids good digestion. Spread Marmite on toast, biscuits, sandwiches; add a dab to soups, stews, gravies; best of all, enjoy Marmite as a quick, appetizing drink. But be sure to use it sparingly. It's so much richer in Vitamin B_1 . . . tastes so much better . . . gives more spreads per jar!

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New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average
★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ HE WHO MUST DIE

French drama, with Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Jean Servais. English sub-titles. Lido, Sydney.

SET in a Turkish-dominated Crete village which is about to stage a Holy Week Passion Play, this absorbing and strikingly different film shows how actors are influenced by the characters they have been chosen to portray.

When a ragged and starving band of strangers from a massacred village seek food and the right to settle on unused land, the wily priest influences his people in denying the wanderers refuge.

It is here that the influence of their parts in the Passion Play works on the chosen villagers, who try to either help or drive away the hungry and homeless.

The Christ shepherd dies at the hands of his fellow villagers in the arms of the village Magdelene. The outcast traitor Judas and the worldliness and cunning of officialdom have again triumphed.

Jules Dassin directed this unusual and moving film.

In a word . . . MEMORABLE.

★ ★ ★

HE-MAN **Stephen Boyd** (who's in "Ben Hur") got himself out of the cast of "The Story of Ruth" because he didn't want to do another biblical epic. He-man **Stuart Whitman,** who's been in mainly run-of-the-mill domestic dramas, jumped at the chance, and replaced Boyd.

HOUND DOG MAN

Drama, with Fabian, Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

A LOT of outdoor scenery, backwoods accents, and rusticated characters fail to disguise the lack of true warmth and simplicity in this tale of two farm boys and the locally celebrated hobo-huntsman they admire.

This unrewarding role is carried off by Whitman with a good-natured display of suitably uncouth virility and high spirits. He gets A for effort.

In his debut movie role, pop singer Fabian, as the elder of the two boys, throws in a couple of songs for good measure, and Dodie Stevens, cast as a neighbor's daughter, gets her chance to sing, too.

Carol Lynley is hopelessly wasted as the farmer's daughter who decides to tame the "love 'em and leave 'em" Hound Dog Man, and—not surprisingly—has since gone out on strike against the studio.

A young camera-hog of considerable technique, Dennis Holmes, plays Fabian's kid brother.

In a word . . . OUTDOOR.

★ ★ ★

BING CROSBY'S next movie, "High Time," is to have background music specially commissioned from brilliant jazz composer Henry Mancini, of "Peter Gunn" fame. This is the film in which dramatic actress **Simone Signoret** has, somewhat surprisingly, been offered a role.

PIGTAILED charmer is Tracy Granger, three-year-old daughter of Jean Simmons and husband Stewart Granger. Tracy has been playing with her mother's hair, and still holds the comb.

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No need to rinse or wipe, dishes drain-dry sparkling!

Pour one little cap full of Lux Liquid — a cap full does a whole dishpan full. Feel how soft Lux Liquid makes the water. Look what oodles of silky suds! You can tell at once Lux Liquid is milder, gentler for hands.

See the grease vanish — see even crusty pans come 'up shining! Even the sink stays gleaming and greaseless. Lux Liquid lifts grease instantly, dissolves it completely — yet minds your hands like nothing else can.

Love those smooth hands when the washing-up's over — *and* those sparkling dishes! Only Lux Liquid washes up so beautifully, so gently. Only Lux Liquid is Lux-mild to keep your busy hands smooth and pretty always.

Lux Liquid–the miracle liquid for dishes

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More straight talk on a subject people won't talk about:

Q. **Do you know perspiration is caused by emotional excitement as well as by exertion?**

A. It's true! Whenever you are anxious or excited you experience "emotional" or "nervous" perspiration. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odour.

Q. **How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

A. "Emotional" perspiration can happen **anytime** — any season. But you can be **safe** from every kind of perspiration embarrassment with gentle, but so effective, **Arrid** protection.

Q. **Won't a daily bath or shower protect you from perspiration?**

A. No! A shower is only the **first** step to personal daintiness. For **all-day** protection from embarrassment you need Arrid . . . to destroy odour-causing bacteria **before** odours form.

Q. **Why is Arrid protection the surest protection?**

A. It's so easy to be sure of your freshness with 3-way Arrid care. Arrid **checks** perspiration . . . **stops** odour . . . and protects the **delicate fabrics** of your clothes — with the gentlest deodorant formula ever.

Girls who know the answers use ARRID to be sure.

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for **you.** For **roll-on** protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into **all** the pores . . . rolls **away** perspiration odours, and if you prefer a **cream** deodorant, there's fluffy white **ARRID CREAM.**

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray — in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.

ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . **rolls-on** just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.

Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars — medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.

CM166

The P.M.G.'s private eye

● With the spread of television all over the Commonwealth, television licences are a million-pound business to the Postmaster-General's Department.

AT the end of 1959, there were 737,855 licensed TV receivers in the Commonwealth. This represents, at £5 a pop, the pretty sum of £3,689,275.

When the money runs into millions in any business, everyone wants more, and the P.M.G.'s department is no exception. They're out in a big way after the pirates—televiewers who own unlicensed receivers.

It is no wonder, when survey authorities put the pirate sets down at more than double the licensed ones. All of which runs up the figures into undreamed of sums that would be of great assistance to the P.M.G.'s vast TV expenditure.

The Department employs many methods to track down the pirates, but they have had great success with their latest weapon, the television receiver detector van, a maniacal contraption that is real psychological warfare.

The van is just an ordinary-enough looking panel van with three aerials.

It has a crew of two, a driver and a P.M.G. technical detective. Wearing headphones and working the equipment inside, the technician can detect a TV set on the dials with no trouble at all.

The detective picks up a signal which shows there are TV receivers in the area and the three aerials act as direction finders that send the detective off like a bloodhound on the right trail.

Sometimes he finds a licensed receiver, at other times a pirate, but the van always leads him to a TV receiver.

Personally I think the P.M.G. was un-psychological when he put the scientific equipment inside. Just the sight of it would be enough to make me answer the door with my £5 in my hand—if I was a pirate.

The vans are in use in Melbourne and Sydney. They will be used in other capital cities, it is believed, as they become available.

Licensed sets throughout the Commonwealth are increasing month by month at an almost standard rate of 27,500.

Latest available figures show the State licences as: New South Wales, 358,544; Victoria, 307,950; Queensland, 27,590; South Australia, 34,060; Western Australia, 9621; and Tasmania, 90.

On the figures, Queensland and South Australia are very TV-conscious.

In Queensland, where TV started officially last August 16, licensed sets numbered 27,528 in just over 4 months, a figure it took six months to reach in N.S.W.

In South Australia it took only three months for licences to reach this figure.

The P.M.G. has put the vans on show at a number of country shows, where they have been a very popular exhibit.

THE PRIVATE EYE AT WORK

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

★ ★ ★

SYDNEY Channel 9's new edition of the Late Show (Fridays, 10 p.m.), with Joe Martin and George Wallace, jun., sharing the honors as starring comperes, was good TV. It was a smooth production that went without a hitch and promises wonderfully for the future.

George Wallace, jun., stole the show. He's a really funny man. He even made me enjoy the most incredible underwater ballet I have ever seen.

I know now it was presented as a serious contribution to the arts. But at the time I thought it was a turn and that Wallace was the large and rather wobbly starfish that teetered through the piece.

Anyway, thanks to him, watched carefully, waiting for the denouement which I expected to be King Neptune unmasking Wallace and presiding him out of his kingdom with his trident. If the culture is questionable there's a big laugh in the new Late Show. I recommend it.

★ ★ ★

A BIG bouquet for A.B.C. TV for an entrancing hour, "Dock Brief," a live play that originated in Sydney and will be seen in all other States.

It has only two characters, an old, incompetent barrister called Morgenhall, who has never had a brief until he is chosen to defend the other character in the play, a bird-seed dealer called Fowle, who has murdered his wife.

Moray Powell played Morgenhall. Reg Lye played Fowle.

The play is pathetic, it is witty, it is comic. In the hands of these two splendid actors it became embarrassingly real as they discussed the case, imagined its defence and outcome, and the fame it would bring.

"Dock Brief" is TV at its entertaining best.

10", 12" and 16"

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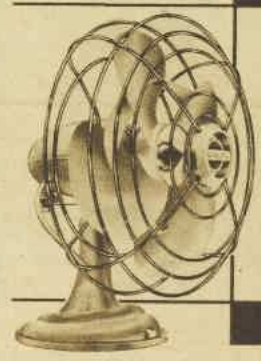

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YOU CAN BE SURE ... IF IT'S

WESTINGHOUSE

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Benton will call and be very worried, so will a police officer please stay in the house, particularly as it is unlocked. And tell Mrs. Benton where we are and about the gas trouble. Also will the gas people please phone us when it is all right to come back? Thank you.

Sincerely, Sally Gould.

PS.—We will be in a yellow Eldorado, licence XL30111.

PPS. — We have to drop a friend first, but we will be at Martha's soon after 11.15. Be sure and have all calls switched to us there.

The man snatched the paper from the door and crumpled it into his topcoat pocket savagely. Damn! Door unlocked all this time and he'd wasted ten long minutes roaming around! Now he'd have to get away quickly. At any moment the company car or a police cruiser—or both—would come roaring right up to the front door. Quietly he crossed the drive and thrust through the shrubbery. From there he started a cautious descent to the street.

He was almost at street level when the police cruiser halted with a scream of brakes at the entrance to the drive, a cruiser containing two men.

One of them got out and strode up the drive. In the darkness the watcher listened. He could not see the house, but he was interested to know whether the officer intended to remain. It seemed an endless wait, but actually it could not have been more than a few minutes before the crunch of heels was heard again. The patrolman got into the car and drove away.

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

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The cruiser would call by, no doubt, at frequent intervals; but even if the house telephone rang during one of those intervals, the police would have no clue as to where the family had gone; not unless the family telephoned again. And they wouldn't, not for a long while. They would be counting on the note they had left.

That note had mentioned Mrs. Benton's possible anxiety—and neither handwriting nor phraseology was that of a businessman. It had been signed by a somebody Gould, Sally Gould. Friend, nurse — baby-sitter? His spirits lifted at that last speculation, then he shook his head. Since when does a baby-sitter drive an Eldorado? Well, she could have a boy-friend, couldn't she?

Anyway, it wouldn't do any harm to be hanging around Martha's when the Eldorado drove up. Or later, for that matter. He might even get a good look at the baby, and be able to size up the friends or nurse who were taking care of him. The note said eleven-fifteen. He ought to be able to make those few miles by that time.

His car was still parked safely near the station, and now, thinking of the Eldorado, he looked at it with even greater disfavor. He had picked up the old Chevvy in an alley just yesterday, and, except for gammy brakes, it wasn't too bad. One thing, it didn't use much gas; an important factor, because his remaining cash might have to stretch another month, perhaps longer.

Once in the car the gaberdine topcoat was too warm. He shrugged it off, flung his hat on top of it. The trivial act caused a curious metamorphosis, for the crown of his head was quite bald. Hat on, and with the cold eyes shadowed, he looked to be in the late twenties. Now he carried the full calendar weight of his thirty-seven years.

I thank God I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in Christendom.

—Queen Elizabeth I

The car took off, heading for Martha's.

. . . . .

Mrs. Gould said a hasty good-bye to Dick Macey, then, running into the house, raced to the telephone. It was too late. Aunt Harriet's hand had replaced the receiver.

"Couldn't let it ring and ring," she grumbled defiantly. "That was Sally. Town's been bombed and they're all getting out!" she said suddenly. Mrs. Gould nodded. What with Dick's explanation, she could translate this startling announcement: the leaking gas, the necessity of leaving the house and taking the baby with them.

"But Sally must have told you where they are going."

"She said they were going to Mary's. Just that and nothing more."

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Minute she said it I thought of the New Testament. And Mary is the name you see there most, isn't it?"

Mrs. Gould's annoyance faded. After all, she was much luckier than Mrs. Benton would be when she telephoned and perhaps received no answer.

. . . . .

Martha's was what Sally's crowd reverently termed "a real doggy dump." But it had achieved its dogginess in a most decorous fashion.

The original Martha had been a plump, brown little person from the Deep South, whose delicious roast chickens had resembled her almost embarrassingly.

The second and present proprietor resembled Martha in being small and rotund, but there the likeness ceased abruptly. He was a shrewd and unscrupulous man, with a Balkan name so unpronounceable that very shortly certain of his more jocose customers began calling him "Mr. Martha." Eventually his staff picked up the term without reproach from their employer, though they further simplified it to "Marty." Even the two henchmen who had been with him for years — Frank, his manager, and Kew, who doubled as drummer—had long ago forgotten his correct name.

Mr. Martha was quite content that this should be so. Business correspondence, manifests, and cheques had for some years carried the modest signature "L. Martha."

If he was shrewd and unscrupulous he was also a very patient man. Old-time customers of the original Martha were not offended by too sudden an atmospheric change in the place. Only imperceptibly did window drapes become heavier, lights dimmer. The small alcoves and booths that began to blossom here and there did so without blatancy.

The first Martha's family dining-room remained untouched, except for the discreet addition of real damask, real silver. From this room no bar was visible. Really, it was like being in your own home. Tables here were always in request for family dinners, even on such holidays as Thanksgiving and Christmas. The first Martha, of course, would have recognised neither menu nor prices, for the menu was long and varied and the liquors superb.

The latter could afford to be since only a necessary minimum of the bottles had ever worn genuine revenue stamps.

The annexe dance floor, with its small booths and purple drapes, had a decidedly more sultry air, but the really substantial customers scarcely knew it existed. They clung to the family dining-room.

Mr. Martha's own chosen mousehole was a tiny corner room strategically equipped to command not only the entire parking area but also the dance floor and kitchen. The only portions of his domain not under surveillance were the family dining-room and the daytime snack bar. And neither of these required his oversight.

Tonight, as always on the third Friday of every month, he was feeling slightly keyed up. That was natural. Early in the game he had decided that the unorthodox liquor consignments would arrive on Friday or Saturday, the busiest evenings for any roadhouse: when the parking lot was jammed, the kitchen a bedlam; when, above all, those of the wealthy and prominent were relaxing for the weekend.

On such nights State troopers were content merely to buzz the parking lot, respectfully noting the well-known limousines of senator, governor, or tycoon. Then they roared off again.

MR. MARTHA considered all this, bit his nails, and relaxed. Frank had said that Friday night was a plain crazy time for the truck to drive up into the woods back of the parking lot. But the strategy had paid off. Long ago the police had decided that the anonymous tip they had received had been a spite job: Mr. Martha was just a smart businessman with a clientele that remained relentlessly respectable.

His brow smoothed. He turned, glanced through the arrangement of window and mirror by which he could see into the kitchen. Despite the confusion it was immaculate, hygienically speaking. He had always insisted on that. He wheeled his chair a half-turn. Yeah, the annexe was happy, the dance floor crowded.

A big yellow car swished into the parking lot, braked to a stop a bare four feet beneath his window. He didn't recognise the car, but an Eldorado always has class. Then his complacency turned to consternation. Four kids piled out, the girl hardly a day over sixteen. And one of those four—a baby! He looked at the clock. Tonight of all nights . . .

He whacked his brow. The dining-room served only full dinners, but these kids would be heading for the bar—or at the very least for sandwiches and coffee. And the snack bar was closed. Doreen wouldn't know how to handle this, how to turn them away without getting them sore. Of course, there was a chance that their parents were in the dining-room. He hoped so, but doubted it.

And he couldn't afford to have the police haul him on the carpet once, not even once. Particularly on a Friday night.

With amazing celerity he rushed down the hall and reached the front portico before the youngsters had sauntered to it. Doreen was at the door, too, but a swift motion of his arm whipped her back to her station as surely as though it had been a physical thrust.

In some miraculous manner his small body managed to fill the whole doorway, while still giving forth a rich aura of hospitality. His shrewd eyes singled out Jeff Ramsey at once.

"Good evening, sir," he caroled. "Now, let's see, would your parents be dining in the family room, or having supper to the annexe."

"Neither." Jeff was easy enough. "We're just looking for sandwiches and coffee."

"I'm so sorry, but the snack bar is closed Friday and Saturday evenings. And only full dinners are served in the dining-room. I don't suppose you would be interested at this hour?"

"Not at all. Then we'll go to the annexe."

Mr. Martha was sympathetic. "Regulations are so strict," he mourned. "There's a bar in the annexe. And you probably know, sir, that minors are not allowed in a room containing a bar, unless they are accompanied by an adult. Of course, if you are over twenty-one—?"

"I'm not." Jeff was crisp, and Mr. Martha reacted with even greater deference.

"So sorry," he repeated. "But there's a very nice drugstore up the line that is open until one. I believe they serve excellent sandwiches."

"Fact is, we arranged to receive some telephone calls here. I seem to remember an outer lounge where we could wait."

Mr. Martha was still saddened. "But the main bar is in the lounge," he reminded Jeff. "I'm afraid we could only admit your group to the family dining-room."

Jeff pulled out his wallet. No, it wouldn't extend to dinners for three, particularly dinners that started at six dollars. When he glanced up Mr. Martha had disappeared. The door was closing on quiet, reluctant hinges. But it did not quite shut.

An exotic brunette thrust her head out, said, "Look, honey, I heard what you said about waiting for a telephone call. Maybe I can help you out."

Ordinarily, Doreen did not exert herself this much, though she was not an unkindly person. But she was still angered at Marty's contemptuous gesture. Besides, this was a real smooth youngster.

"There's a room off the kitchen——" she began. Before she could say anything further a stocky, blond man appeared briskly from the dust of the corner shrubbery. So briskly

To page 71

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that David, just put on his feet by Sally, promptly sat down on the gravel. He grabbed the stocky man's leg and hauled himself up.

"Father," he said warmly.

Doreen was impatient. "Well, for pete's sake, whyn't you tell Mr. Martha the kid's father was with you? C'mon. That case, you can all go into the annexe." She turned, beckoned a waiter behind her. "Sukey, show them to booth four.

"But remember, sir" — and now she addressed the newcomer — "it's against the law for minor children to be within fifteen feet of the bar. And no hard liquors can be served at a table where minors are sitting. So if you want a drink you'll have to go to the bar."

She vanished, but the waiter was deferentially holding the door open. Jeff and Sally and Tom stared at the stocky young man who had so miraculously appeared. David still clutched his leg. But it was not quite a deliverance yet. That still depended on the whim of the stranger. The latter's boyish grin was widening.

"Seem to have bought myself a family!" And, under his breath, "Would it help if I sat with you awhile?"

"If you'd just hang around until we're settled at the table and they've forgotten about us . . . You see, we're expecting some important telephone calls," Jeff said.

"Yeah, heard you say so." The "deus ex machina" swung David to his shoulder. "Come on—son."

Jeff smiled back. "Thanks. But I ought to warn you that anyone with trousers is apt to be "father" as far as he's concerned."

Once in the booth the older man looked around at the young people with a possessive air to which he was perhaps entitled, under the circumstances. He was not, each inwardly confessed, quite as prepossessing without his hat. For one thing he was older, much older. That was all to the good as far as the restaurant personnel was concerned. But somehow the eyes and forehead did not belong to the candid boyish smile below them, a smile that had been so instantly appealing.

"The name is Darth, Hal Darth," he said, and the others dutifully murmured in return.

Sally felt rather queer about it. It was the first time in her life that she had ever introduced herself to a strange man.

Fortunately, Jeff had already engaged the stranger in a mild debate about the relative value of French, British, and Italian cars . . . Rather clever of Jeff, Sally thought to herself. He had turned a personal query about his own car into an abstract discussion.

But Darth was changing the subject. "Laws and rules, rules and laws! Look at this silly business about bars and minors.

Continuing . . . THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

from page 69

Kids going to drink, they're going to drink."

Jeff was amused. "I don't mind the rules."

"You will, boy, you will. Now, in South America——"

"You've lived there, sir?"

"Not yet. But I expect to —very soon."

Sandwiches were brought, attractively enough served, but eyed without enthusiasm by everyone except David, who had not been given one. Too many of the cookies Mrs. Benton had provided had been consumed. Perhaps too much gas had been inhaled. David wasn't even allowed the milk, since Sally wasn't sure of Mr. Martha's kitchen. After some consultation Jeff ordered an orange and prepared it himself.

David enjoyed a portion, then announced abruptly, "Want bathroom."

"Yes, honey." Sally seized her handbag and stood up. But Mr. Darth had been a second more prompt. He was on his feet, his arms held out.

"Sure, kid. I'll take you to the men's room."

Sally looked at him, a look that held polite wonder and some coolness. "Why, of course not. Of course not."

She put David over her shoulder and disappeared into the dimness of the dance floor. Darth turned and looked at the other two.

DARTH'S smile faded, he was uneasy. "Well!" he said. "Since when do you take little boys to the little girls' room?"

But Jeff's voice was light. "Since always, I imagine — if there are any women handy." Despite that lightness, Darth's trivial ineptness only confirmed an uneasiness that had been growing in Jeff's mind.

It was made up of many small things, all of them vague, none of them realy justified. Still, the uneasiness was there . . .

Now he seized the opportunity offered by the fact that Mr. Darth was still standing in the runway by the booth. His look was very friendly and respectful as he himself half-rose.

"You know, sir, we mustn't impose on you any longer. You've been saddled with us nearly an hour, I'm afraid. But we do appreciate your helping us get in here. For that matter" — he glanced at his watch — "if we don't receive those phone calls pretty soon we'll put some in ourselves, and then trot along. As a very small thanks, please have a couple of anything you'd like at the bar and let our waiter bring me the bill. I'm only sorry I couldn't offer them to you here. But—rules and laws!" He grinned.

Darth's own smile had vanished. His face was suddenly very still, though it showed nothing of the bubbling rage that rose in his throat. Up to this moment, tonight had been the perfect example of his theory that when luck is handed to you on a silver platter you should grab it—whatever your original plans. And already those time-consuming plans were not only tedious in prospect; they had become intolerable. And twice as dangerous, for he had already been seen by dozens of people. He had deliberately taken the chance. Now it must be tonight — or perhaps never.

"Junior's pony threw him, so now he's found he can walk."

He said slowly, "Glad to have done you all a small favor, but I've always been able to take care of my own drinks. I will have one at the bar—but then I think I'll come back and give you boys a little tip-off. There's something you ought to know."

He flashed that quick, ingenuous smile at them and then sauntered to the bar. But once out of sight around the pillar he began edging his way in the direction Sally had taken. When she left the rest-room, perhaps she'd at least let him carry the baby back to the booth—presumably.

In the booth he had left there was a small silence. Then Tom ventured, "I sort of liked him at first."

"Yeah — at first. Oh, he's all right, I guess, but now we're in why does he want to hang around a bunch of kids? And what's this big tip-off he's making such a production about?"

But Tom only said, "Gee, I bet Dorothy is worrying about us." He sighed. "You know what, I guess we all worry too much. All of us kids worry too much."

"We have to worry," Jeff said finally. "No one else does."

. . . . .

Sally brought David from the cubicle, bumping his head in the process, though he took that equably. She carried him to the washstand and looked around helplessly. Although earlier he had walked reasonably well, during the past half-hour or so he had acquired a disconcerting habit of sitting down if you let him out of your arms. She looked at the tiled floor with distaste, and then at the washstand. How to manage Davy, her handbag, and the faucet simultaneously?

Finally she hung the handbag over the child's outstretched arm and turned on the faucet. Davy watched the steaming swirl of water with fascination and then, with a laugh of sheer pleasure, flung her handbag into its depths, flailing his arm against her eyes as he did so, so that for a few seconds she was blinded. Somehow she managed to keep him clamped to her side as she turned off the faucet.

The sad fact remained that the bag was already a sodden mess. Red leather, too. Really, a place as pretentious as Martha's should have a washroom attendant, she muttered to herself irascibly.

She considered the handbag with despair. Pink stain already seeped from it; it was limp. If she put Davy down he would immediately sit on the dubious floor. If she took the bag as it was it would make a mess of her coat, not to mention the baby's. She wasn't concerned about the bag itself — it was old — nor even the dollar bill it contained, though dollars were precious. But she did want to retrieve her wallet with its treasured driver's licence, and she'd hate to have anyone walk away with the mother-of-pearl compact.

Then she brightened, remembering. Going into the foyer of the rest-room she had passed by the band platform; and, though an intermission had just started, she had been vaguely conscious that one or two band members remained on the dais. She hurried David through the two doors. Curtains were half-drawn about the platform now, but she pushed them aside. Yes, the drummer still sat there, comfortably large and overflowing. He was reading a comic.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but the baby dropped my handbag in the washbasin and I simply have to go back and rescue it. Would you mind watching him just two or three minutes?"

In the utter darkness around the corner Darth stood listening, waiting.

The drummer turned, yawned, smiled. She didn't give him a chance to object, but planted David against his knee. Then she hurried back towards the rest-room.

Darth's heart thumped exultantly. As perilous and impossible as his imaginings had often been, he couldn't have dreamed up any of these haphazard circumstances. Luck on a silver platter? It was gold, solid gold! He had landed in town with a desperate if well-conceived plan, one that he must work out alone. For he was an Ishmael with every man's hand against him, even those slimy gutter hands that had once clung.

And why did they no longer cling? Simply because a spoiled brat was dead in an unknown grave. And nothing to show for it except a nose of a different shape and a head nearly bald because of a clumsy bleaching job . . .

A man has to have something to show for all he's gone through. And this time he wouldn't lose the dough. This time he knew all the pitfalls, before and during and after. And besides, in for a penny, in for a pound. It was already a very large penny, he acknowledged sourly. He waited, watching the door swing silently behind the girl.

David, who had given every intimation that he had no intention of further sociability tonight, suddenly came to life. "Go boom-boom," he suggested.

The drummer said admiringly, "You're real cool, man, real cool! I'll go boom-boom."

Darth was on the platform now.

"Sorry my little boy has been bothering you. Time for him to be home in bed."

To be concluded

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Continuing . . . THERE'S THIS GIRL

from page 19

heart wasn't in it. Well, so now she knew the worst.

To Bill she was just a listening-post, someone who would give him advice and information, someone who would lend him an egg or a pint of milk or an aspirin, or cook him a steak if he forgot his dinner.

That night after dinner she sat down and thought it out. She still loved Bill, didn't she? So nothing was really changed. The trouble was, she was letting him take her for granted.

So she wouldn't be quite so readily available in future, for advice or borrowing eggs or anything else. She thought of the redhead and her eyes narrowed. So he wanted glamor, did he? She'd give him glamor.

SUSAN took off her sensible looking blouse and skirt and brought out from the back of her wardrobe the filmy blue spotted negligee a glamorous aunt had given her.

She put it on, brushed her hair and carefully made up her face. Then she unlatched her door and lay down on the sofa, posing herself carefully. Sooner or later Bill was bound to knock on her door wanting either information or food.

An hour passed. She was getting cramped and tired of holding her head up so that she would not disarrange her hair. Then at last came the footsteps down the stairs and the knock on the door.

"Come in," she called.

Bill opened the door, and stood wide-eyed on the threshold.

"What's up; are you sick?" he exclaimed.

"No, of course I'm not sick," Susan answered indignantly.

"Well, then, why are you lying down in your dressing-gown?" Bill asked curiously.

"This isn't a dressing-gown," she told him sharply. "It's a negligee. I'm just lounging."

"Oh." Bill looked at her doubtfully. "And you're sure you're not sick?"

"Of course I'm sure. Why don't you sit down, Bill. Over here, where it's comfortable." She drew up her feet to give him room, but Bill gave her a frightened glance and sat down in a stiff-backed chair.

"What did you want, Bill?" she asked. "I imagine you came down for some reason."

"Yes . . . er, now what was it? Oh, yes. What's the name of those things women wear in their hair? I can't seem to think of it. Do you know?"

Susan smiled sweetly. "Women wear all sorts of things in their hair, Bill. Ribbons, bobby pins, side combs. Or if you're rich, a tiara."

"That's it. A tiara. I couldn't think of it. Thanks, Susan. Got to go now."

Susan stared after him for a moment and then got slowly to her feet, took off the negligee and threw it on the floor.

"That much for glamor," she said. "Susan, my girl, let's face it. You are just not the glamorous type." She went over and stood before the mirror. So what next. The helpless, appealing type? She gazed into the mirror trying to look helpless and appealing.

She allowed the weekend to pass, and then, on Monday, waited till she heard the sound of footsteps going up the stairs that told her Bill was home.

Susan waited five minutes, and then gave herself a final glance in the mirror. She had already washed off her make-up and given her face a heavy coating of powder. The resultant pallor was startling but effective.

She went slowly up the stairs and knocked weakly on Bill's door. He opened it almost immediately.

"Bill," she said in the smallest voice she could manage, "do you have a little milk you could spare? I simply must have a cup of tea. I've got the beginnings of a headache, and I've not a drop of milk in the place."

Bill stared at her. "Gosh, you look awful, Susan," he cried. "Are you sure it's only a headache. You're not getting the flu, are you? I thought you must be sickening for something the other night when you were lying around in your dressing-gown."

Susan hid her exasperation, plus a niggling feeling of guilt. "No, it's not flu, Bill," she said. "Just a tiny headache. If you have the milk . . ."

Bill looked contrite. "Gosh, Sue. I haven't a drop myself. As a matter of fact, I was going to borrow some from you. But I tell you what. You go back to your flat and lie down and I'll get hold of some milk for a cup of tea for you. Okay?"

Back in her flat she curled up luxuriously on her bed, clad in her old plaid dressing-gown, first rubbing off most of the powder from her face. No sense in looking too unattractive.

When the expected knock came on her door she called out: "Come in," and waited breathlessly for Bill's entrance. But instead, in shuffled old Mrs. Billings, the kindly widow from the flat below, bearing a tray with a pot of hot, strong tea and two aspirins.

"Here you are, lovey," she beamed. "Young Mr. Parsons dropped in to borrow some milk for you, and told me you were under the weather. I said I'd make some tea and take it up to you, and he was so pleased."

"You shouldn't have bothered, Mrs. Billings. And I'm not really sick, it's just a headache."

She gulped down the aspirin and a cup of tea and smiled and thanked her neighbor again. When Mrs. Billings had gone she sat up on her bed and took fresh stock of the situation. The whole thing boiled down to this, did she really want William Parsons for her husband?

The answer came strongly: yes, she did. She loved him, and that was all about it.

All right then, how to make him see it? Glamor is out: helpless and appealing is out. Let's see now.

She remembered an article she had read recently, one of the "How to Get Your Man" type. "Be natural," it had said. "Be honest with him. If you like him, tell him so."

She jumped up off her bed and dressed in one of her prettiest frocks.

Then she slipped out of the flat and slowly mounted the stairs, mentally rehearsing what she would say. "Bill," she would say frankly, "I want to be completely honest with you. I didn't have a headache tonight. I just wanted to seem helpless and appealing so you would fuss over me.

"And the other night, when you saw me in my negligee, I just wanted you to think I was glamorous and maybe kiss me or something." Mentally she crossed out "or something" and went on: "The reason I did these things, Bill, is because I like you very much and . . ." Here she baulked, and anyway she was at Bill's door, so she raised her hand and knocked.

There was silence from within. No banging typewriter, no noisy radio or singing from under the shower. And there was no line of light under the door. It became increasingly obvious that he was not at home.

Frustrated that all her preparations had been for nothing, she turned and stamped down the stairs again.

Not watching where she placed her feet on the rather narrow stairs, she missed her footing and shot forward to sprawl in an ungainly heap on the landing.

She was floating in a wonderful dream. Bill's arms were tightly around her and Bill was saying over and over again: "Darling, darling."

The words whirled around her and she opened her eyes to find that Bill's arms were indeed holding her, but whether or not he had called her darling, she was not sure. All she knew was, that now her head was aching with a vengeance, and that every bone in her body was probably broken.

She became aware that Bill was carrying her into her flat and laying her gently on her bed. "Gosh, Sue, are you all right?" he asked anxiously. "Tell me where you're hurt? Will you be okay for a minute while I go down and get Mrs. Billings?"

"No, don't go, Bill," Susan said weakly.

"Gosh, you gave me a fright," he said. "Are you sure there's no bones broken?"

Tentatively Susan moved her arms and legs and found, rather surprisingly, that she appeared to be in one piece.

Suddenly she remembered her plan, and her mentally rehearsed speech. Well, there was no time like the present. She would get it over with. "Bill," she said in a weak little voice, "I want to be completely honest with you. I didn't have a headache tonight. I just wanted to seem helpless and appealing." She broke off. Bill was looking at her anxiously.

"Susan," he asked, "are you sure you didn't hit your head when you fell?"

"Of course, I hit my head," she said crossly.

"Well, I think you'd better lie quietly and not talk," he said. "I'll get a doctor to come and have a look at you." He pulled a rug over her and tucked her in warmly. "Must look after my girl," he said.

Susan suddenly forgot the rest of her speech. "Did . . . did you say your girl, Bill?"

"Of course I did. You are my girl, aren't you, Sue?"

"Well, I wasn't sure. After all, you never said anything. And what about the redhead you had lunch with?"

BILL grinned sheepishly. "Oh, did you see us? She was a client the boss asked me to take out. Nice dish," he added reminiscently.

Susan leaned back on her pillows and smiled a little womanly smile. As Bill's girl, she could afford to be tolerant.

Bill said: "I'll go downstairs and see if I can raise a doctor on the phone. Don't move around too much, will you?"

He went out, to reappear within a few moments with a huge bunch of roses.

"Dropped these when I heard you fall," he said. "I went out to buy them before, after you told me you were sick."

He was gone again, and Susan was left holding the roses against her face, breathing in their fragrance with a sudden joy in her heart. To think that she had been worrying for nothing. He had been out buying her roses. Perhaps, she thought consideringly, it would be as well if she forgot her plan of being completely honest. There were some things that, if told, did more harm than good. Perhaps one day, but not now.

She lay there quietly till she heard Bill's feet thundering up the stairs again. He burst in the door, and then, rather absurdly, tiptoed over to the bed.

"How's my girl?" he asked.

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REGAL CHEF is the upright gas cooker with features not found in even the most expensive cabinet models. Roll-out griller, deep roller drawer and huge oven with complete thermostatic control.

HEATED STORAGE CUPBOARD has its own burner so you can cook party supper dishes before-hand and keep them hot. The invention of the century for every hostess.

EXTRA SIZE OVEN WINDOW shows how everything is cooking at a glance. Optional on both Imperial and Regal Chef.

WIDE RANGE THERMOSTAT is beautifully made to give you exact temperature control without a moment's trouble.

HUGE OVEN with flash tube light gives both Imperial and Regal Chef space for the biggest dinner.

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The **New 'Savlon' D** contains the most powerful bactericide yet discovered for the removal of dandruff. **'Savlon' D** acts quickly — simply wet the hair, apply **'Savlon' D,** lather and rinse. Mildly perfumed **'Savlon' D** cleans your hair and leaves it lustrous — **use it regularly.**

Sufficient for at least 10 generous applications
only 10/-.
Obtainable from your Chemist.

'Savlon' D comes in a patented, unbreakable "squeeze flask" with a special "open-shut" control cap — easily used with one hand. The **'Savlon' D** safety container can't spill, won't break — ideal for use in bath or shower.

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SAV.17BK.6957C

Continuing . . . THE HELPLESS HELPMAT

from page 21

attitude of aloof superiority towards this tempting fare was short-lived.

She was always hungry as a wolf at the seashore. So she countered with real New England clam chowder made with thick cream. George gained two pounds in three days. He mentioned the fact when they were all sitting on the porch.

Henrietta said, "You look just fine. Much better than when you came."

Connie felt the consensus was that she'd been starving him.

"I want you all to come over and have supper with me." Henrietta said. "A real Southern supper. I'm going to do it all myself and surprise you. How about tomorrow night?"

They went, and it was a good supper, but during it Connie could see her mother-in-law's eye wandering around the room. There was dust everywhere, and Henrietta's and Chucky's clothes lay, in little heaps on the chairs or hung haphazardly on hooks on the wall.

At the far end of the divided living-room-kitchen the pots and pans in the sink were stacked chin-high. Henrietta was a lazy housekeeper.

Henrietta must have sensed Mrs. Braithwaite's disapproval. "This is the most awful little house to keep nice," she said. "There isn't any place to put anything."

"It is kind of discouraging, isn't it, not having a place to put things? Can't you ask your landlord to put up some shelves for you? If you had a shelf right over there, now, with a curtain in front of it you could hang things—"

"I have said something about it," Henrietta said. "But you know how people are around here. You can't get a carpenter for love or money."

George said, "I wish we had old Crittenden here."

Henrietta said, "Who is he?"

"He's Mamma's houseman-gardener-handyman. He's the greatest old shelf-putter-upper."

Henrietta said, "Maybe I could hammer me up some hooks. Could I borrow your hammer, George?"

"You cannot," George said. "You'll pound your little hands to hamburger."

Henrietta gave him a soft look and her white hands an even softer one.

Guilelessly, George took the bait. "I'll put you up a shelf," he said, "tomorrow morning." He met Connie's surprised glance with a defiant one.

Connie thought his mother looked slightly alarmed.

Mrs. Braithwaite said, "Not tomorrow morning, darling. You promised to take us fishing."

"That's right," George said. "Well, when we get back, then."

This, said Connie to herself, will be something to see.

The fishing party was slow getting under way. After a good Southern breakfast of hominy grits and pancakes and sausages they felt rather lazy. Around ten-thirty George went to the village, and shortly before twelve came back with a board, a pair of shelf brackets, half a dozen bracket screws, and a dozen clothes hooks.

Connie's hands itched at the sight. Her mind's eye saw the finished product—as George would achieve it. The shelf would be at least half an inch higher at one end than the other. The bracket would wobble and pull

There would be lump plaster out of the wall the clothes hooks went said, "If I can get hold Thompson while you're shall I ask him to put

Mrs. Braithwaite "While we're gone? Are coming fishing?"

"No, I think five's too for the boat. Besides, I lazy."

She didn't. She just feel like spending another watching Henrietta George and George seeming thrive on it. And his seeming to take it for gra

All week she had been ing like an outsider in a group. It was obvious George's mother prefe Henrietta to her and he'd married someone like

"Well, if you could get of Thompson," George giving her a grateful look insistence on his part that join the fishing party, Co noted with a sinking feelin

At one o'clock she saw off: George like a bro Viking in the stern, his m and Henrietta looking pretty long-sleeved shirts and duck hats to shield their der skins. Chucky was bow with Wheedl. Connie a qualm of conscience having stayed behind. Sup something happened motor? Could George with it?

"Don't be silly," she herself. "Anyone can an outboard motor. A of five. Even Henrie George had been tea Henrietta in the safety bay. Connie was not going worry. She was going joy this day alone. She down to the beach stretched out.

But the warmth had out of it. She felt cold empty. Still worrying? All right, face it. You're ous.

Then George's face came fore her, the grey eyes crin with laughter. "No, ma'am like big brutes."

Then she thought of the of his arms around her, she was warm again. sently she fell asleep.

She awoke feeling someth slap across her face. The had gone under a cloud, a little wind was blow across the dunes, bring sharp whips of sand. She back to the house.

It was only two-thirty. wouldn't be back for an hour unless the change weather brought them in. tried to read, but vivid tures flashed into her mind storm. The boat capsi Henrietta couldn't swim well. Could George save and Chucky? And Wh too? (Mrs. Braithwaite surprisingly good swimmer used the old-fashioned br stroke, but she could keep up indefinitely.)

Connie found herself with effort, trying to rescue the others. She fo herself to relax. She must something to do.

The house had been once that day, but more had been tracked in. She it out. Going on to the p she caught sight of Geo board and hardware. might go to Henrietta's put up that shelf.

No. Henrietta might dumb enough to take granted the carpenter

To page 75

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Continuing THE HELPLESS HELPMATE

from page 74

come. But George's mother'd suspect the worst and then be confirmed in her belief that Connie was unfeminine.

The afternoon wore on. She rationed herself on locking at the clock, on watching the darkening sky. She wrote a letter to her sister but tore it up. It was a stupid letter. She couldn't concentrate. She went back to the porch and got the board and went to the boathouse and put up the shelf.

It took a while. The wall was lath and plaster. Tapping back and forth with the hammer she located a joist that would hold the screws for one bracket, but the other one seemed shaky.

Well, she thought, if you have one sound end it will sometimes do. But this time it wouldn't. When Connie put the shelf in place she could see one bracket give a little, loosening from the wall. She took down the board and rummaged in her toolbox for longer screws.

On the stairs to the bedroom the Seth Thomas clock struck five. She caught her breath. She must face it now and quickly. Something had happened to the fishing party.

She should have admitted it long ago and sent someone out to look for them. How could she have let them go out alone?

She was making for the door when it opened and they came in. George, dripping wet, was carrying Henrietta, who was sobbing and moaning.

Then came Mrs. Braithwaite, leading Chucky by the hand. Their hair hung in dank wisps, and water seeped out of their shoes. Through the window Connie could see Wheedl digging in the sand.

Connie grasped George's arm. She felt weak with relief. "What happened?"

It was Mrs. Braithwaite who answered. "Nothing much, George, carry Henrietta upstairs. Connie, honey, you go look after her while I get Chunky dry. Then, George, you go home and get on some dry clothes."

Connie followed George and Henrietta up the crooked stairs. "What happened?" she asked again.

"Wheedl jumped overboard, and Chucky grabbed for him and fell in. Mamma was over after him before I could get here. Then — well, we couldn't get the boat to start again."

Henrietta began to cry louder. George deposited her on one of the bunks and went away.

"I killed my child!" wailed Henrietta.

"You what? Nonsense! He's down stairs perfectly alive and well. What's the matter with you?"

"I threw the rope out? The one you start the motor with."

"For goodness' sake, what for? Henrietta, stop crying. I'll go get you a drink. There, just lie still."

Henrietta rolled over on her face, and Connie went downstairs.

Mrs. Braithwaite had already stripped Chucky and dried him and bundled him into a bathrobe of Henrietta's and was heating some milk on the stove.

"I'm going to give Henrietta some whisky," Connie said. "She seems to have gone to pieces."

"Fool!" said Mrs. Braithwaite, giving Connie what seemed an angry look.

Connie stopped. "Who? Me?"

"No! Not you. That little fool upstairs. I don't know why the Lord sees fit to give children to some people."

"What happened? What's all this about her throwing the rope away?"

"She did! George turned off the motor, of course, before he jumped in after Chucky but the boat kept going away. He called to Henrietta to bring it back. She made a couple of feeble tries to start the motor, but couldn't do it.

"So then she threw the rope to us. Imagine. It's three feet long, and we were about thirty feet away. Then all she could think of to do was faint, so she did that."

Mrs. Braithwaite gave the milk-pan a little slap and whisked the milk into a mug as if she were punishing it. "Lucky George is a good swimmer. We'd be out there yet."

"How did you get home, then, without the motor."

"We finally got it started. Made a rope out of strips of petticoat. Here, Chucky, you drink this. I'm going home to get dried out." She looked at Connie with sudden sympathy. "You must have been mighty worried, darling. I see you've been putting up that shelf. That's the very best thing to do when you're upset. Tackle a job."

Connie said, "It's a mess. I guess my mind wasn't really on it."

Mrs. Braithwaite walked over and examined the wobbly bracket. "What you need's a Molly anchor," she said.

"A what?"

"A Molly anchor. One of those little things—" She looked into Connie's toolbox. It was a really fine kit. The salesman in the big hardware store on Third Avenue had outfitted it for Connie.

There were nails and screws of all kinds and sizes in little glass bottles. Mrs. Braithwaite's slender fingers poked among them and lifted out a bottle. "Here they are."

She chose a screw in a casing.

"See? You hammer it into the plaster, and then turn in your screw. The casing spreads and it'll hold anything."

Connie looked on in amazement as Mrs. Braithwaite tightened the bracket. "But how did you know?"

Mrs. Braithwaite put down the screwdriver and wiped her hands on her wet skirt. "Professor Braithwaite was just naturally helpless, Connie. He was a fine scholar. Taught Greek and Sanskrit like his native tongue. But give him a saw or a hammer, he'd just about murder himself."

"But you had old Crittenden—"

Mrs. Braithwaite gave the bracket a little pull to be sure it was firm. "That poor old soul. He could carry the boards and hold them while I nailed them, that's about all."

"Does George know that?"

"Good gracious, no, child! Old Crittenden didn't even know it himself. Men have to believe in themselves, Connie. Don't you know that? I've got to go get dry. Keep an eye on Chucky."

From the window Connie watched the bedraggled little figure walk briskly up the steps to the Braithwaite cottage. And again pictures flashed into her mind: a time long past—a war-ravaged land—scorched earth and broken homes—and women with delicate fingers and smiling faces patiently piecing something together out of the rubble.

There were some lines in a poem about them, something by Stephen Vincent Benet:

"To bear the burden and have the power,
And seem like a well-protected flower . . ."

That was her mother-in-law's heritage. That was the thing she hadn't understood.

As Mrs. Braithwaite disappeared into the house Connie had an impulse to run after her and put her arms around her. And yet she felt something like indignation, too.

She left the window and went over and looked at the shelf. Men have to believe in themselves. Do they? All right, then. She took down the board and got the screwdriver and removed the brackets and laid them on the floor beside the board.

Just then a plaintive voice from upstairs called, "Connie! George! Where is everybody?"

Oh, dear, she'd forgotten Henrietta's drink. "All right, I'm coming!"

She poured the drink and took it upstairs. Only an hour ago, she thought, she'd have put Henrietta and Mrs. Braithwaite in the same category!

When she came down George was in the lower room looking disconsolately at the carpentry material.

"How's Henrietta?"

"She's feeling better. You know, I think it would be a nice surprise for her if you kept your promise and put that shelf up for her before she comes down. I'll go home and get supper."

Mentally blowing her mother-in-law a kiss, Connie turned to trip gracefully out the door.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM

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For daily washing and to get grubby marks really clean use gentle Velvet soap.

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Velvet
PURE SOAP

VI3

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning February 15

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a new skill.

★ Have you yearned to cook some of those exotic dishes which bring fame to the hostess? Do you wish you could make yourself a dress or hat, or improve your skill in any other domestic art? The chance presents itself now. If you enrol in a class, set aside a regular time for your "homework" and rapid progress will encourage you to ever greater heights.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in advertising abilities.

★ If you stay in the background, you could remain there indefinitely. Stand out from the crowd if you are ambitious to get ahead. Volunteer for a tough job, make a success of it, and you're on the way to the recognition you crave, as well as the material rewards which go with it. Keep personal emotions away from your job.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in experience.

★ Your sign is quick in perception; you recognise by intuition where you have said or done the wrong thing, and you rarely repeat the same mistake. If you've had one or two jolts lately, a similar situation will not catch you napping. Your best beloved may have resented a chance remark or a thoughtless action; resolve not to offend in future.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the morning.

★ If you rise and shine early you'll accomplish more than if you drag along with essential tasks until the late hours. If seeking a bargain, concluding a business deal, be the first on the doormat. If a homemaker, set a timetable and finish on the dot, so you can relax. Interruptions, pleasant enough, will have no terrors for you. Early news will be important.

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in social interests.

★ Being among those present will keep you in circulation, whether you are 16 or 60. One invitation leads to the next. You may be asked to join a select group for a very definite purpose — artistic, literary, or sporting. You gain in some way through knowing more people of different types. A new romance likely among the older groups.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a new personality.

★ Now is the time for an overhaul; if you're showing signs of fatigue, if your hair or complexion have suffered from summer activities, do something about it. Beauty treatments, extra attention to grooming, will give your morale a boost. Should you decide on a course of diet and exercise you'll feel the confidence of looking your best.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days Monday, Friday. Luck through young people.

★ If a parent, decisions in regard to the careers of children are soon to be made. Investigation of possibilities, consultation with teachers, employers, friends will help to launch boys and girls. If, in your occupation or as a voluntary worker, you deal with young people you will be happy over plans, working along new lines.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, light blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in improving surroundings.

★ No matter how modest or extensive your place of residence, there is sure to be some feature that could be improved. Consider it as if you were a stranger; you may discover that by moving a piece of furniture, or an ornament, you can obtain a more artistic effect. Some of you haunt out-of-the-way places seeking treasure trove. Color is valuable.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in knowhow.

★ If you go at a thing the wrong way you waste time. Even if you are experienced, do not disdain new methods which save tedious hours. Those who have recently acquired a new gadget should read instructions until they are completely understood. If you want the product to have a professional finish, impatience can throw a spanner in the works.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in good judgment.

★ It's up to you whether you scatter your savings in one lavish burst or say "no" because you have something bigger in view. You may be asked to lend money to a friend; this could be all right if the person is reliable and has good reasons for the request. Borrow only if you cannot help it; return favors promptly. Some might mix love and money.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in being yourself.

★ Don't copy that favorite actress or a girl who makes a hit with your crowd; be content to play up your own good points. You have something unique to give, although the spotlight may not always be centred on you. Everybody likes a girl who is unaffected, sincere. The boy you hope to attract appreciates character as much as glamour.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a secret.

★ It may be your own or someone else's, but you'll love being in on it. Maybe there's an engagement in the offing, an honor bestowed on a member of the family, but not yet announced, the offer of a nice job, a surprise journey. It's fun to know in advance, but don't let the cat out of the bag too soon. At the right time, celebrations.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

F5699.—Smart ensemble for a career girl of slim skirt, tailored waistcoat and soft blouse. Skirt and waistcoat require 1¾yds. 54in. material; the blouse, 2yds. 36in material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5640.—Sophisticated dress for many occasions. Skirt has box pleats, and bodice is double-breasted with an unusual collar. Requires 3⅝yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5626.—Chic frock has unusual cut. The skirt is almost straight in front, with a pleated fullness at the back. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5614.—Simple frock for summer or winter has large soft collar and ¾-length sleeves. Requires 3⅝yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5617.—Very plain sheath frock with scooped neckline and short sleeves has box jacket to match. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9.

F5688.—Feminine blouse has a tie collar and short sleeves. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 214.—SIMPLE AND COOL FROCK

A flattering frock with square neckline and full skirt is available cut out ready to sew in a cool cotton poplin in watermelon-pink, emerald-green, honey-beige, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/6; 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage 2/9 extra.

No. 215.—CHILD'S BONNET

Easy to wash and iron, this bonnet is button-styled, available cut out ready to sew in white pique and pink, blue, green, and lemon headcloth. Price 5/-. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 216.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

Simple summer frock for a little girl is available cut out ready to sew in a crisp cotton cambric in aqua, blue, and red, all with white. For a 2-year-old, 17/9; 3 to 4-year-old, 19/3; 5 to 6-year-old, 21/6; 7 to 8-year-old, 23/9; 9 to 10-year-old, 25/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 217.—YOUTHFUL SUMMER FROCK

Smart summer style is designed straight across the neckline and finished with a cummerbund waist-tie. Available cut out ready to sew in spotted no-iron poplin in lilac, pale blue, mid-green, pink, white, and slate-grey. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 57/6, 36 and 38in. bust 59/6. Postage 2/9 extra.

● *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Finally! Freedom from perspiration break-through!

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Victa mower

2ND PRIZE
Patio table and 4 chairs

3RD PRIZE
Handsome wristwatch

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Entry forms for this exciting new Solvol contest are at grocers and self-service stores *now*. Children can enter too, and contestants may send as many entries as they like. An opportunity none should miss!

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A delicious addition to any breakfast dish

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Keen's Mustard

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DINNER

Keen's Mustard

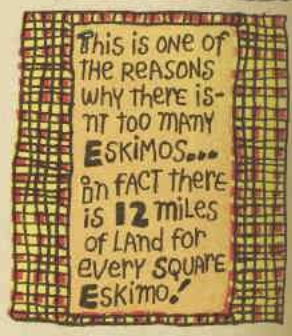
A "must" for dinner — either in food or on food. Mustard Sauce made with Keen's gives the gourmet's touch to either hot or cold meats.

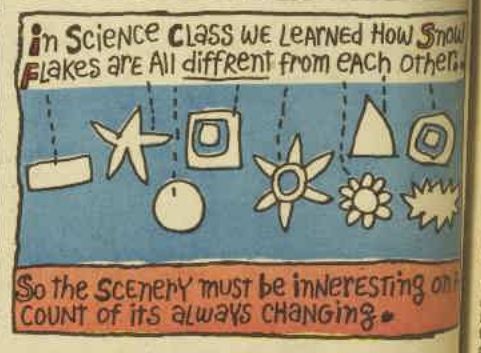
ON FOOD OR IN FOOD Keen's Mustard makes every meal a taste treat. It gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, canapes, hot or cold meats, soups, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking and . . .

put Keen's on the table for every meal!

Y127

JACKY'S DIARY, by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 32½.





IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD

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★ Safer. Don't crumble or break off in lumps
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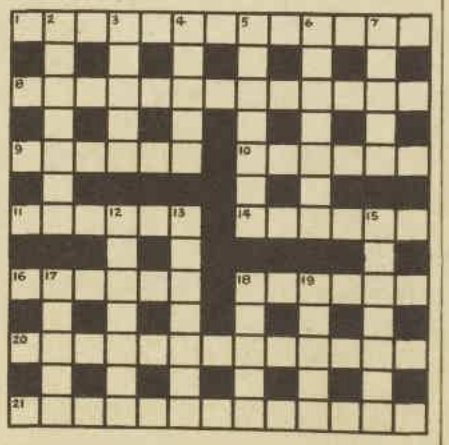
Be youthful and gay—fresh when you wake, sparkling with energy all through the day—take Bile Beans, the perfect laxative.
Bile Beans are recommended for constipation, biliousness, indigestion, liverishness, sick headache and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.
Bile Beans are an ideal family laxative for the many common ailments arising from faulty digestion and faulty elimination. They promote inner well-being. 2/- and 4/-, all chemists.
BB4

Dear Angela
Were you really so different from all the others the night we met? Or was it your morning freshness . . .
STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE
WITH Stainut
The Deodorant you can trust

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are helping the Chief of Police to trace the strange Horse Thief. Several victims claim to have been held up by a masked, riderless horse, which ordered them to hand over their money. The horse had a gun strapped to its foreleg. The police are astounded at the stories and are not sure what course to take. Mandrake steps in. NOW READ ON:

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Rap which precedes delivery (8, 5).
8. Hard tack (5, 8).
9. Dismembered Lear drowned in wine (6).
10. Here is where you get out (6).
11. Game for children and elusive politicians (2-4).
14. Alone the sun breaks up a strong alkaline solution (6).
16. Small coin which cannot buy a nylon stocking, but could measure its weight (6).
18. Summarise concerning a broken Muse (6).
20. Fine, main toast (Anagr., 13).
21. Representative of stale news (4, 5, 4).

DOWN

2. Shakespearian character and hell, too (7).
3. Gives a feeble light to become gradually smaller towards the end (5).
4. It's a compass and not a morning morsel (5).
5. Tress is a variety of near relations (7).
6. Neither fish nor flesh (7).
7. The true skin beneath the visible one is cut (5).
12. Enlightened (7).
13. An upstart to rave in a pun (7).
15. Pool man (Anagr., 7).
17. Wipe out a seer (5).
18. A rodent and he are early (5).
19. A set of rules in Sanskrit literature takes you in a star (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Children, when going to school or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers of three generations have safeguarded their children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits in the school lunch.

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